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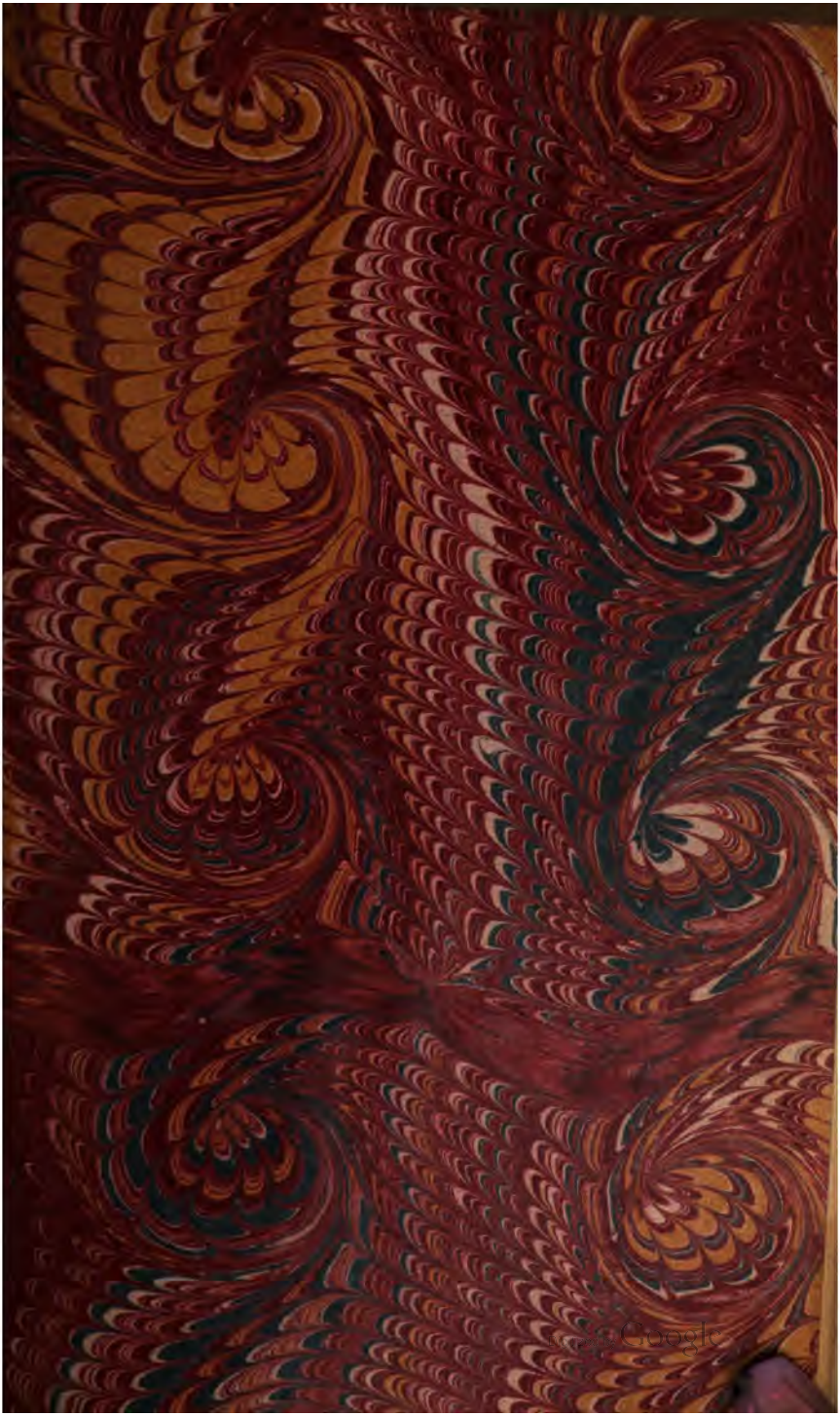
COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON ANGLING, ETC.

GIVEN BY

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Most sincerely Yours

S. Douglas

THE

PRACTICE OF ANGLING,

PARTICULARLY AS REGARDS

IRELAND.

BY O'GORMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
LONGMANS, BROWN AND CO. LONDON.
1845.

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TO

THE HON. JOHN PLUNKET.

DEAR SIR,

To you I dedicate this work: it had been originally written for your instruction in the fascinating and delightful science of angling, and possibly for your entertainment. In my first intention, your proficiency in the art has convinced me of my success: whether I may be as fortunate in my ultimate object, I will not presume to say.

I remain, dear Sir,
With the utmost respect and esteem,
Most truly your's,
O'GORMAN.

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PREFACE.

WHAT have I not to answer for, owing to the delay this work has met with in its progress! How many casualties of various kinds have occurred in consequence! How many rods of evil structure have been fabricated. How many wheels have been constructed on foolish and vicious principles; how many lines badly prepared; how many casting-lines odiously knotted; how many hooks ill-turned and round-shanked, to the evident discomfort of the fly-tier, ill formed appearance of the fly, and missing of the fish! How many good, wise, and salutary instructions and direc-

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tions have been withheld from the angling world for years—for so long was this treatise (which was not at first intended for public use) on its road to maturity! And now, what excuses can I make?

At one time I have been unwell; at another time printers were to blame, requiring "copy" of various kinds, difficult to be furnished by one, who had not before (at least with his own consent) appeared in print; at another time the angling season had commenced, and during that period to expect any excuse better than that of Sir Humphrey Davy to the Bishop of Durham would be, in the last degree, unreasonable—"My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over." But the book, such as it is, IS WRITTEN, and as it appears it must, or ought to have a preface; and this said preface is begun, and heaven only knows how I shall get through

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it; for I really hate writing, and dread notoriety. My wish would be, to steal to my grave, and not a stone tell where I lie. Shall I invoke the shade of Livy? He was a good preface writer, and a modest; or Samuel Johnson?—his preface to Shakespeare's works is a good one. It is likely I may borrow an observation from him, though he is no favourite of mine. No; I will not plagiarize from any one, at least without due acknowledgment; but I will apostrophise the best, the fairest, the loveliest, the gentlest beings of our world—the angels provided by the Almighty for our happiness and companionship here,

"To make the bitter draught of life go down."

Those gentle and amiable creatures do I invoke for their protection, favour, and patronage; convinced that if I am so fortunate as to attain this, my primary object,

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the approbation of all other classes must necessarily follow.

How often have I witnessed the utmost patience and resignation in the fair sex, under the most distressing circumstances! Have I not seen them bear wet and cold most philosophically, often stung and bitten by insects as large and venomous as the musquitoes, without complaint; sometimes drenched with awful showers, and declaring themselves comfortable under the infliction; often splashed by the merciless waves, when crossing large sheets of water, without a murmur; sometimes when angling (for I *have* seen one or two lady anglers) scolded for wheeling in the casting-line, which was a knotted one, when a trout was hooked, and the top of the rod broken, when all the blame should attach to the brute that gave the good and gentle creature an ill-constructed casting-line; but I really must

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forbear, for such reflections are too melancholy.

To the eternal honour of the fair sex, "the Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of a nunnery, near St. Albans, a lady of a noble family, and celebrated for her learning and accomplishments, by Leland Pitt Bale and others, was the first who wrote upon the art of fishing with a rod." This fact I have learned from *Berrow's Worcester Journal* of June 22nd, 1743, and the remainder of the paragraph is so interesting, that I shall not make any apology for inserting it—"We think it extremely unlikely, that a female at the head of a religious establishment, in which religion and chastity walked, like angel twins, side by side, would have written in praise of the art, if there were any thing in it at all derogatory from the high religious and virtuous tone that ever characterized Englishwomen."

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It contains nothing of the sort; and if in our in-door amusements, our thoughts, words, and actions are refined by the presiding companionship of females, we ought to do all that lies in our power to attract them to accompany us, and to participate in those field enjoyments which seem most adapted to the tasteful structure of their minds, and to the delicate structure of their persons.

Angling has still a further recommendation: it may be considered of pure British and Irish growth and practise. Out of these countries a good angler is seldom met. On the Continent the art is in its infancy. In France, though the country abounds in excellent rivers, the natural fly is almost the only mode of taking trout resorted to; and on many occasions the wonder of the natives has been excited by seeing Irish and English anglers bring large quantities of

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fish taken by the artificial fly, and in some instances they have even endeavoured to prevent its use, deeming it little short of witchcraft; but is to be hoped that this very conceited nation will condescend to borrow some little instruction from us in the fascinating art which has been hitherto peculiar to "the land of the brave and the free." On this point so much has been written in different chapters of this work that it is needless to pursue the subject further.

It seems that George the Fourth was an angler; but where, except in Virginia lake, I cannot learn, nor for what kind of fish. Did he ever catch a large trout or salmon? "That is the question."

The Duke of Sussex, it has been said, was an angler. Nelson, even after the loss of his right arm, angled with his left. Sir Humphrey Davy was an excellent salmon

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fisher. Archdeacon Paley, Robert Burns, Mr. Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd,) Professor Wilson, (Christopher North,) Thomas Wordsworth, Emerson, Woolaston, and Birch, were fly fishers. Professor Rennie and Mr. Jesse are anglers, and are said to have written treatises on the art; but it does not appear that any of those treatises go to the actual practice of it. Colonel Hankey is an excellent trout and salmon angler, and ties flies right well. Generals Egerton and R. G. Hare are good anglers—the latter, until he fished with me, was but a middling performer; but he very quickly improved under my tutelage. The best English anglers I have met with were Mr. Philips, of whom I have spoken in my chapters on the Blackwater, and Lord Ebrington, who is a quick, smart, and decided angler, and one of the most promising fly fishers I ever met.

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Ireland abounds with good anglers ; and the best are those who are in the habit of angling in the most rocky rivers, or those that are full of stumps of trees in the bottom—such as the Shannon, Coleraine, Ballyshannon, Cooreclare, Fergus. On the Shannon, Mr. Simon Purdon is a prime salmon fisher, certainly one of the best. On this fine river I have not fished for some years, though I have obtained several permissions, of which I have not availed myself.

Among my own friends and acquaintances can be reckoned many excellent anglers, and some who have acknowledged themselves improved by my precept and example in our different angling excursions. Master Henn and his brothers are first-rate anglers, particularly Counsellor J. Henn, who is one of the best general anglers I have ever met. He can't tie flies, nor has he ever tried.

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The Master ties well both for trout and salmon. The Lord Bishop of Tuam is a very good angler ; and so are his brothers John, David, and William. The three latter are, in some degree, my pupils, and I acknowledge myself proud of their proficiency ; and the two former are perfectly capable of assisting themselves in any piscatory emergency. Lord Howth is a right good angler, so far as I could judge from one or two days' angling. Mr. Edmond J. Armstrong, a good angler ; and so is Mr. Johnson, a Scotch gentleman. With these I will couple Mr. Michael Finucane, for the sole purpose of abusing them for the introduction of that odious machine, the otter, which is a selfish and barbarous invention, and only worthy of being used by a solitary ascetic. Sir Percy Nugent, and Mr. Joe Atkinson, of the county Westmeath, are good anglers ; and I hope they will not

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suffer the otter to be used on the Westmeath lakes. To this catalogue many more names may be added; but time presses, and something must be said on the business part of the work.

I have endeavoured to be as plain and explicit on the various subjects connected with the fascinating sport of angling as possible, beginning with the various kinds of rods, then pursuing the subject with observations on the wheel; the lines next, then the casting lines, different methods of tying flies, shapes of hooks, kinds of fly-books for actual service, methods of constructing cross-lines and their links: in short, I have endeavoured, in turn, to notice every subject worthy of attention by the angler, and to point out how he can best assist himself in extreme or unexpected circumstances; and if, in all cases, he will just make use of those eyes and fingers

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attached to him by Providence, and obey the instructions herein given, he may rest assured that he will be able to attain the greatest degree of pleasure this science can afford him at the least possible pecuniary cost.

But this work must be read through to derive "useful knowledge" from it. I am not like the architect, "who, by way of proving the goodness and durability of his fabric, produced one of the bricks as a specimen of the work." No, the work must be studied closely; for, though there may be some unnecessary detail, still there is generally some instruction interwoven into it, even where it appears most diffuse. I have commented very strongly on the various acts of parliament in force for the preservation of fish, and their inutility, from their complex provisos and conditions; and shown how, when it was naturally expected that in the new act all would be

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made clear and intelligible, and additional protection afforded, to the astonishment of every reasonable being, the act of the 10th of Charles the First (the only good inland fishery act ever made) is repealed, and an enactment produced, full of the most glaring contradictions and absurdities that can be imagined. Of this act I have written fully in the latter part of the work. Every day produces a fulfilment of my predictions, and "so much for Buckingham."

In the chapter on angling and anglers, a large and influential class of persons, the nobles of the land are unnoticed. Many of those I have known here, in England, and elsewhere, and I have always found them to be GENTLEMEN—more it is unnecessary to say, less it would be unjust to withhold.

To my numerous subscribers I feel most grateful. Strange to say, I am not indebted to my own exertions or solicitations for the high honour conferred by their patronage;

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yet it must be a source of pride to possess friends having sufficient influence to muster the array of rank, worth, and talent which has afforded its protection to this little work. When the illustrious consort of our beloved queen heads the list—when this list is graced by the name of the greatest orator and greatest legal judge this country has ever produced, with the names of several other of the nobility and gentry, of the bar, and of the army, and those of the highest order of intellect—when I consider these circumstances I am almost tempted to regret having undertaken the task at all, lest my performance should prove to have fallen short of the expectations formed of it; particularly as I have neither had nor sought assistance, and I fear I may be found "d——d ungrammatical" in many instances, as Counsellor J. H. would say; but it can't be now helped—it is too late for regret. Of the practical part I have no fear, and I

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hope such may be acccepted as a palliative for my many classical delinquencies.

If I have too often appeared in *propria persona*, it has been done very unwillingly ; but from the nature of the work it could not at all times be avoided.

And now by writing a book, having with all other necessary antecedents according to the best authorities fulfilled the various purposes of my creation, and fearing the approaches

"Of death's inevitable doom,"

I will hasten to conclude. Thus, dear and highly-prized friends of my earlier days, and you not less dear and highly-prized friends of my more mature and declining years, I bid you an affectionate farewell, wishing we may once more assemble together, and if not here, that it may be

"Midst pastures green above the sky,
Where prizes far beyond the scope
Of mortal man's ambition lie."

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

Page

On the various kinds of Angling Rods, and their construction 1

CHAPTER II.

On Wheels, and their construction 19

CHAPTER III.

On Lines, and their arrangement 24

CHAPTER IV.

On Casting Lines 31

CHAPTER V.

On the most correct shape of Hooks, and the mistakes so frequently made in their formation . . . 39

CHAPTER VI.

On the proper depositories for Flies, Feathers, and Colours; with certain Observations which some might deem irrelevant 42

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER VII.

Page
General directions for Salmon Fishing from a bank, a shore, or strand 47

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring Salmon Fishing continued—with Mr. Finucane's letter 61

CHAPTER IX.

Final instructions for Spring Salmon Fishing, and the difference of throwing large and small flies, &c. . 79

CHAPTER X.

My first days' Salmon Fishing, &c., on the Shannon, and its further continuation on a subsequent day, ending disastrously 89

CHAPTER XI.

Directions for tying Salmon Flies, and the different methods, particularly for the Shannon . . . 104

CHAPTER XII.

Some good fishing days on the Shannon . . . 119

CHAPTER XIII.

Stroakall Fishing, and sudden immersion of the principal performer, with some notice of Flies not hitherto treated of 133

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIV.

Page
On Trout Fishing—Description of the lakes formed by the Fergus—Apathy of the gentry—Size of Rods, Wheels, and Lines, their kinds and proportions—Izaac Walton's moralizing reflections—Story of a bet, &c. 145

CHAPTER XV.

On angling for Trout in rivers, and some general directions for tying Trout Flies 181

CHAPTER XVI.

Further notice of the Clare lakes, and advice not to be discouraged by apparent difficulties, and the advice illustrated 201

CHAPTER XVII.

Lough Mask—Connemara 212

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journal of a pilgrimage to Connemara, and a voyage up and across Killery bay, addressed to J— H—, Esq. 221

CHAPTER XIX.

Return to Delphi 243

CHAPTER XX.

Disagreeable journey to Glandelough and Derryclare—Two days' tolerable angling, &c. 256

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXI.

Page
The "Walls of Troy," and a prospective tour . . 267

CHAPTER XXII.

Blackwater—Lismore—Anecdote of Mr. Philips (written in 1840) 287

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the weather—My writing-master's opinions and recommendations—Little faith in astronomers and philosophers—Scripture and Joshua—Intolerant notions—My own opinions on the weather and changes of the moon 301

CHAPTER XXIV.

Walton and Cotton—Praise of the work—Science of Angling then little understood—Wrong principle of fly-tying—General observations—Salmon-fishing without a wheel—Throwing a line against the wind—Good effect of changing from one side of a river to the opposite when practicable—Lord Byron—Advice 309

CHAPTER XXV.

On Pike Fishing, and the various ways used, and to be used for their destruction—Account of the largest Pike ever killed—A monster Pike, judged of by its seizing a fish of its own species, seventeen pounds weight—Method of dressing 314

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THE PRACTICE OF ANGLING.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE VARIOUS KINDS OF ANGLING-RODS AND THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

I COMMENCE with observations on the various descriptions of angling-rods. They may be classed under three heads:—the plain two-piece rod, the screw-rod, and the socket-rod.

The two-piece rod is undoubtedly the best; the butt of it should be in one piece; the top should be composed of two pieces, permanently spliced together; the first piece of the top should be good West India hicoory; the upper piece, lance-wood, which is a most invaluable timber

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for the purpose, being tough, elastic, and retentive of its form. The butts of all two-piece rods are formed of one stick, which should be of well-seasoned crag-ash, without splice—a spliced butt always fails. Spear-wood is also often used, but it is difficult to procure a piece long enough for a good sized rod, and it is heavy, though it keeps its form well.

A three-piece rod I have the utmost abhorrence of, either screwed or spliced; you cannot take it inside a carriage unless it be very small, and the two-piece rod is fully as portable outside.

A four-piece socket-rod, if well constructed, is an excellent one; it can be taken in any conveyance, and is much preferable to the screw-rod—a description of craft I have more than once seen fail, and a day's fishing lost thereby, when the angler has been unprovided with a second rod;

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but neither of these latter descriptions is comparable to the two-piece rod for lake fishing, particularly where fish frequently rise near you, when, if you strike the fish *well* (which should always be done), the screw or socket-rod is apt to go by the board. The best way to guard against such a disaster is to have the two upper pieces made to join by a splice, instead of a screw or socket.

I will now point out the different lengths I approve of for salmon, pike, and trout.

For salmon, a great deal will depend on the river you fish, but in general from sixteen to twenty feet will be sufficient. In the Shannon, for spring fishing, the rods do not exceed the latter length ;—ten and a-half feet in the butt, and nine, or nine and a-half in the top ; the Limerick rods are often made on a very mistaken principle, having too much spring in the butt, which

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endangers them, particularly if you throw underhand, (which method I will hereafter explain) or against a strong wind; and no rod is worth a farthing which you cannot use so; nor any angler good for anything who cannot get his fly out, even with a strong breeze in his teeth. In fact, every rod should be tolerably strong for eighteen inches above the wheel, which should be, in my opinion, invariably placed twelve inches from the thick end of the butt; this I have found the best distance in all cases—one hand can be placed below the wheel, the other above, when you are fishing; always holding the line between the fore-finger and thumb of the upper hand.

The top of a salmon-rod should be proportioned to the kind of line you fish with; if the line be very strong, the top should not be too fine to the whalebone; indeed, there should be two tops to all rods, one lighter

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than the other; as, when the season advances, you generally adopt finer tackle and smaller flies.

The loops for salmon-rods should be strong, and soldered with spiltre or silver—soft solder will not do for any loops. I have seen an entire set of bad loops torn down to the wheel by a large salmon in the Shannon, greatly to the surprise of the gentleman who was playing him, and who beheld his rod pointing straight to the sky, and the line level with his hands. On this occasion about forty yards of line and a fine fish were lost. Some loops are cut from solid bits of sheet brass; they are very good if sufficiently rounded.

If you fish with screw or socket-rods, take care that the pipes are made of what is termed double brass, or good sheet copper. I would prefer the latter for the first pipe, the former for the second, it being lighter;

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single brass will never stand hard work; it is only fit for those one-handed baubles used in brook-fishing. And here I think it right to suggest a means by which you may at any time convert your well-sized trout-rod into a brook one.

Have a short butt, from sixteen to eighteen inches in length, to fit the first joint of your screw or socket-rod, in place of the large butt, and your rod will then be perfectly adapted to groves, woods, or difficult places on the banks of small rivers.

I will now give my opinion on pike-rods. They should be invariably strong in the butt, but not actual stumps; the top well shaped, and not extremely coarse, for which I will give a cogent reason.

In pike-fishing, in either lake or river, you have to take in your bait often; you must therefore necessarily have a rod which will bear a short bend at the top, and if it

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be coarse, it will be often broken. I have seen some very extraordinary pike-rods, particularly with Mr. Bilton, with whom I fished part of a day on Inchiquin lake. His rod had loops like curtain-rings, and did not bend at all—in fact, was a mere wattle.

Why this very fine and most sporting fish should be fished for in this way, I am at a loss to understand; they are in our lakes at least most splendid and fine playing fish, and if well dressed, (the mode of doing which I will give in due time) equal almost to turbot.

I never fish for them with larger baits than small roach or trout-fly, or with tackle coarser than what I use for salmon, even sometimes with single gut, taking chance for pike or trout, as the bait; but the gut should be well armed with slight brass or copper wire well softened, (the mode of

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doing which I will point out in due time.) Counsellor J. H. and I have often killed pike of eighteen or twenty pounds weight, with single gut. I once killed one of twenty-nine pounds weight, but had him hooked in the eye with well-armed gut trolling for trout; he played at least an hour and a-half, with a strong pull the whole time, but with a slight trout rod.

On some occasions a small jack-pike is used, and large fish killed with it, but it is a great straining of tackle; for this kind of fishing a hand-line is the best, used in the following way:—

Have thirty or forty yards of very strong line or slight whip-cord; roll it and secure it on a deal board about two feet in length, and six or eight inches in width; proportion the size of your hook, which must be large, to the size of the jack you fish with, which is to be attached to the hand-line by means

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of a strong swivel, at about three feet distance from the bait, through which the hook is to be inserted at the mouth and brought out in the side opposite the navel, and a slight curve left in it, to make it spin ; it must be sewed in the mouth to the chain with strong thread, and also secured about the bow of the hook. When you choose to fish with it, let out fifteen or eighteen yards of the line after your boat, and when the fish pulls, give him time to gorge the bait, and if he runs off with it, you may throw out the board to give him time enough, after which he is to be dealt with in the best way you can imagine to insure his capture.

When I come to treat particularly of the different ways of catching these greedy and bold animals, I will state some extraordinary instances of their voracity. One word more as to the rods fit to encounter the noblest of our fish—the salmon—the monarch of our

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rivers ; the most cunning, the most sporting, and the strongest, for its size, of the finny tribe.

The rods should be always strong, and the lengths, as I have before observed, proportioned to the rivers angled in, and to the lines fished with ; for, if you fish with a heavy line, the top should be proportionably strong, but not so coarse as to prevent throwing the line effectually ; the angler, I have also shown, should always be provided with two tops, as, when the season advances, and the sun gets higher, the flies and tackle must be necessarily lighter. You can never throw a light line properly with a coarse top, and a heavy line is apt to break a slight one ; so that experience and judgment must be exercised on these occasions.

For spring-fishing on the Shannon, I have stated the best length for rods at from eighteen to twenty feet; and I consider that

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length sufficient for any river. On the Blackwater, Co. Waterford, they use the worst, the most unwieldy, and most cumbrous three-pieced instruments I ever saw—some of them twenty-five or twenty-six feet in length, and, in my mind, quite ineffective, particularly if the wind is not in their favour, for there is no such thing as throwing against the wind with them; and I feel the most sovereign contempt for any angler who cannot send his fly out against a heavy squall: besides, if you fish with very heavy flies, as must be often done, particularly, on the Shannon, Suir, Nore, and Blackwater, and many other wide and deep rivers, you cannot throw a fly of the kind I describe, with the wind strong in your back, except for a very little way, and you must then manage throwing in some way, across or against the wind, and if your rod has what is termed a great spring in the butt, you

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run the risk of breaking it in a most disastrous manner.

Take, then, the following rules for all salmon-rods:—Strong enough, not too stumpish, with little spring for eighteen inches above the wheel, well proportioned, according to the line, to the end; rather large strong loops, somewhat smaller to the top.

If you fish in narrow rivers, good strong trout-rods will answer the purpose, either two-piece spliced or four-piece socket-rods; and in the butts of the latter, it may not be amiss to have a spear, which may be unscrewed when you begin fishing—they are very effective against dogs, or bulls. From one of the latter monsters I once had a narrow escape; and to the strength of the butt and the goodness of the spike I owed my life, not having had any retreat, and being therefore obliged to make fight

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whether I would or not. Further, never have a spliced butt of any kind; and let your splice in the two-pieced rod, where you tie top and butt together, be a good long lap, not a short splice, or sharp in the points: it may not look perfectly beautiful, but be assured of its excellence (and a good angler will always look to the useful), for everything that comes into contact with the points of sharp splices, is sure to injure them.

The following scene took place between my friend J. H., our fly-tier and rod-maker Corney, and myself:—A very large and handsome trout-rod had been made for Mr. J. H., beautifully and exactly finished, but, from the construction I describe, had been broken once, twice, thrice, and on each occasion had been sent to Corney to be set to rights.

The last time, Mr. J. H. addressed him.

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"MR. J. H.—Well, Corney, this is the third time the rod has been broken, and the two former times you assured me there was no harm done. What say you now?"

"CORNEY.—Take my word, Mr. J., it is all the better for it."

"MR. J.—Why, d—n you, you rascal, at that rate, it would be the better for being broken every day in the week."

I laughed immoderately at the sally of my excellent friend, and he himself did the same in a few moments. Corney was stunned. But some murmurs, nevertheless, escaped him, which I much fear were anything but blessings on the heads of both of us.

And now to conclude summarily my chapter on rods. Long butts, good clear ash; long tops, first piece spliced hiccory, all other pieces lancewood; socket-rods, hiccory first and second piece, the two

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upper lancewood, (and, if possible, of one piece each), and to fit with a nice splice, as two sockets are sufficient, which ought to be of good hammered copper, soldered with spiltre, which is better than silver. There should always be a bit of wood adapted to open splices of all kinds, to fit them; and when you are going anywhere, tie them fast on the different splices; it is little trouble, and a great preservative. Let your loops be either solid or well soldered, and they should run opposite to, or in a line with the edge of the tied splices, or laps, and not on their centre or rounded part; they are thus much stronger, and less liable to be broken: —and having said so much on rods, let me add a word on the method of looping them.

As it is necessary that an angler should be prepared for all contingencies—as nothing

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is more important than having a rod properly looped, and as it is essential that he should be able to replace a loop when lost, I subjoin the following directions :—

Get a piece of sheet copper, neither too thick nor too thin, and with strong scissors cut it into little slips, capable of holding the loops, and about three-fourths of an inch in length ; have your silk (which should not be too slight) well waxed ; let the thickest part, whether butt or top, project from you ; then lay your silk on the part of the rod you are looping, and keep turning the rod with your left hand, to your left, holding the silk thread with your right, and letting it run closely and exactly for three or four turns ; then take your bit of copper, which is called a tier, let the silk thread run along it flat on the rod, where the loop is to be put, and well fastened ; then raise your tier, and under it, without

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letting it down, put as many rows of the silk round the rod as you think equivalent to the thickness of the loop, which you will then slip on the tier; you will then bend down the tier on the loop, pressing it with the back of a knife, and fitting it close to it; by this means there will be no interval in the tying;—after which, go on fastening till you come to the end of the tier; then put three rows of the silk thread round the rod, loose and open them, the first near the tier, the two next after, and nearest to yourself; then put the end of your silk thread through the three loops, and hold it, then keep turning your rod still to the left hand, until the three loops the silk has made are tightened down; then pull your silk through, and all is fastened.

Always have spare loops and tiers; the loss of one loop is often attended with the loss of a second, particularly in a top, which

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is consequently more liable to be broken. It would not be amiss that every angler should be provided with a slight deal case for his two-piece rods; it is easily fastened on the top of a coach, or on a mail-car, is light, and will prevent the rubbing which rods may be otherwise liable to, and the frequent loss of loops: four-piece screw or socket-rods can be taken inside.

The best tier for the splices of large sized two-piece rods is common sheepskin leather; and so it is for all two-piece rods—the string nicely proportioned to the size of the rod. This observation applies equally to the upper splice of screw and socket-rods; if this description of skin cannot be procured, try to get some nice foal-skin from your saddler, which may answer the purpose. In this instance, and in many others, you will find that "there is nothing like leather."

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CHAPTER II.

ON WHEELS, AND THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

I NOW come to speak of the wheels, or reels, whichever you may please to call them. I must say that I totally detest, abhor, and repudiate all click wheels, lock wheels, and multiplying wheels. They should be perfectly plain and strong, the plates not more apart than an inch and a quarter, or half; for large quantities of salmon line they should be proportionably high, the higher the better; and this is indeed your true multiplier: and mind, in all your wheels, if you should not have enough of line to nearly fill them, to put as much nice cord or pack thread on the inside next the axle, as will effect your object, for in wheeling

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up or letting out, the fewer turns will then be necessary; indeed, with a wheel such as I describe, an expert angler will never suffer a fish to run slack on him.

A multiplying wheel is not worth a farthing for anything but small fish. You cannot get up a weight without breaking your machinery, or dropping your rod to the water. I have had sad experience of this kind of wheel, of which I may hereafter speak—having spoiled the work and lost an immense salmon through its means.

My next objection is to the click or clock wheels, which I positively assert (and from experience) have the effect, particularly in calm weather, of driving trout to the bottom from the surface. This I have seen happen more than once. Some persons affect to think that fish have not the organ of hearing; but that they have not only that sense, but that of smelling also in great

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perfection, I have not the smallest doubt; and here goes for an instance.

On the river of Ennis, in a deep hole, was a very large trout, which could not be taken, and never rose at a fly of any kind. I got a nice worm and small hook, and threw it out at about twenty yards above where he lay. He instantly made to it, came within a foot or so, and turned away without touching it: the smell only could have attracted him.

And now to sum up. Wheel, according to the tackle or the fish you angle for, high and short (that is, between the plates); for trout, an inch distance is sufficient; for salmon and pike, from an inch and a-quarter to an inch and a-half, at most; it must be made of good brass, the handle in one piece, without any revolving ivory or brass but itself for your finger. These are idle additions, and soon wear away. What has a

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man a finger and thumb for, but to let the handle revolve between? Beware, also, of a visible screw in your handle. I once had a handle abstracted, the loss of which (having left my rod tied up when I went to dinner) I did not discover until I had a large trout hooked, which, as I had no means of wheeling up the line, got into weeds, and broke off, taking half my casting line.

Here my usual quickness failed. I should have pulled the line down, and lugged away; but, as it happened, I was "perplexed in the extreme." Another advantage this arrangement of the handle possesses is, that you can, at any time you wish, slip your line just under the part you hold in your finger, and it is then a lock wheel. I did endeavour to have axle and handle all in one piece, and so I should prefer; but tradesmen are obstinate, and very full of showing off the beauty of their work, and I could not make

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them comprehend that a steel or iron axle was as handsome as a brass one. I have been, therefore, forced to give in for the present, but purpose making another effort.

It may be objected against plain wheels, that they are apt to overrun, and so they are; but when a fish is running out rapidly, feeling the line slightly, with your left thumb laid on it, will prevent any accident of this kind.

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CHAPTER III.

ON LINES, AND THEIR ARRANGEMENT.

I SHALL now treat of the various kinds of lines used by the best anglers, and the mode of adapting them to their respective purposes. They are the following:—Hemp silk; silk and hair; entire hair.

The first I never use. They are too heavy when wet; they never take the oil well, and last a very short time, besides being apt to crack off, if the greatest precautions be not taken when stretching them to take out the twist. I have seen many instances of loss of fish, lines and all, by using this species of tackle. They are useful for a hand-line for pike, as I have in the first chapter remarked, with a float attached, to be occasionally

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thrown out, to suffer the fish to gorge the bait at his leisure.

The silk and hair-line I consider a mischievous and foolish invention. They will never stretch evenly; one will rot the other, and oil is rather a disservice to this kind of line: it must, besides, be very coarse, if intended for hard work, and is by no means comparable to the entire silk-line, which, if well managed, in the way I mean to direct, will be found the most effective for all kinds of angling; and I here beg, once for all, to impress on your mind, dear reader, what I aim at teaching you; it is this—"*To fish as fine and as strong as possible, according to your rod and the kind you angle for.*"

I therefore prefer the entire silk-line, either twisted, or of a new kind called "eight-plait line," which is certainly very strong and good.

Now, if you prefer the twisted line, which

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has more life and elasticity, take the following directions:—Bring your line to a large field, in which there may be a tree here and there; fasten one end to a branch, and loose it out to its full length; pull it well for about five minutes, then drop it on the ground; go to where it was tied, loosen it, and run it on the little finger and thumb of your left hand till it is coiled up. If you do not comprehend this last direction, you will, perhaps, be instructed by the dear partner of your affections, or her waiting-maid, for women are more apt to learn and able to teach than we lords of the creation.

When this is effected, get some boiled oil, but do not depend on it till you boil it yourself in an earthern pipkin that will stand the fire. You will know when it is sufficiently boiled, first, by its burning a feather, and next, when there is a general outcry against you and the oil by every person within smell

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of it. Let it nearly cool, but not entirely; mix a little umber with it to darken the colour; put your line into it for about ten minutes; take and squeeze the oil well into it with both your hands, first taking off your coat and tucking up the sleeves of your shirt (rather a dirty process, truly); proceed then again to your field, fasten again at both ends, and strain pretty well; go along it two or three times, rubbing the oil well into it; get a mustard cask wooden hoop at the grocer's, take off the sharp edges, and wind your line well on it; hang it to dry in some place where the smoke cannot get at it, for smoke is a great enemy to oil, and paint of all kinds; then let it remain as long as possible without using. The fittest time for this process is the after season, when angling is over: the longer your lines are left without wetting the better, as the oil has time to harden. This process

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will answer equally well for the plait and the twisted lines, either for trout or salmon.

When the season commences, in February, get a link of twisted gut to match the thickness of your trout and salmon-lines, taking care that the twist is the same as that of your lines, for if not, it will be always opening; and mind to open a little of the ends of the gut-line, and put single knots on every strand of the gut, a little apart from one another, and also to loosen out a bit of the end of your silk-line, where you purpose to attach it to the gut-link, to prevent clumsiness; after which join well and permanently, and put a sufficient noose to the end of your gut-link. Let all be tied down with good waxed silk, and afterwards varnished with good black or brown varnish, which may be also applied to a small portion of the wheel-line.

Now, on the Shannon, in the beginning

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of the season, the tackling used is very coarse, and they only use a clumsy knot, for, though good, they are in general lubberly anglers, and, if not fishing for themselves, are totally unprovided for any emergency. Of this circumstance I once had woful experience; and but once, as I ever after-took care of what I was about.

The flies used by them in the early spring are very large and heavy, some tied on six or seven-twist gut; but my strictures on flies shall be reserved for their proper place. I had forgotten to talk of entire hair-lines, made of horse hair, white or black, or both mixed: they are certainly more light and elastic than any others, but too coarse if they exceed nine hairs; and then, one of that substance cannot be depended on for strong fish, either in lake or river, particularly where there are weeds or rocks; but in clear brooks, and for small fish, they will do very

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well, as you can throw them with the greatest precision, and they go out well against a wind. So here you may exercise your discretion.

You are never to oil a hair-line; it would rot it; nor when wet, suffer it to remain for any time on the wheel without drying; and this latter observation applies equally to all lines, whether silk or hair. And having now got through the subject of the rod, wheel, and line, I will conclude with recommending, that in case of wet weather, a time when there may be very good fishing, you should be always provided with a bit of sponge, so perforated that it may be slipped on the butt of your rod, just above the wheel, the line to run over it; it will absorb the water that would otherwise find its way into your sleeve, and whenever it becomes saturated, a single squeeze will rid you of its effects for a considerable time.

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CHAPTER IV.

ON CASTING-LINES.

THE next subject likely to engage your attention, will be your casting-lines—whether twisted or single. I think that all gut should be stained with a solution of logwood and alum, which will bring it to a fine water-colour; it should not be left too long, nor should the solution be more than milk-warm when the gut is steeped.

When you wish to have a twisted casting-line, the gut must be steeped in warm water till quite flexible, and all the links of each portion of the casting-line should be of nearly the same length, particularly if you twist with a machine; and you must always take care that the twist of your wheel-lines and

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casting-lines agree. In general, a casting-line of good sound strong three-gut is sufficient for most rivers. But the Shannon, in the early season, forms an exception: the casting-line anglers use there is about a yard or so of the very strongest silk-line they can procure, with a noose at the upper end, to which they attach the wheel-line; the knot at the other end embraces the fly-link by its noose, both fastening by what they call the Shannon knot, which is certainly easily tied, and the more pulled together the tighter it will be, at the same time that it is not very difficult to loosen, but it is both lazy and clumsy work, and I approve not of it.

If you have not a machine for twisting, hold the end of the link between your teeth (having first knotted the three links together), put a small knot on each separate link, give it as many twists as are necessary,

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and let some assistant hold each link, till all are twisted, then hold the link firmly by the untied part, and let the twist run in, after which, give an additional twisting with your fore finger and thumb, till the link is smooth and even.

At the head of my trout casting-lines, I always place a link of three-gut: the line falls better, particularly when you take care that the strongest is uppermost, gradually tapering to the end. In all casting-lines, I adopt single knots, drawing them together, and tying down with waxed silk: this prevents catching in weeds or rocks. Look constantly to your knots, lest the gut should wear or crack. Leave nothing to chance, remembering Doctor Franklin's advice and remarks—"For the want of a nail the shoe was lost; for the want of the shoe, the horse was lost; for the want of the horse, the rider was lost, being overtaken

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and slain by the enemy, all for want of a shoe nail." So it is in angling. I don't think I was ever guilty of any neglect in this way without suffering for it. I will relate an instance.

It was on a 6th of February, the first day I had thought of salmon fishing, when I went to a rapid stream: the fly I was about to fish with was a very large Shannon one, on five-twisted gut. A little of the tying on the noose, or loop (the part by which it is attached to the casting-line), was loose, but not much. I had so little expectation of meeting any fish, that I only put it out of my wheel-line without any casting-line. I looked at it very often ; my mind misgave me that I was doing wrong in not tying it better, but I was lazy, and the day close and warm—so to work I went.

When I had fished with the longest line I could throw, I let all my line run out by

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degrees, shifting it across the current: I was at this time standing on the edge of a quay, from whence I could not advance, and had scarcely begun to wheel up, when I got a pull that nearly hauled me off my perch, and had a salmon hooked, in perfect season. After great dragging (for I could not follow him an inch) I succeeded in turning him, and played him up the stream gradually, till under me, when, behold you! just as he had nearly given up, my line flew aloft without the fly—the neglected tying on the noose having given way by degrees, from vile thoughtlessness and indolence.

Let your tyings be varnished black or brown; they will last much longer. Many anglers use only knots, and these, to hold, should be double, which is coarse work, besides which they catch villanously in weeds.

A very beautiful and interesting lady once offered to instruct me in making a

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single knot which would not slip, but I was so much afraid of being tied up in it (being a fatalist) that I declined the instruction, and rested satisfied with the two single knots drawn together, and the ends of the gut tied down as I direct; and there is a material advantage attending my plan. The single knots being of very small bulk, your casting-lines may be as long as you wish, and you may wheel in as much as you like of it when you have a fish hooked and almost tired, which you may not be otherwise able to get near enough to; and recollect, that the finer you fish, particularly in mild weather, the better is your chance of sport.

Much may be said about how many flies should be angled with for trout. In rough weather I have often used three in a lake, generally but two, and if very calm, only one—in a river, except for fry or small

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fish, never more than two, and at night I think one sufficient. Mr. Giles Daxon, who was an excellent trout angler, never used more than one on lake or river, and generally killed much fish: but in rough weather, and even in some lakes, he was decidedly wrong; for in Dromore, at the time when it was, I may say, a lake, the drop fly always used to rise and kill more than the tail fly; but, alas! poaching with long nets, even under the eye of sportsmen, has utterly destroyed the finest run of trout that I believe were to be had any where, varying in weight from three to ten pounds, sometimes more. To what I now assert, that excellent man and prime sportsman (now no more), the late master of the rolls, could, if alive, bear testimony, and when doing so would vent mental execrations against men, however dear to him, who have aided, even by sufferance, in the depopulation of this charming

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lake ;—but this is a digression : and I now proceed to a summary of my instructions on this head.

Casting-lines water-colour, as directed ; all, whether single or twisted, made with single knots, well drawn together and tied down with waxed silk, afterwards varnished, the strongest links always to be next the wheel-line, and tapering down to the end. The different observations made will apply equally to the links on which the respective flies are tied.

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CHAPTER V.

ON THE MOST CORRECT SHAPE OF HOOKS, AND THE MISTAKES SO FREQUENTLY MADE IN THEIR FORMATION.

I HAVE treated of fishing-rods, wheels, and lines—I now direct attention to the shape of your hooks.

They should be (no matter what the size) invariably round in the bow—rather deep, and perfectly straight in the point. In general the makers give them a turn out from the beard, which is a most pernicious plan, and causes a liability of the hook to break in that place; it besides creates a greater resistance to its quick entrance, particularly if it strikes a bone; whereas, a straight-pointed hook generally gets quickly through any obstruction: indeed, to please my own fancy, I should prefer

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that the point of my tail or long fly should incline inwards a little, and the points of the hooks I should use for my drop, or bob fly, should be quite straight.

The reason of my making this distinction is, that the long fly being deeper in the water, and the hook being a little inclined in, it will be more apt to lay a fast hold, whereas, the drop fly generally skimming the surface, the straight point will be found more adapted for that position. This is a nice distinction; but as this treatise is intended to be chiefly practical, I consider it highly necessary it should be attended to. The inside and the outside part of the shank of the hook should be filed flat, and the end of the shank a little turned up to prevent cutting the link where armed. The best fly-tier will not be able to make his fly sit well, or prevent its turning on a round-shanked hook, without a great deal of diffi-

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culty. The Dublin hooks are for the most part round-shanked, and being made from wire, the points and beards are apt to go.

The Limerick hooks are decidedly better, certainly unexceptionable if made with care, and free from the twist outward from the beard, which their makers have a hankering after.

There should be a little curve in the shank of all hooks: the fly looks better, and the curve gives the little inclination inwards, which I have taken pains to describe as necessary for the long fly, but not for the drop fly—the hooks for that purpose should be, as I mentioned, straight in the point, and round in the bow. In my next chapter, I will treat of the different receptacles necessary for keeping hooks, flies, and feathers, and when I have done with that subject, will proceed to instructions for fly-fishing of all kinds and sorts.

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CHAPTER VI.

ON THE PROPER DEPOSITORIES FOR FLIES, FEATHERS, AND COLOURS—WITH CERTAIN OBSERVATIONS WHICH SOME MIGHT DEEM IRRELEVANT.

As there is nothing so much wanting to a good angler, as proper depositories for his various tackling, I shall proceed without preface to express my thoughts on this most important subject.

Go not, therefore, to a tackle-shop to throw away your money on ill-formed and inefficient pocket-books, where the flies are all made up in small rolls. Nothing can be more distressing to a good angler than the trouble necessary to be taken in straightening the links before fishing with them. Now do as I shall direct.

Try to procure three or four well-bound

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novels, but lay not your unhallowed hands on the standard ones, and by these I mean the Vicar of Wakefield, Fielding, Smollett's and Sterne's works, Richardson's Clarissa and Sir Charles (though this latter is too much ornamented for my taste), Caleb Williams, many of Scott's—for instance, Old Mortality, Waverley, Rob Roy, Heart of Mid Lothian, Quentin Durward, Peveril of the Peak, Guy Mannering, The Abbot; do as you please with the Monastery (I hate monasteries and nunneries); spare not Scott's rubbish, for there is a great deal of it in prose and verse; spare Anastatius, Cyril Thornton, and most of Bulwer's works; the latter are true pictures of English life; spare Banim's, they are Irish life; spare Lover's, too; spare all Campbell's works, he has written too little; also Moore's, except his paltry Fadladeen prose story, miscalled Lalla Rookh: he is our countryman, and

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the sacred fire of liberty illumines his works; spare Lord Byron's, except his ode to Napoleon (it has disgraced him)—tear out that ode, and put a parchment in its place. Could he dare accuse Izaak Walton of cruelty, and yet have written such a poem? Melancholy to think that our greatest men should in so many instances have laid themselves open to the charge of cruelty; but, alas! the page of history bears witness against them.

Lord Byron has made some amends by his forgiveness of the spider—

> "Go, poor spider, go.
> But take care how you bite Sir Hudson Lowe."

I find myself getting critical, instead of continuing my instructions; so I must resume.

Tear, then, as many leaves out of any novels which you may find, on perusal, worthless, or abounding with immoral descriptions,

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and fill their places with parchment covers, open at one end, and the full heighth and size of the binding of the volume—by these means, your flies can be made up tolerably large, full as large as the breadth of the book—then for colours, you need only sew some leather ends to prevent them from flying out, in any of those works that may be of little or no value as food for the mind.—I perceive, by the way, that I have been guilty of great remissness in not noticing some admirable works by women, such as Evelina, by Madame D'Arblay, and Discipline, by Miss Brunton. As to Self-Control, "I shall not presume to control your judgment, reader." Miss Edgeworth has also written many admirable works, as have several others whom your taste will lead you to appreciate as they deserve.

Two or three of the books I allude to will hold your colours, flies, and hooks.

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For your feathers, have an oblong cedar box, the length of the tail feather of the gold pheasant or macaw, with an equal division the full length of the box ; and for the breast feathers and top knots of the pheasant and other valuable foreign birds, have parchment pockets to suit their respective sizes, to be deposited in said box, which should have a sliding cover to run in and out. The greatest care is necessary for the preservation of feathers from moths and insects : a little whole pepper is found useful for this purpose ; but there is nothing so efficient as the cedar box.

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CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR SALMON FISHING FROM A BANK, A SHORE, OR STRAND.

I NOW enter upon a subject most important to all anglers—general directions for salmon-fishing; and, before proceeding farther, I will have the hardihood to say, that I never yet saw the man who could throw a salmon line as I could, or kill more fish, even in those rivers in the neighbourhood of which they had lived for years, provided I had but a glimpse of their tackling, and two or three days' observation of the place in which they angled.

Be attentive, therefore, to my instructions. Provide yourself with a good canvas or ticken bag, at least two and a half feet in length, and of a sufficient depth to carry

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two or three salmon, which, if you be unattended, will be as much as you will reasonably wish to be encumbered with. Have broad leather straps attached to the bag with a strong buckle, and a good many holes in the strap to lengthen or shorten, with two loops at proper distances on the outside, where you may occasionally put your gaff while you are fishing on clear grounds (it won't do in cross places.) Let the handle of your gaff be five or six feet in length, "fine by degrees" to the iron. I do not approve of screw gaffs that fit into the handle of a landing net; I think they are unhandy; but in this respect you may exercise your judgment;—and now as to your rod—much will depend on the breadth of the river: if narrow, from fourteen to sixteen feet will be sufficient—if broad, from eighteen to twenty; but in no instance, if constructed according to the directions here-

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tofore given, will a larger rod be necessary.

Your line must be as strong and as fine as the rod is fit to throw.

If you fish with very large flies, as it is likely you will in the spring months, your line must be tolerably heavy. Your casting-line should be of three or more twisted gut, tapering to the end to which the fly is attached, which must also, according to its size, be tied on a weaker or stronger link.

Always have in your bag a "*priest:*" this is the name we anglers usually give a short stout stick, about eighteen inches in length, with which we strike the salmon to kill him, just at the junction of the neck and head, where Homer's heroes frequently operated. This is an instrument it is cruel to want. What can be more distressing to a humane mind, than seeking for a large stone, or waiting to cut a bush or bramble, to put

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the poor animal out of pain, and all the time your fly and hook in the utmost danger? The fish should be always killed before you attempt to extricate the fly.

I now suppose you arrived at your fishing-ground, and commencing at the head of your course or current; and now—*mind yourself.*

Always begin with a short line, keeping a proper distance from the river; fish first near you; lengthen your line by degrees (never stirring from your first position till you have thrown as long a line as you can tolerably master); always throw rather down and across, but so as that you can be satisfied that no fish can avoid seeing your fly: don't raise your hand too suddenly after throwing out; then draw your fly gently, if the current be rapid, and occasionally shaking your hand, particularly whenever the fly comes into an eddy, or

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smooth part of the stream; then fish down step by step, never holding your hand too high, lest, if a fish rises, you should not have sufficient power to strike him.

It often happens, particularly in the early season, that you are taken under water: now, in either case, whether the fly is taken under or over, always, if possible, strike low, that is, with the top of your rod as near the water, either right or left, as circumstances will admit of. I am convinced it is a much better method than raising your hand high.

Don't strike a salmon too quickly—let him get nearly out of sight after his rise before you pull at him, which you must do with strength proportioned to the size of your fly, never with a short snap, but with a fine, strong, long pull.

When you have him firm, lean on him at once, fairly bending the rod, till he runs

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out; let the line run between your fore finger and thumb till he stops, then be at him again. He is a fish that, if you give him any respite, and if he has a rock or stump to get to, and that he has a slack line, will be round it in double quick time; so be always on the alert.

If he comes to the surface, and keeps tumbling and splashing, then for your life hold him as hard as your tackle will bear; if you do not, ten to one that he either shakes out the hook, or gets his tail across the line, which he will by that means endeavour to break. Lug him fairly, and if you do so with strength and judgment, always taking care not to hold too hard when far from the bow of your rod, it is more than probable you may bring him to the gaff, but be always at him, particularly when near you. I need not observe on the folly of holding a fish in his race; don't

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attempt it; but after his spring, or whenever he stops, then give him no time for consideration—in short, literally obey the above instructions.

It often happens, that one occupies a position, from whence there is no such thing as following a fish: in that case, *if your line is nearly run out*, take your finger off the wheel, raise your rod high, and behind you, and throw it forward. This is what we call giving a slack: it often happens that the animal thinks himself at liberty, when he generally turns back. If such should happen, wheel him up softly, holding your rod low to the water, till you get him again under your bow—then lug at him, butting him fairly; and if he gets away again, you have only to try which is the strongest, always endeavouring to avoid letting him come too near the surface; to prevent which, almost dip the point of your

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rod obliquely in the water, never changing from right to left till he is again wheeled up, after which, again lug at him, until his resistance is at an end; and the moment he is gaffed, let him be priested before you take the hook out; then throw your fly into the water, and whisk it two or three times into the air; examine it, and see that the fly and the point of the hook are not injured; if the latter be blunted, and that you have not an exact match, take a small, half-round, very fine cut file, which you should always have in one of the pockets of your book, and sharpen the blunted part carefully; then look to your links and line, recollecting Franklin's advice—"Leave nothing to chance."

Be always provided with a sharp knife, waxed and unwaxed silk, strong thread, some fine packthread, and good wax. There is no knowing what may occur in the course

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of a day's fishing, and it will be seen by-and-bye how I have suffered in the days of my inexperience, from not having adopted the necessary precaution which I now so strongly recommend.

The Shannon, for the most part, is fished by boat, and the angling is of two kinds, either by what is called dragging, or throwing the fly in those great currents that are too rapid to be dragged. I shall endeavour to explain both methods.

In dragging, the boat is brought to the head of the course or current you are about to fish, and there held with strong poles shod with iron: every boat or cot is provided with three rods, wheels and lines (never less than two); and the usual plan is to have two flies, and a loach, or callaghroo, as it is generally called, or a very small fry, or gravelin, or perhaps three flies, if the bait is not to be had: the lines are then

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let to run out, to the extent of eighteen or twenty yards, and the boats are meanwhile rowed from side to side of the river with oar and paddle: sometimes two oars must be used, the paddle assisting and steering; the current always keeps the flies and baits their full distance from the boat; one rod is placed at each side, tolerably well bent, and lies against a little peg to prevent its slipping off; the lines of the side-rods are always turned under the handle of their wheels—not so with the centre or tail rod, which lies flat along the boat; the line of this rod is either held in the hand of some one in the boat, or left loose altogether, and for good reason; for it not having the elasticity the side rods possess, if the line was made firm, would then be subject to a straight pull, which might carry away every thing before the rod could be bent on the fish. Each time the boat

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crosses its course from side to side, it falls down a little, the flies and baits keeping their proper distance, and whenever either of the side-rods have a pull, they are always well bent on the fish before the line is taken from under the handle of the wheel : if the centre rod has a pull, the line is let run for the purpose of procuring a proper bent on the salmon : in all cases, if the shore is fair and free from rocks, you usually make to it, and endeavour to kill from thence, particularly in the spring, when the waters are high and the fish large ; and gaffing a large fish into a flat-bottomed cot is a rather serious affair in a river so wide and rapid as the Shannon.

If you fish the rapids of the Shannon (those streams that cannot be dragged), such as several of the Donass and Castleconnell waters, take care to provide the

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best and most experienced cotmen, of whom there is no want, and who will place you in the positions best adapted for throwing the various currents. This you must do, standing up in the cot, which is always well held by means of the poles already noticed; and here it will be expedient that you be very steady, and have your sea-legs well in requisition.

You commence, as usual, at the head of the stream, with a short line, gradually lengthening until you throw the largest quantity of line you can master, always noticing, that as the fly comes round into the eddies, the hand is to be well shaken, but not so much in the very rapid parts of the current. As the flies you fish with at this time are very large, when you want to throw out, you must suffer the current to take the fly almost straight from the top of the rod, which must be then almost level

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with the water. You then gradually raise your rod till you judge the fly is near the surface, when, with the quickness of lightning, you throw the fly behind you, till you either find it check you a little, or judge that it has attained its due distance. You then throw it with sleight and strength from your elbow and wrist only, ever taking care not to throw your body with it. In this way you fish to the end of your reach; and let the day be as it will, there is little danger of your feeling cold after fishing two or three of these streams as I direct.

It sometimes happens, that in the very act of whipping the fly out of the water, and with strength and quickness, a detainer is laid on you by a very large fish; in that case, he gets it well, and there will not be much harm in the angler's looking principally to his footing for a few seconds.

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You can't throw those very large flies with the wind in your back, but the cotmen, particularly as the angling is carried on in the middle of the river, will place you in the best positions.

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CHAPTER VIII.

SPRING SALMON-FISHING CONTINUED—WITH MR. FINUCANE'S LETTER.

In the former chapter I have endeavoured to explain the different ways of angling on the Shannon. I will now describe the most efficient methods of fishing from a bank, or shore, convinced that I cannot be too explicit on this subject, particularly as regards spring-fishing, at which season the fish are larger, stronger, and of finer quality than late in the year, and the sport in every way more grateful to the accomplished angler.

When (in the fishing phrase) you "*rise*" a salmon, should he miss the fly, observe how he comes to it; if he shows himself

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well and eagerly, you may almost depend on hooking him ; but don't throw over him for a few seconds, let the fly go deeply and slowly by him at first ; you may then shake your hand a little, but observe that after rising he may possibly drop down a yard or so, in which case, you must lengthen your line a little, or fall down a step ; if he should not then take, let him alone for about five minutes, and change your fly to one of a somewhat smaller size, and not so gaudy as the one you commenced with ; try him again, but do not dog him ; three or four casts will determine whether he will take or not.

If the river is narrow, and that you can get over to the off side, throw from thence, so that the fly may come over him the reverse way to that he first observed, and it is ten to one he will then have you. I have witnessed the most decided success from

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this method, both in my own case and in that of others with whom I have angled, and who have tried this practice.

If all fails at that time, and that you purpose returning to where you had risen him, which may not be much out of your way, let him alone, till, in the common phrase, the *sun goes back of him*, for in the early spring, 'tis full time to commence at ten A.M., and from two to four or five P.M. is certainly the best part of the day. When the season advances, early and late tell best, often till quite duskish in May or June.

The loach (parr or gravelin) small fry, and even the large blue-head or lob-worm, are most killing in the early spring, when throwing a long line is not necessary, or that you fish in a boat or cot, or in a narrow river; but assuredly nothing hurts fly-fishing more than the exhibition of

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baits in salmon courses. I recollect that in the Shannon it was considered unsportsmanlike to use them, and doing so has certainly the effect of making the fish careless of rising for a considerable time.

Now as to your flies :—Much will depend on the height of the water, and state of the weather. If the weather is cold and rough, large gaudy flies are in general the order of the day ; for instance, the following :— A black fly, orange tail, yellow heckle, white tinsel, tied gaudily—an orange-bodied fly, green tail, black heckle, same tinsel, tied similarly ; the magpie, half-black, half-orange, tied same ; an entire black fly, black heckle, orange head, tied same. A half-green, half-orange fly, crow or cock heckle (black), only about the orange half next the head, yellow tinsel, also tied gaudily ; the green part of the peacock feather that lies along the back of the bird

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is excellent for half this fly, and in my mind needs no heckle, it being fully sufficient to have one on the orange part, as above directed.

And now for some changes. The grey fly, of donkey's fur, rather light, mixed with a little bright-brown pig's fur, white tinsel on more than half the body, bright or deep claret colour under the wing, and on this part only a deep-red heckle, jib rather gaudy, but not the wing, which ought to be good brown turkey feather, with pheasant tail, guinea hen and macaw side feather; small dark-blue mohair head: this is a most killing fly at all times and of all sizes, according to the season; the same kind, with yellow tinsel, brown mallard or turkey feather wing, mixed with a little of the green feather on the peacock's back; same jib and side feathers, or swimmers, as some anglers call them.

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The half-blue light colour, half-orange, white tinsel on the blue part, which is of dyed pig's fur, and this part without heckle, then orange or bright claret colour under the wing, without tinsel, but with a bright red heckle, wing gaudy or plain, according to the height or state of the water, and the sizes to match the early or late part of the season.

The various shades of brown are generally tied with gold tinsel or cord. On many of these flies, particularly the larger sizes, the jay heckle may be placed between the head and side feathers.

Note.—Whenever you meet an old cock —a game cock is the best—with deep-red heckle, buy or steal him : he is invaluable for either salmon or trout flies ; but beware of St. Martin's day, which is generally fatal to this bird. The common Irish are as intent on the sacrifice of a cock to Saint

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Martin, as Socrates was to Æsculapius. Perhaps the saint was a descendant of the physician; and many pious divines, indeed, have imagined that Socrates was a Christian. This subject may be worth the attention of Judge Jackson and the Bible Society, to whom I cheerfully refer it, not being at present disposed to give it further consideration.

As the season advances, there must be a decrease in the size of your flies. A dark olive fur, with a greenish shade, is a most excellent fly, tied with gold cord on the body, and a red heckle dyed yellow, not gaudy, with brown turkey feather or dark mallard wing, and a few strips of the green part of the peacock feather already alluded to at each side of the turkey feather—the fly middle-sized.

It is advisable that you should have a second casting-line rolled round your hat,

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with one of those changes I have described, and which, if the furs are well dyed, will not be affected by the sun, for it must be remembered that strong heat will not only change silk, but even the vivid brightness of real pheasant feathers; and I recommend that all gaudy flies, when put by wet, should be deposited in a box, or the most open covers of your fly book.

A gentleman, who had fished much in the Suir, the Nore, the Barrow, the Blackwater, and the Lee, made a most valuable suggestion to me in one of our confabs. It was this:—that when the natural trout-flies begin to appear on the rivers, your salmon-flies should be as nearly of their colour in the body as possible. On this suggestion I have since acted, and have had the greatest success, particularly after rising a fish with a gaudy fly, and then throwing over him one as nearly as possible of the

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colour of the trout-fly on the water. But I have invariably, in the first instance, if the river was dark or turbid, fished with gaudy flies, and have had anglers laughing at me, till I had a fish hooked, to their great astonishment.

In fine, a good angler must be provided with flies of all kinds and sizes. Sometimes nothing will be looked at but gaudy flies; at other times none but very plain ones. One other observation :—In cold weather, and early in the year, I have found silver tinsel or cord best; in warm weather, yellow.

I think I have now nearly exhausted the subject of spring-fishing on most rivers; but the Shannon will require a separate chapter.

The flies I have described will do equally well on the Connemara rivers and lakes, but must be of sizes proportioned to the

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season : there are also many shades of green, both in silk and fur, excellent in the months of April, May, and June ; also the grouse Lochaber, yellow or orange body, five rows of gold cord, the grouse feather rolled round, good throughout the year. This fly is often varied, and green used for the body, and a partridge feather used instead of the grouse ; but of these varieties, and the most approved methods of tying them, I will speak hereafter.

And now to conclude. Look to all your tackling ; when a loop fails, put on another ; mind Franklin's advice—"for the want of a nail, the shoe was lost," &c. &c. ; fish not with a worn or jagged fly—you may lose a fine fish and a tried hook ; mind the knots of your casting line ; have a second one tied round your hat, as directed ; have a bit of sponge just above your wheel, to intercept the rain-water, for there is often

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sport on a rainy day; let the line be run out underneath the lowest round bar of the wheel—some prefer having it over, of which practice I disapprove; always keep your line between your fore-finger and thumb, and when running out, feel it gently; have your bag, priest, and gaff always at hand; use only worsted stockings, and if you are obliged to wade into an island or angling course, put off your stockings, walk across in a pair of old shoes, and when you arrive, put on your stockings and good shoes again. Be careful of yourself on high banks, particularly in gaffing, or it may befal you as it did me, when I tumbled into the Blackwater, on a second of April, and a very cold day, in my eagerness to catch a salmon. On this occasion, but for being a good swimmer, my piscatory adventures would have had an end. I was, of necessity, obliged to abandon rod, gaff, and salmon,

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having been carried a considerable distance by the current, which was, at that time, strong, in this very rapid river. When I recollected myself, I made to the bank, which, when I reached, I was up to my arm-pits in the water, and concluding that I could not be much wetter, I continued wading up along it until I found my gaff and rod, and, to my great surprise, the salmon still hooked, which played me a full quarter of an hour additional in the pleasant position in which I was placed. I at last gaffed him, (a fine spring fish of twelve pounds) and here I was posed, indeed :—above me was the high bank, which I would not dare to attempt—below me was a good strand, but between me and it was a deep hole, which I should be obliged to swim through—and opposite me was tolerably safe landing, not approachable except through strong briar-bushes. I had no alternative ;—I managed

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to throw the salmon up into the field, afterwards threw up the gaff, next took down my casting-line and fly, wheeled up the line, flung in the top and butt of my rod separately, and finally made my way through the bushes, well scratched and torn.

I had been about an hour altogether in the water, and on my emerging from it, felt as warm as I ever did without being in a violent heat, so much so that I almost contemplated walking a mile further, and wading into the island stream near Lismore; but I, perhaps luckily, changed my mind, and returned to my brother's, whose house was a short distance from the river, and where I was a most welcome guest, as, indeed, was the salmon, it being the last week of Lent, and no sea-fish to be had. Much difficulty occurred in uncasing me from my surtout-coat and my other habiliments, which were, ever after, of little ser-

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vice, having shrunk to utterly inadequate dimensions.

In case of sudden cold or wet, if you have, or can procure a raw onion or two, eat it by all means; nothing will keep the cold more effectually from your stomach. Of this, Colonel R. G. Hare (now major-general) and I had a most convincing proof, having fished an entire day, wet throughout, and walked five miles afterwards, without catching cold, though we took no other precaution until the end of our walk.

A letter, of which the subjoined is a copy, has been sent me by the gentleman to whom it had been addressed; I give it without note or comment:—

"Stamer Park, Ennis, April 20th, 1838.

"MY DEAR SIR—I find that O'Gorman is writing a treatise on angling, and has taken on himself to give prudential directions to

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the lovers of that delightful sport. Now, you shall see how well-qualified this Nimrod of the rivers and lakes has proved himself to direct or advise. What I am about to state, has occurred within a few days, and to my own knowledge.

"He had killed a large salmon on the Upper Fergus, which encouraged him to put a boat on it; his first day in the boat was dead fine, yet he had not fished long when he rose a large salmon (not a breath of wind!). 'Oh, said he, he wont take, but I will try him with a single-gut fly;' on looking at which, he observed the noose a little faulty; the rower desired him to retie it;—'No,' said he, 'if he even rises, he will not take,' and down he threw the fly most exactly, and on raising his hand, had him fast. Away the fish went, showing himself, and shortly ran back. On wheeling up, the handle of the wheel turned on the axle,

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and now he is regularly beat; but he pulled in the line through the loops, which, when again running out, hitched; the salmon sprang out of the water, unravelled the noose, and took away the fly, which a few rounds of silk would have saved, as the link was not broken, but slipt—and the top of the rod was also smashed on the occasion. Here is a fellow to talk of Franklin's advice! Well, sir, the next day I met him with a broken rod, not spliced, only lapt together—the same wheel put in some way to rights. And here I must remark that he has two or three pet rods and wheels intended for an expedition somewhere that I can't guess at; but away he went with a fry to look for pike, not a mortal with him, and he had not been long out, when he got hold of a very large salmon, which quickly abstracted about ten yards of his line, which was actually cut by an old top loop which he neglected re-

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placing by a new one. The day after, I went with him, and rowed him up the river; still the same lapt rod, the same wheel, but a new top loop, nothing but a salted fry for a bait. We had not got to the upper part of the river, when he called out—'I have him!'—thinking him a large pike; but to my great delight, after a long race, it proved to be a very fine spring salmon, which we killed after great play. Then he says,—'If there is a salmon in this next ford, I will rise him with a fly;' which he did, but for want of wind, the fish would not take.

"Now, sir, here is your famous angler, having good rods, using bad ones, not even spliced; bad wheels, bad lines, old sharp top loops, from sheer laziness not even tying or even knotting the noose of his fly; and I have learned from a bystander, that he lost, after sunset one day last week, another

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large fish and his fly, by some like neglect. I request you may show this letter to Counsellor Henn, who will be sure to abuse him as he deserves; and I hope you will not be wanting on the occasion; to conclude, he is a very neglectful, careless angler, though possessing great perseverance, with a very impatient, bad temper: indeed, I think he is the worst tempered angler I ever met.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"M. FINUCANE.

"The Hon. John Plunkett."

The charge of ill-temper, I may hereafter refer to; the rest of the statement I don't deny.

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CHAPTER IX.

FINAL INSTRUCTIONS FOR SPRING SALMON-FISHING, AND THE DIFFERENCE OF THROWING LARGE AND SMALL FLIES, ETC.

For the present I shall postpone my observations and instructions on spring salmon-fishing, giving, however, the following directions :—

If you fish with a very large fly, it will be exceedingly difficult to throw it with a strong wind in your favour, but easier against the wind. In the Shannon, you generally angle at a distance from land or trees, and the cotmen so arrange matters as to place you in the best position, as at Donass and Castleconnell, where you must single fish most of the rapids without

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dragging. On this subject it is unnecessary to say more than that practice and dexterity are essential; but fishing from the bank of a river is quite different. I have always, in throwing a large fly, gradually raised my hand, then with a sudden jerk raised the fly from the water, thrown it behind me quickly, but at the same time not letting the rod fall back too much; then, when I judged that the fly had attained the full length of the line behind me as I have stated, I have thrown it quickly from my wrist, letting the rod droop sufficiently, but not too much to the water's edge. In this way I have thrown from thirty to thirty-five yards of line with a heavy fly attached.

The anglers on the Blackwater were often astonished at my throwing further with a rod of eighteen feet than they could with one of twenty-six. Now for fishing under-

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hand, which is a most excellent practice, particularly when you fish from a strand nearly level with the water, or from a bank free from bushes or trees: even among the latter I have often fished in that way when I dared not attempt throwing behind me. To throw in this way, you must always have the wind in your favour, or side, but not against you. When the fly nears the shore, raise your hand gradually till the fly is pretty nearly opposite you, then give the rod a whisk from your wrist, and the fly will go out beautifully; but weak butts will not answer this work, nor can it be achieved with a very large fly, but with a middle-sized one. With a peal fly and trout flies of all kinds it may be done, and flies will crack or wear much less in this than the common way, and an immensely long line can be thrown when the wind is favourable.

I recollect angling for peal in the month

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of June on the Blackwater, at Lismore, in company with a fisherman who had a very long rod, but who could not throw overhand so far as I did in the way I have described, and who then set about an imitation of my method, but at the third or fourth attempt, crash went his rod above the wheel.

I believe the reader will be of opinion that I have written enough on this subject; yet much remains to be added, and I must say something on the different baits to be used for salmon, and their adjustment. The best are the loach, small trout gravelin, or parr and salmon fry.

Let your hook not be too large, but proportioned to the size of your bait, and the link well armed with slight copper or brass wire, properly softened in a turf fire: this precaution is necessary wherever pike abound, but nowhere else. Flatten a bit of a common pin from the point, tie it on the back of the

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shank of your hook, and raise it a little; it will keep your bait firm; and, if pressed for time, or that you have quick sport, nothing more is necessary than having it properly curved, but not too much. I generally tie the bait on the bow of the hook with a little waxed silk thread, and, if I have time, fasten the head with the like material and a needle. I have occasionally used a second smaller sized hook, with a very short noose to slip down on the link, and put it through the head of the small fish to keep it firm, and have often hooked fish in this way, for they generally make at the head, particularly pike.

If your bait be too large, (and salmon seldom take an oversized one), do as I shall direct:—Cut off the head of your fry or trout; shape it gradually, making it small in the shoulder and belly, taking out the entrails, but leaving the skin to sew over the hook, which must be of a correct size;

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then fasten again where the curve is in the bait, and let the link be moderately leaded, for salmon like their bait deep.

And now for two other most effective baits :—First, get a small or middle-sized silver eel, or small lamprey, if possible ; cut it to a proper length, to form what is called the tail of an eel ; cut some of the upper part away, but not the skin, which must be well tied to form the head ; let it be properly put on the hook, curved, and secured ; after which, get some strong silver tinsel or cord, begin at the head where it is to be tied, then cross it regularly on the body of the bait, till you knot and secure it on the bow of the hook. Sew a couple of silver spangles in the formed head as eyes, and put a few more between the crossings of the silver cord.

Here is a most splendid bait for salmon, pike, and I believe large trout ; for pike I

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have tried it with the greatest success—this is a secret only fit for the *elite*.

I have before alluded, I believe, to the shrimp in its natural state, but to my great surprise have had great success with boiled ones for salmon ; they take them well in all running streams. The use of them is now interdicted in Galway.

I will now proceed to give some necessary sportsmanlike directions to my brother anglers. If, on any large river like the Shannon, you find a cot placed on the head of a course, or stream, with oars, paddles, rods, &c., presume not to fish that stream, as you may be sure it is engaged ; nor, I am convinced, will any gentleman, nor indeed the cotmen, do so, if your boat is similarly placed.

If you fish a river from the shore, don't interfere with any one who may be on a stream before you, but seek for an unoccupied one, or at least don't fish before any one

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down the stream, but you may, if you choose, fish after him. Don't let any one walk before you; always keep them behind you, and away from the bank. If you are troubled with a redundancy of troublesome frisky companions, take a worthless fly out of your book, and when well wetted make a good circular sweep with your rod pretty low among them, and you will shortly have hold of one of them in either coat, cravat, or pantaloons, or elsewhere: the hook must be then liberated somehow, if possible, after which, it is probable you may be left to your meditations.

If you fish a narrow river, don't allow any one to fish from the opposite side, if you are first on the reach or course. Suffer not dogs of any kind in your society while angling. Fish are not only sharp in sight, but in hearing, and much noise of any kind drives them to the bottom.

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I will conclude this chapter with what may be termed ungenerous advice; but as I have never met any angler of the Waltonian school, but, on the contrary, have witnessed much jealousy among sportsmen of all kinds, particularly adepts, I will feel no reluctance in expressing my sentiments on this momentous subject.

If you are of a party with experienced sportsmen, and that you rise a fish, call not out, "I *riz* him!" as was my habit, till my friend J. H. broke me off this ejaculation,—but keep your mind to yourself; try everything in due course, and when all fails, you may then give your companion a trial; or, if he rises a fish within your view, and that the dimpled water slightly shows his jealous fear, perhaps he may not see him, or be looking from the water; it is then by no means necessary that you should make any observation, and it is more than

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probable his next cast may be below him. You can wait until he passes on a good way, when it will be perfectly fair to take a turn at him with a fly a size or two less, or more or less gaudy than the one he showed to; if, on the contrary, you fish with green-horns, or beginners, do all you can to show them sport—but have no commiseration for experienced hands—they have no pity for one another. What scenes of this kind I have witnessed! and what delight we have had, after great fatigue, in acknowledging our misdeeds!

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CHAPTER X.

MY FIRST DAYS' SALMON-FISHING, ETC., ON THE SHANNON, AND ITS FURTHER CONTINUATION ON A SUBSEQUENT DAY ENDING DISASTROUSLY.

I HAVE been hitherto so black-letter, that I judge it necessary to diversify the scene, and will, therefore, describe my *debut* in salmon-fishing on that noble river, the Shannon, fearless of my friend J. H.'s taunts and allusions, who has, though unjustly, considered my relations as sometimes apocryphal.

At the time I am about to write of, I had many relatives living in Limerick, with one of whom I was on a visit. I was a good trout-fisher—could throw a line well and far—had killed a trout of six pounds weight, and had even fished a day creditably on the lake of Inchiquin—knew

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something of cross-fishing, but as to mending a rod, tying a splice, or making a fly, was entirely helpless, and dependant on Corney, our fly-tier, already mentioned. It was, I think, on or about the 15th of February, I strolled up the banks of the Shannon, and had walked about two miles when I was stopped by a very large drain, at the other side of which was a high steep bank, partially planted with quicks. This was a boundary between two farms. You will soon perceive the reason of my being so particular: I was obliged to walk a considerable way round, before I could get across, after which I continued along the bank, till under Castle Troy, where I saw two men fishing in a boat, whom I hailed, and they very civilly came to shore. They were dragging for salmon—which mode of angling I must again explain.

The boat or cot is brought to the head

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of a current, and the lines let out with flies or baits attached, viz., salmon fry, gravelin, or loach, commonly called callagh-roo. On this occasion, there were three very large ugly rods, great iron wheels, and very strong hempen lines, large flies tied on six or seven twisted gut. After the lines are at the designed length, the boat is rowed and paddled across the river, the fly or bait always dropping before the boat, the lines about the handles of the wheels, and every turn the boat drops down a little. In this mode of fishing you never see a salmon rise; it is always a pull, and generally a very hard one. I asked to be taken on board.

"Can you play a salmon, or have you ever killed one?"

"No; but I am a good trout-fisher."

"Well, come along. Will you pay your footing if you hook a fish?"

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"Certainly."

"Can you row, as the current is strong ?"

"Right well."

"Will you take a fly, or the callagh ?"

"The half-black and orange fly—I like the hook."

"Very well ; take the right-hand oar."

We had taken seven or eight crossings at hard work, and were feeling gloomy, when my rod got a pull that made it squeak, and the little pin the rod lay against was snapped, but before it was taken quite straight, I had it in hand.

"Don't take the line off the handle till the rod is well bent."

I obeyed orders.

"Now, my boy, see what you can do. I believe you have the old one !"

We made towards the shore—the fish showed, and appeared large, but very distant.

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"Give me the rod, sir," said Darby Shaughnessy, brother to the famous Daniel —"the fish is large, and you may lose him."

I took from my pocket a half guinea, and put it on the seat of the boat, saying—

"If I lose him, take the half guinea."

"Done."

I stepped ashore, and set lugging at a famous rate: he ploughed across the stream, and showed himself at about seventy yards distance—put his broadside to the current, and down he went, followed close, and well held. I tried every way of turning him to no purpose. When—appalling sight!—the large ditch appeared in view, I called to the paddle-man—

"Run for your life—get round the ditch —I fear I can't cross it; and if he continues, all will go."

Nearer and nearer still! I was at last

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obliged to step up the bank of the ditch—no drain at my side; the leap was large, and no run; I got my feet together among the quicks, tried again to turn him; he was nearly striking fire out of the wheel, and part of the axle began to appear. I made a desperate effort, got one foot on the bank, the other went down—I was pulled on my face—not two yards of line on the wheel; when the paddle-man came just in time, took me up, and saved all.

I had now tolerably fair play, and killed shortly after. He was a most lovely spring h.

DARBY.—"Sir, you behaved well. We would never have crossed that ditch. The fish is yours, though he were worth ten pounds."

"Very well—shan't we go out again?"

We fished for more than an hour after, but only met a poor slat. We then returned

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to town, went into a shop, and weighed the fish I killed. It weighed *thirty-nine pounds;* and though I have killed larger fish, I never saw such a beauty—it was very little more than a yard in length.

"Well, Darby, don't you think him cheap for half-a-guinea?" To the shopman—"What is salmon a pound?"

"Two shillings."

"No matter, sir," said Darby, "you are welcome to him."

"No, Darby, I won't take your salmon, and here is my footing,"* giving him five shillings; "but I must get the fly," which I took with much pride.

I was now entered, and quite proud of the skill and decision I evinced, and next day set about my future appointments.

Passing by a watchmaker's shop, my at-

* A fine imposed when you kill your first fish on any lake or river.

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tention was attracted by a very handsome large wheel, of a peculiar construction ; it had a click at one side, and the handle at the other, in what I thought an awkward place. On asking an explanation, I was told it was a multiplier, and its various qualities were so enlarged on, that I purchased it at a very dear rate. I then bought a fine, well-varnished rod, and a very strong silk line, got flies from the famous Daniel Shaughnessy, and engaged his brother Ned, and Jack Kean, a famous angler and boatman, (my friend Darby, who took a great liking to me, having been taken ill.) His hooks were of the finest shape, and to that kind of shape I have invariably adhered—round in the bow, and straight in the point. He tied an excellent fly, full as killing, but not so nice to the eye as those of his brother Daniel. In two or three days we were on one of the best drags on the river, the wind

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fair, the day good—but it turned out a day of disaster.

We commenced on a reach called Ilane-a Roan, or the Seal Island, (where one of those animals was shot, in the act of eating a salmon,) and had not fished long when one of our three rods had a hard pull. I must observe that Kean had provided two rods, wheels, and lines, and I had my late purchased tackle in what I thought nice order. We had two very large flies, a callagh or loach on one of the rods, and six twist gut to all, it being early in the season, and the water very high and rapid.

We were getting to the shore quickly with the fish that was hooked, when the callagh had a pull, and I had my second fish, which turned out to be a pike of about ten pounds weight. I held him with my left hand, but he shortly got off, cutting the link as effectually as if a razor had been

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applied to it. We got in, and I shortly killed the salmon, a spring fish, of about twelve pounds.

By some awkwardness in wheeling up too tight, the rod was broken near the first joint of the top, and the salmon hooked in the tongue. I called to Kean for a knife, having forgot my own. His reply was—"We always, when fishing for ourselves, have every thing, but for gentlemen have only rods and lines." No knife had he or his comrade, nor could we extricate the fly; I then desired Ned Shaughnessy to go and get a knife at a neighbouring cabin; he was away nearly half-an-hour, and then returned with a most wretched implement, which, at most, would only cut out the fly, but as to splicing, it was out of the question, and I was no adept; here, then, was one rod *hors de combat.*

Out we went again, with two flies, nor

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had we made many turns, when my beautiful rod got a drag, that made every loop in it sing, and I had firm a most enormous spring fish. We, as usual, made for the shore, my beast leading quietly until I got in, when I set about butting in prime style; away he went down and across for a considerable distance, then doubled against the stream, and began to get slack; I wheeled up very quickly, until the weight came on my "multiplier," and then one yard I could not get up. At this time, a malignant grin passed over the stern phiz of Kean. I made another effort to wheel up, with all the force I could employ, when smash went the multiplying machinery. I then dragged down the line quickly through the loops, and had my fish under the bow of the rod, but he came to the surface, ploughed across the current, took the line on his back, and away he went. My line ran out fairly for a time,

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but at last hitched in the loops, two or three of which gave; the line would not run; it twisted up, my rod snapped in the butt, about a foot and a-half from the wheel, and my brute got off, taking about forty yards of line. He was one of the largest salmon I ever saw.

"I knew," said Kean, "what the multiplying wheel would do."

"But," replied I, "did you know what the rod you persuaded me to buy, with its fine spring in the butt, would do?"

"Well, sir, we have another rod, and I advise you to put up the fly you killed the large salmon at Castle Troy with."

"No, I wont;—this is an unlucky day."

"Well, sir, come and throw the Garrison, (about a half-mile from where we were fishing) with the large blue fly."

To it we went, and, being well-dircted, I fished tolerably. We caught a small slat,

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which I was disposed to throw out again, but no mercy was shown, lest it should continue the bad luck, and I soon after got hold of a very nice fish, about fourteen pounds weight, got to shore, and managed him well. While I was playing him, a Captain Cotter came to the bank, attended by about a-half score of dogs, grey-hounds and pointers. He was a great angler, but had been disabled by a wound in a duel with Mr. Richard Harrison, which arose out of a difference about the right of fishing a stream on which his cot had been first placed, and in which he was undoubtedly in the right, though the fortune of war declared against him. Well, we got in the salmon with some difficulty, the gaff having slipped out of the handle, and the fish was getting out again, when all parties hastened to intercept him; the rod was thrown down, the dogs got entangled with the line, the hook was broken in the salmon's

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jaw, the line snapped in three or four places, and, to crown all, the rod smashed nearly in pieces. Here followed confusion, cursing, swearing, kicking dogs, damning, openly and mentally, our visitor and his companions.

I was now reduced to Darby's fly, and though the captain offered his knife to set us to rights, I declined any more fishing, perfectly convinced of its being one of the "*dies nefasti.*"

I must now moralize, and follow the example of those great generals who have endeavoured to account for their disasters. In the first place, I should have had a good knife, wax, silk, and some slight whip-cord; in the next, my bait-link should have been armed with fine wire, well softened, and then I should not have lost the pike; my silk-line should have been well stretched and pulled; and if all had been so, it is more

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than probable that I might have caught the large salmon. But the worst thing I had done was to purchase a rod with what is called a "fine spring in the butt," and a multiplying wheel—one of the most accursed inventions that was ever thought of, unless for pinkeens or fry.

In what I have written thus hurriedly, though there is much of mere detail, there is also warning instruction.

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CHAPTER XI.

DIRECTIONS FOR TYING SALMON FLIES, AND THE DIFFERENT METHODS, PARTICULARLY FOR THE SHANNON.

I HAVE said so much on the subject of spring salmon-fishing, that I must be again practical; and as an angler is, like other men, liable to many casualties, such as the loss of fly-books and boxes, or leaving some behind altogether, and thus often finding himself, after long journeys, without a great part of his tackle; and deeply considering how expedient it is that the necessary knowledge how to provide against these possible exigencies, should be in some degree obtained, I shall proceed to direct how, under these various circumstances, salmon flies of all kinds and sizes may be tied, particularly those most in

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favour on the Shannon, Fergus, Suir, Nore, Lee, &c. and which are also good on the other rivers of our island.

I suppose you provided (for if you are not, you ought to be,) with the following materials :—

Floss silks, orange, yellow, purple, black, light and dark blue, and pea and dark green colours.

Twisted silks, and the twist outwards, (that is, to your right) of the above colours, except black, (which is not fit for tying,) gold and silver tinsel of different breadths, to match the size of the fly, and gold and silver cord of various thicknesses.

Gold, or Chinese pheasant feathers, viz. top-knots, breast feathers, spotted tail feather, and the various other feathers of this beautiful bird, all of which are more or less necessary for a fly tier.

Macaw tail feathers, one side blue, the

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other yellow; the red macaw tail feather very good; good guinea-hen and brown turkey tail feather, spotted peacock feather; the green-fibred feather lying along the back of the bird, and its fine breast feather, which is most useful for small salmon flies, and for many trout flies; there is scarcely a feather on the peacock that is not of more or less use for salmon, trout, or pike flies.

Of mohairs, or furs, (by which I mean dyed pig's fur) you must have various shades, yellow, green, orange, dark and light blue, browns of various shades, blacks, purples, &c.

Let your hooks be filed rather flat on the inside and outside of the shank, and the end of the shank a little turned up, as in the Limerick method, to prevent the link being cut; and insist that your directions on this point be obeyed by your hook-maker; but be never unprovided with a couple of half-round

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fine-cut files, with which you can flatten the inside and outside of the shanks of any hooks which you may be obliged to make use of, and which are not finished in the way above directed; but make no attempt to turn up the shank of a tempered hook—it will break off.

If you use twisted links, take care that the twist of the link agrees with that of your wheel-line and casting-line.

Have a large sheet of paper, or a newspaper, on which lay out the different materials necessary for the day's tying; clip your heckles a little at each side of the point, but don't cut the quill-feather of the heckle; the Limerick fly-tiers strip down one side of the fibre of the heckle—I do not; but this is a matter of taste. And now, attention:—here goes for magpie fly.

First, arm your link far enough, but not too far; leave as much of the shank of the

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hook, according to its size, as you may consider sufficient for the chief part of the wing, without tying; always tie your links under, and not over the shank; open a little of the link, which I will suppose three twist, and bite it, to make it lie flat, then tie it firmly so high as opposite the barb of the hook; fasten some white tinsel, which roll three or four times round the hook, no higher than I have desired; take some yellow floss silk, fasten, roll that also as you did the tinsel round the hook three or four times, and close to the tinsel, and fasten. Note, that instead of fastening with knots, turning the silk you are tying with under the shank of the hook answers just as well, and is not so clumsy, and on every occasion as you proceed the silk can be raised from under the shank of the hook. Next, get a gold pheasant top-knot, which put on, minding the bend of the feather, and that it sits

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exactly to your taste, which latter is called the jib. Next, put on a black heckle, prepared as I have directed, a few lines back; then put on some gold cord; next, some white tinsel, broad or narrow, according to the size of the fly, and on all these occasions if every thing is not ready to your hand, or that you have any thing to look for, turn in as directed under the shank of the hook till you are ready to proceed. You next put on some black floss silk; run your tying silk half way down to where you commenced tying, and turn under the shank; then lap your black floss silk half way down, take up your tying silk, fasten and turn in; get some orange floss silk, fasten, and again run down your tying silk to where you had first commenced tying on your hook, but no lower, fasten and turn in; then put four rows of tinsel round your body, fasten and turn in; then put four rows of the gold cord

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before, and close to your tinsel, secure as usual; then put on your heckle, always before and close under your gold cord, to the end of the fly, and fasten, and turn in; all this constitutes the tail and body of your fly.

Then to form your wing;—take two gold pheasant breast feathers, of a size proportioned to the size of the hook, put them together, with the darker sides face to face, and the bright side of each out. If the fly is very large, you must add proportionably to the size of the wing with either gaudy feathers of some kind or good dyed heckles, and in all instances fasten well and take care that the wing sits properly without twisting; you next take a right-handed jay blue feather, strip down the dark side, (some split the feather altogether) cut off some of the fibres of the slight end, but not the little quill; roll it round the butt of the wing as

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far as it will go without being too coarse. To finish the fly, get two fibres of blue macaw, of a length sufficient to project beyond the wing of your fly, and with these mix a due proportion, to fit at each side of the fly, of some guinea-hen, tail pheasant, grey peacock, or good turkey feather, fasten, then break well some dark blue mohair, twist it well on the silk, and put on three or four turns; after which take a pin, separate, and double down the macaw strips and their accompaniments, and knot three times between them and the jay heckle: this is a very generally good fly, wherever I have angled.

The Limerick method of tying is, in some degree, different; and of their mode of tying I purpose writing next; but from this chapter may be formed an idea of the way in which all silk-bodied flies are tied.

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The Limerick fly tiers, in the first instance, before they commence, have the wing for each fly well wetted, so that they may adhere together, and thus the due proportions for each side of the fly are preserved. For instance, two large pheasant feathers are drawn through the lips, and placed correctly side to side, the bright sides out; next, equal quantities of either dyed heckles, gaudy feathers, spotted peacock, turkey, or any other they fancy, are attached in equal quantities to each side, and on each occasion they draw the wing through their lips, so that it may adhere firmly together: in this way I have often seen ten or twelve wings laid out on a table, and their jibs, tails, &c. placed in a very orderly manner. This is a quick way, particularly if you have a judicious assistant; but their flies are clumsy about the head, which must be the case, from the wing first being left lying down along the link

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till the entire body, tail, &c. are tied on, when the wing is to be doubled up, and well tied, after which the jay heckle, side feathers, and head are to be added.

They are also very particular in the neatness of their silk-bodied flies, and seldom use any other, nor can they tie a rough-bodied fly well, when they attempt it; they make it unnecessarily thick and coarse. These remarks I have considered expedient to make before proceeding further.

If you tie with untwisted silk, which must be doubled or trebled, always twist your silk out from you, (that is, to the right,) before you wax it: and this caution cannot be too often repeated, being of the utmost importance, as there is scarcely a doubt that either the head, body, or tail of your fly, or sometimes the entire, may consist of fur, or mohair, which is always twisted on the silk in the way I describe, in order

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to be laid on the hook; for if your silk is twisted in, and your fur or mohair out, the consequence will be, that your silk will lose the wax, and your fur or mohair will not stick to it. But to return to the Limerick method.

First arm your link, taking care that it lies properly under the shank, of which you are not to leave so much untied as in the way first described,—say as much as will suffice for the side feathers and head. Then after two or three turns on the hook, put on the principal part of the wing, the butt, or thick part, lying towards the bow of the hook: the wing mixed according to your fancy and the size of the hook. Tie the wing well and fast on the shank of the hook, tie down the said wing slightly with the silk you commenced with on the link, and after a few turns leave it so, taking care that when wanted it may be long enough

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to finish the fly. Next, if there should be any superfluous thickness about the butt of the wing next the bow of the hook, cut it off, then take another piece of waxed silk, with which you are to commence again at the butt of your wing, and continue tying up until you come opposite the beard of the hook; after which put on tinsel or cord for the first part of the tail; then silk, mohair, or fur, well twisted on the silk, of whatever kind you like: then your jib,—either top-knot, or breast feather, pheasant mixed with parrot feather, and a few strips of guinea-hen or widgeon: in all you will be led by your judgment or fancy. You then put on your heckle, twist, tinsel and body, as heretofore directed, after which run down the silk you were last tying with to where you began to fasten on your wing, then roll on the body, and fasten. Put on the tinsel, four or five rows of which are sufficient;

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then the twist or cord, before and close to every row of tinsel; after which lay on your heckle before and close under your cord, and then fasten and cut off any of the tying silk that remains.

You must now loosen the silk you had tied down with at first, double up the wing, holding it closely between your forefinger and thumb, and keeping it even till you tie it well and fast; then put on a jay heckle or not, as you fancy. The jay feather will hide much of the clumsiness of the fly You then put on your side feathers, a strip of macaw, mixed with brown pheasant tail, guinea-hen, widgeon, or any other kind you fancy, at each side of the fly; and, to finish, twist as much broken mohair on your silk as will form the head; take a pin, and double down the side feathers where the head is put on, and knot, as before directed, between the side feathers and the jay heckle.

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Black ostrich feather does very well for the heads of middle-sized and small or peal flies.

You will perceive that the Limerick method is a very firm one. You have the two methods, and, *utrum horum &c.* take your choice; for in either of these two ways all salmon and peal flies, big and little may be tied, observing that the thickness of the tying silk must be proportioned to the size of the fly, and that any colour, whether black, blue, purple, green and orange, or entire orange, or even furs of various shades may be substituted, viz., greens, light and dark, green olives, and brown olives of various shades, fiery browns, and cinnamons.

These latter descriptions are usually tied less gaudily than the silk ones, often with turkey feathers, or brown mallard wing only, and very little parrot or pheasant feather,

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even in the jib, and they often tell, when fish will not show to a gaudy fly.

For the present I will drop the practical; and, having promised some Shannon anecdotes, I purpose giving a description of two or three good fishing days on that river.

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CHAPTER XII.

SOME GOOD FISHING DAYS ON THE SHANNON.

I HAD by the time I am about speaking of—the season after that already alluded to—become quite a proficient, but still dependent on the fly-tiers; I had been in Dublin, from whence I returned on a 15th of March, very well provided with gut, a good wheel, and good silk lines; and the day after went very early to Mr. Dan Shaughnessy, and desired him to show me the sized hook then fished with, which he did.

I then insisted that he should make me four hooks two sizes less; when the following dialogue took place.

DAN.—"Why, sir, these hooks will be too small, and they will float like corks."

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O'G.—"Don't mind that; I will pay you well, and you must do as I desire."

The hooks were made and turned.

O'G.—"Now, Mr. Dan, give me the plyers," which, on getting, I immediately applied to shaping the hooks my own way—perfectly straight from the bow down to the point, and the beard projecting very little. Dan declared they were the ugliest looking hooks he ever saw. They were tempered, pulled, and tried.

DAN.—"Now, sir, what kind of flies will you have?"

O'G.—"First, a black fly, with a deep yellow heckle."

DAN.—"Such a fly was never tied."

O'G.—"Don't mind that; it must be tied now, and on the least of the four hooks. Next, an orange coloured fly, with a green silk tail, black heckle; next, a magpie, half black, half orange; next, a black fly, with

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an orange head—all with top knots; butterflies, dyed heckles, and jay cravats." I stuck to Dan until all were completed.

The next day was Patrick's day, and Dan was perfectly prepared for the celebration of the festival, it being quite useless to expect boat or boatmen, so that the fishing was put off to the 18th, and directions given to have a cot stationed before day on a large reach, called the tail of the lough.

We were out about eight in the morning: three excellent rods, the lines run out and well stretched, when Jack Kean, my chief boatman, requested that I would wheel up the lines, and then walked deliberately to the river. I asked what he was about, when he replied, that he was going to shave himself; and so he did, having lathered himself with a boiled potato—and, such a razor! By the time the operation was over

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his face was scarified like a crimped salmon. When he saw my flies, he regarded them with the utmost contempt, declaring that they were much too small and light, and offering one or two of his own, which I rejected.

We then commenced; the wind lying beautifully against the stream. We had taken many turns without success, and Kean was growling, and asking to put up larger flies.

I remained obstinate, though getting low spirited; when, casting my eyes down the stream, I saw, at about thirty yards from the boat, a large salmon rise. This circumstance could not be observed by Kean, his back being turned to the place the fish had risen in. Very soon after another, and another, in the same line. I said nothing, but was anxiously watching the time when, as I should judge, the flies might get among them, when Kean cried

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out, "You have him, sir!" We went ashore, and killed him rather easily. He was over thirty pounds weight. We had scarcely been out again, when we had two together; both large fish, which Kean and I killed. Out again, and not half way across, another, which we killed. In short, before three o'clock we had eight very large salmon killed, and had not lost one: the black fly with the yellow heckle having done more than its share.

We were now joined by Captain Cotter, of whom I have already spoken, and with whom I had made acquaintance. He insisted that we should go to a neighbouring house to lunch. This I objected to, though I was not at the time very knowing, for he did it for the purpose of taking me off the reach, and having it for himself the next day; but go we did, and staid more than an hour—I then insisted on returning.

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When the captain saw my flies, he offered to back the black and orange, and the orange fly, half-a-crown each, against the yellow heckle fly. I took him up on each. Kean whispered to me, "Sir, there is no click to your new wheel, and it runs smooth and silent, so let out a little more line, that your fly may be a little below the other." I did as directed, and caught two more large fish. We had now ten; when it was proposed to fish the next stream, a very rapid one, called Poul a Herra. Here I was obliged to take the second oar, but keeping my yellow heckle fly still near me.

We had made several turns, and could scarcely keep the boat against the stream, when my rod had a tremendous pull. I instantly shipped my oar, and found, from the weight and strength of the fish that he must be very large. We, as usual, went to shore, at the Clare side of the Shannon,

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and, after about twenty minutes' hard and fatiguing play, he showed enormous: he was a new run fish, not long in the river. I brought him within reach of the gaff, when Kean made an attempt at him, and only scraped his back; away then he went across. We were again obliged to take to the cot, and follow him to the other side, and bring him back again, the banks at the Limerick side being high, and it being highly dangerous to attempt to gaff him into the cot in deep water. We at length killed him. He weighed forty-eight and a-half pounds, and was the largest salmon I ever killed, though I have hooked much larger. Captain Cotter, in the month of May following, killed, with a fly on three-twist gut, on the stream of Donass, a salmon fifty-nine pounds weight: he was turning a little brown, but was a splendid fish. We then made another turn with much dif-

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ficulty, and I killed another salmon with my fly, and the only small one we had, about eleven or twelve pounds weight.

This was the greatest day's fishing I ever witnessed. I have killed more salmon in a day; but to kill twelve, and no more hooked, without a single loss,—of those, one of the weight I mention, three from thirty to thirty-five pounds weight, and all with one exception large fish,—was, I believe, an occurrence in angling seldom paralleled: they were all spring fish, quite fresh run.

It was now late; no possible way of bringing home our fish but by water. We went down the river to the salmon weir, and having given some of the watchmen half-a-crown, got a basket taken up, (there was no gap in the weir open on this day,) and got safe to Ball's bridge. Cotter got three salmon, the cotman three more. Cotter lost eight half-crowns. I brought in six

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enormous fish to my relation's house, and so this unexampled day's sport ended.

During the entire season I continued salmon-fishing the Fergus, and the Shannon particularly; and, having permission to fish most parts of it from the upper fall of Castleconnell, the streams of Donass, and all the other streams to the salmon weir, had often very great sport. I killed at Donass, under Sir Hugh Massy's, with whom I was always very intimate, a salmon of forty-five pounds weight, and another of forty-two, and several others of various sizes.

In the commencement of the peal season (peal, we called the late run that came in the latter end of May, June, July, and August, and some very large fish sometimes accompanied them) I became acquainted with a young gentleman of the name of Furnel Tomkins. He was a most capital trout and peal fisher, and possessed a qualifi-

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cation which I wanted—that of being able to hold a cot in a very rapid stream, and to use the paddle ; I could row and fish, but no more ; so that we could be of mutual assistance to each other, and we often hired or took away a cot without any other assistant, and had excellent sport each time.

It was about the 25th of June when a great fall of rain took place, and the river about Limerick was quite dirty. We met, and a walk up the banks of the canal was agreed on. At the head of it was a boat, with poles, oars, and paddle, and no one in it. We walked a small distance up the banks of the river from the canal, when, the sun suddenly emerging from a cloud, we saw that no more than half the river was muddy, and that it was a partial flood from Anacotty river. We had neither rods nor gaff, but I had a pocket full of flies of all kinds, big and little.

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"Now," said Furnel, "let us take the boat at the head of the canal, and go over to Wray's (one of the fishermen) and we can get a rod and gaff there."

Away with us across; there was no one at Wray's but a little boy: we took his rod, wheel, and line, but the gaff was not to be found. Notwithstanding this off we set to the head of the "Garrison." The cot was well held, and at the second cast I had hold of a fish more than ten pounds weight. We endeavoured to get him into the cot, and were so intent on our sport that we did not perceive that we had drifted considerably; but we had a good strand not far off, and we got him in, and immediately resumed our position. The next fish was a large brown salmon, which took fly and casting line, but I was well appointed, and was at work very shortly. Not a throw, between the clean and dirty water, that did not give

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us hold of a peal, a trout, or a large salmon; the latter gentlemen we did not wish to deal with, as the rod was not large, and rather limber, but the line was strong and good, and did very well till the big lads cut us against the rocks, and in this way most of our flies were vanishing. The casting-lines were gone pretty early, and, piece by piece, many yards of the silk line. We played the fish by turns, and were most heartily tired. When it was my companion's turn, the rod was handed him on reaching the shore.

We had, about six in the evening, the cot nearly full of salmon, peal, and trout; but we were broken merchants, only one large spring-fly on five-gut, and no more line than twice the length of the rod out of the bare axle.

"Come home," said Tomkins.

"No," replied I; "give me one throw at the big rock."

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"Why?" said he; "sure you must be mad—you have not eight yards of line."

"No matter," said I, "let us be broken altogether."

He laughed. "Here goes," said he—"and that you may be pulled into the water!" And up he brought me to the spot I wished.

The fly was scarcely on the water, when a salmon, which, I am convinced, was over forty pounds, came up, head and tail, and swallowed my fly. I struck him most violently. He took the little rod straight from me, pulled me down in the cot, and took the line from the axle.

We brought home twenty-three peal; seven large salmon, one of twenty-five pounds weight; and lost nearly two dozen salmon flies, large and small. We had also eleven fine trout,—none exceeding three pounds. If we had our own tackling it would have been one of the greatest day's

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sport ever witnessed any where. There was not a single fisherman this day on the river, as they imagined that a Shannon flood had taken place, so we had it all to ourselves. It is remarkable that on this day we did not lose a single fish for want of the gaff, though the delay and labour were certainly very great.

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CHAPTER XIII.

STROAKALL FISHING, AND SUDDEN IMMERSION OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMER, WITH SOME NOTICE OF FLIES NOT HITHERTO TREATED OF.

I HAD fished the Shannon from the upper part of Castleconnell to the salmon weir, in every way; had trolled, dragged, hand-fished, and cross-fished, when the water became low. In this last way of angling our sport was but indifferent: our cross-lines were heavy, with coarse links, and we often lost many flies, from having sometimes three or four salmon and peal together; in short, in the vulgar phrase, we made no hand of it, chiefly from a want of that proficiency to which I afterwards attained.

I had heard of stroakalls, and I longed

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for a trial of this mode of taking salmon. I went to my friend Daniel Shaughnessy, and directed that he should make me a very small one, with not much larger hooks than those usually fished with in the early spring. "Now a regular stroakall consists of three immense hooks, as big as small gaffs, tied back to back, and leaded, that they should sink." Mine were small, and also leaded, but could be thrown by a strong spring rod.

It was about the 20th of May, when returning from the falls of Donass, after indifferent sport, that I ordered the cot to be stopped at a large deep stream, also called Poul a Herra, (nearly four miles distant from that on which I had caught the large salmon,) and took the stroakall out of a box. Kean at first refused to be accessory to the proceeding at all, but after much persuasion agreed to direct me, par-

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ticularly as there was no other cot in view. I had my best and largest rod.

"Now, sir, throw it into the eddy, and when you feel it has touched the bottom make a drag with the point of the rod close to the water, and across the eddy, but you will break your rod — it is a wattle; and it is a strong cord and much larger hooks you should have; but never mind—try your fortune."

Well, out the stroakall, such as it was, went, many salmon at this time rising in every part of this very rapid current; for about that time of the year those salmon which had been hooked, or had flies left in them, dropt into this great reservoir, where a salmon is scarcely ever got hold of with a fly. My first and second attempt failed. I then stuck in a rock, from whence the stroakall was disengaged with much difficulty. I was tired, and had a mind to give

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over, when I made one passionate snap, and succeeded in hooking a most enormous fish. He sprang about a foot high, and went ploughing like a horse, for three or four yards, through the current. "By G— !" cried Kean, "he has a king-fish—he may as well think to kill a whale with his rod!" I endeavoured to hold the line with all my strength, when, whether from having slipt in the boat, or from the prodigious size and strength of the fish, I was pulled on my head into the water. We were at this time alongside a large rock, well moored; and Kean instantly seized me by the skirts of my coat, and helped me into the boat. I had not parted the rod, but the line ran out to a great extent. As soon as I shook myself, and recovered a little, I set about wheeling up, but salmon and stroakall were fast among the rocks. We went to the off-side; tried every thing—all to no purpose,

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and finally left about twenty yards of the line below. What became of the fish we could never learn, nor would Kean be persuaded that it was a salmon; he said that he recollected seeing another king-fish in one of the falls of Donass, where there could be no chance of either holding or following him, and that no one would attempt to look for him. Could it have been a sturgeon? I had not time to judge of its length, but it was about three feet broad, for I saw its side.

In the month of April, previous to the event I have described, on a stream a little above the salmon-weir, I got hold of a most enormous salmon with a fly, and I think I should have killed him if I had been kept over him, but we as usual went ashore in Thomass Island, and no persuasion could induce my cotmen to keep over the fish; though I repeatedly warned them to do so,

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their reply always was, "You are strong enough." After a considerable pulling match he made up and across the river, fastened the line among the rocks, showed at about eighty yards distance, and smashed all. We saw him plainly; I think he was nearly five feet in length, and had been some time in the river, for he was turning a little brown.

It is to be remarked, that salmon some time from the sea, are much more difficult to kill than the fresh run ones; but in all cases when large fish are hooked, the cot should be kept near or over them for a considerable time before getting to shore; but nothing can equal the obstinacy of the Shannon cotmen.

I have now described my first and last essay in stroakall work; it appears I had got enough of it: and there being two or three very particular flies to be noticed,

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I will give a description of them, as well as of the manner of having my own very particular costly flies tied. One of those I have not yet noticed is called the gold-finch : the body is either entire yellow, or generally black, with a yellow heckle, gold pheasant topping in the tail for a jib, and the entire wing, except the side feathers, composed of gold pheasant toppings. This is a very extravagant fly even now, and was much more so at the time to which my relations refer. My way of getting this kind of fly tied was in some degree more economical. As in the Limerick way, so here I began with having two breast pheasant-feathers tied down, for the wing ; then, after putting on the tinsel for the tail, I put on my top-knot for the jib, first arming the butt of the feather carefully. I then put on a rough orange or yellow mohair tail, tied on the body, tinsel, and heckle, as heretofore di-

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rected; then doubled up the wing, and put at each side of it a fine topping, also well armed; taking care that the curve in each topping should incline to the other, and project a little beyond the wing; after which I put on the side feathers and head, having previously tied on a jay heckle, as before observed. In this way there was a saving of half a dozen top-knots at least; and I have no doubt of its being a better fly than the entire yellow—in fact, I found it to be so by experience.

The Limerick anglers thought more of the top-knots than of any other feather, and if not well watched, would cut them out very quickly: of this offence I will acquit my chief cotman Kean, though I have suffered from some others. Poor Kean died a short time ago, in the latter part of 1843. Lord Elliot's fishery act broke his manly heart.

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I must notice the large grouse Lochaber, which is excellent as soon as the water falls sufficiently. The grouse feathers which are best, and have the longest fibre, lie down the back, along the wing and to the tail. You adapt the feather to the size of the hook, the earlier the season, of course the bigger the fly ; you tie up your hook, put on whatever tail and jib you like, (a top-knot is the most generally used,) after which you take the grouse feather, holding the small end in your left hand, and softly and smoothly bending down the fibre to your right ; you then fasten it under the jib, after which you put on gold or silver cord, next the body, yellow, orange, green, or purple. You then run down your tying-silk, and turn it under the shank of the hook ; next lay on your body nice and smoothly, fasten, and turn in ; then put on five rows of the gold cord, which also fasten ; after which take

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your grouse feather carefully, and put a turn very close under the gold cord, and a couple of turns additional (if the feather allows it, near the head), always minding the sit of the feather, and turning it in your fingers until the different fibres incline as they ought to do, towards the tail of the fly. You then fasten your feather; take a pin, and divide the feather exactly, so that one part will lie on the back, the other half on the belly of the fly, which latter part is intended to represent its feet, and which you cut to a proper length, say a quarter of an inch near the head, and about half that length towards the tail.

You will now perceive there is not wing enough: take a gold pheasant breast feather of a sufficient length of fibre, and strip down as much at each side as will suffice to render the wing full enough, which you

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will fasten, and be exact; after which put on macaw, guinea-hen, and brown pheasant-tail feathers at each side, in equal proportions, with black ostrich or blue mohair head; then turn down your side feathers, knot between them and the wing,—and your fly is finished.

Three seasons did I fish the Shannon and the Fergus, and numbers of anecdotes could I relate of what occurred to me on those noble rivers; but for the present I take my leave of salmon-fishing, intending again to recur to it, it being, to use Colonel Hankey's most appropriate phrase, "the fox-hunting of fishing."

During this entire time (though I have written so much on fly-tying) I could neither tie a fly, nor assist myself in any arrangement necessary for an angler. I could, it is possible, tie a hook on a link, or make a clumsy splice on a line, but

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beyond that, was a dependant on the time or caprice of Daniel Shaughnessy, or some other operator in his way. Various disappointments at last threw me on my own resources, but not for a considerable time afterwards.

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CHAPTER XIV.

ON TROUT-FISHING—DESCRIPTION OF THE LAKES FORMED BY THE FERGUS—APATHY OF THE GENTRY—SIZE OF RODS, WHEELS, AND LINES—THEIR KINDS AND PROPORTIONS—IZAAC WALTON'S MORALIZING REFLECTIONS—STORY OF A BET, ETC.

HAVING said so much on salmon-fishing, I next apply myself to giving the fullest instructions for trout-angling, which is a part of the science fully as exciting to an angler as any other; and as I have been from my youth fishing the different lakes formed by the Fergus, and as the description of fish contained in all these lakes is of the most superior kind, I hope it will not be thought amiss if I enter a little into detail in following the course of this charming river.

The Fergus takes its rise from a lake

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of the same name lying about four miles to the west of Inchiquin, which abounds with small and middle-sized trout, not more than from a pound to two pounds weight. After flowing about two miles it becomes subterranean, and re-appears at a place called Clab, from whence it flows by Elmvale, the seat of Mr. O'Brien, to Kilnaboy, where it is a considerable river, and where the trout are from two to six or eight pounds weight; from thence to the Lake of Inchiquin, one of the most charming and picturesque spots in Ireland for its size; from thence, by the mills of Clifden, to Corofin. Before reaching this village it receives a considerable mountain stream, after which it forms the lake of Tedane, where there are immense trout, and of the finest kind; from thence, by Kells and various passages, to a lake called Ballytigue, and lake Virna, where the run of trout are

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still larger; thence on by Adroon (where Mayree river joins it) to the different lakes of Dromore; then, by Drumconora, to Fountain lake and Ballyally—all of them, lakes formed by the Fergus, the course of which is invariably through limestone ground, and the bottoms for the most part gravel, marl, or sand, with the richest weeds and abundance of rocks. It necessarily follows that the fish must be perfectly well fed. I have more than once killed a trout not more than sixteen inches in length, weighing four pounds; and killed one of twenty-two inches in length, weighing seven pounds. But with what heart-felt regret am I called on to state, that all these charming lakes and rivers are destroyed by a general system of poaching, even under the eye of gentlemen living on their borders: by set-nets, eel-nets, spearing in winter, by ducks suffered to eat the spawn, by permission to

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idle persons (who would be much better employed in attending to their work) to keep boats and angle. There is scarcely a day there are not three or four, nay, six or eight boats on Inchiquin, which is not more than five miles in circumference, busily employed in poaching. Talk of Connemara! not one of its lakes would be comparable to Inchiquin, if it were one-tenth as well preserved. But as I purpose giving an account of my different trips to Mayo and Connemara, I will cease to digress, and endeavour to describe the best means of taking the fish in these lakes, premising that my directions will be found equally applicable to most of the lakes in Ireland; for I am really of opinion that the flies used on Inchiquin, Tedane, and Dromore will answer perfectly well for all the other lakes; and will be, perhaps, found the best, not only for trout, but even for salmon, when they have been

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a little time from the sea. I will now proceed to practical particulars, and begin with the tackle which I consider proper for Inchiquin, Tedane, and Dromore.

The rod, two-piece, (the butt a little longer than the top part,) about fourteen or fourteen and a-half feet in length ; the tying splice long and blunt. If not two-piece, I would recommend four, with sockets in the English way : the wheel invariably one foot from the extreme butt. The loops tolerably strong and large, and running along the edge of the splice, which is the strongest way. The wheel high, and only an inch or very little more in width, and perfectly plain, without click. The handle strong, and of one solid piece, without revolving brass or ivory—which is absurd. The line, well-oiled silk, of a thickness proportioned to the fine part of the top. Mr. J. H. prefers nine hair lines, which are

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more lively, but can't be depended on for large fish, and are apt to catch in weeds, which abound in these lakes, so much so, that it is right in some places to fish with but a single fly. Put a link of nice three-twist gut to the end of your wheel-line, twisted the same way, and noosed (I hate large clumsy knots); another link of twisted gut to the head of your casting-line, which should be at least nine feet in length: your links attached together with single knots, and the ends tied down, and nicely varnished over the tyings—in this way, if necessary, the casting-line may be wheeled into the loops without danger, whereas in the common way of knotting, if a knot should get inside the loops, it is more than probable it may not run out without your losing the fish, breaking the casting-line, or smashing the top of the rod on a short bend. Be particularly cautious on this

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point when you take a fish into the net, and immediately pull out some of the line; you may thus save your top, which might be otherwise broken.

In case of wet weather, as I have before directed, have a piece of sponge to fit above the wheel, which will prevent the entrance of water into your sleeves. Be always provided with a nice half-round, fine-cut file, to sharpen the hook of a good fly, of which you may not perhaps have the exact match. A nice hard-wood, flat, oblong stick, with a notch in the end, to push down the hook, if in the fish's tongue or throat, is also necessary; and take care to kill your fish before you attempt to take out the hook, except it should be near, or the hold slight. Have several-sized salmon hooks, for trolling for trout, on strong single gut, which must be judiciously armed with nice wire (the brass lapping of piano-forte strings will

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answer tolerably well if you are at a loss): they must be softened in a turf-fire, which produces white ashes—coal would burn the wire instantly. The reason of this precaution is, that large and small pike abound in these waters, and if your links were not armed you would lose fish and tackle pretty frequently ; for large old trout have strong and sharp teeth, and no fish comes more violently on its prey. If you can procure good white, grey, or chesnut horse-hair, it is much better adapted for droppers than gut, and, if even and sound, four hairs are sufficient. They will not cut the casting-line, nor adhere to it, as gut will, nor wear at the shank of the hook ; they fish better, and are easily taken off, particularly in night-fishing.

Now as these observations will equally apply to all lakes, and may be of use to anglers in general, I will for the present

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defer describing different flies, and their different seasons, and proceed in my description of the Fergus lakes.

TEDANE.

I have already stated that this lake was given up by all the anglers, though, from report, it was so good as to have at one time, five gentlemen's boats on it. Different reasons were given for the falling off, but not the true one, which was this—that the spawning fish were murdered without mercy; even now, while I write, I learn that upwards of four hundred large trout have been killed with spears and nets, within a few perches of the house of Mr. O'Brien of Elmvale, in the river flowing into Inchiquin, all within a few days, and on his estate—he being himself a magistrate. There is a beautiful passage from that most interesting work of

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Izaac Walton's so much to the point that I will transcribe it :

" But above all, the taking fish in spawning time may be said to be against nature ; it is like taking the dam on the nest, when she hatches her young : a sin so against nature that the Almighty God hath, in the Levitical law, made an ordinance against it."

Now here is the true cause of want of sport—it is the want of fish ; for where they abound a good angler is sure to take them ;—and it must be acknowledged that there is great difficulty in taking fish where they are not.

This is the finest feeding lake I ever saw, —full of large yellow weeds, and limestone rocks, and a mountain flood in wet weather constantly flowing into it. The general run of trout weigh from five to seven, eight, nine, and ten pounds ; nay, I am sure they

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would average much heavier were not the breeding fish murdered as they are. A trout weighing eighteen pounds was taken in a set-net, by a man of the name of Malony, in an angle of Tedane: it was sent by Mr. Sampson to Lord Fitzgerald. I have met a few very large ones, which by some mischance got away, and for the best of reasons, that they were able to do so—the largest I ever took not exceeding ten pounds, twenty-six inches in length, the fish of the best quality, and the skin speckled with large purple silvery spots. There cannot be a more beautiful fish than a large Tedane or Dromore trout—the bellies for the most part white and shining, the fish red and full of curd. I shall now state how I managed to kill a good many of these fine fish.

Single fishing and trolling did little except for pike. Finding this to be the case,

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I borrowed a very bad cross-line, and tried the shore of an island. We killed two trout, one of seven pounds and three-quarters. I then perceived there were some fish in the lake, so I got two boats and set to work. We killed very few, but lost many flies. After much pondering I brought cross-fishing to something like a system. I made a slight cross-line in the manner which I shall hereafter describe: the upper links of the droppers were three-twist gut, the next two, and the lower strong single—all the knots were tied down—the flies also tied on excellent gut. The lake for the most part is not very deep, and each boat was provided with a tolerably long rope, with a heavy stone attached, which served for an anchor. We never played a fish until the heads of both boats were opposite, and against the wind. We then anchored—the flies were kept clear by the breeze. We at

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first had only a large rod each, but we lost so many fish and flies by handling the line when a fish was in or near the centre, that I adopted another plan, which turned out to be most efficacious.

I caused two holes to be made in the seat of each boat, capable of receiving the butts of the large rods. We had a strong trout-rod tied up in each boat, with a bait-hook, having a very short link and without a beard, attached to the wheel-line, which, when any fish hooked towards the centre was a little tired, we managed to attach to the side next him, from which the dropper on which he was hooked depended, and then played him with the trout-rod.

The largest number we ever killed in a day was thirteen, and that only twice. On one occasion we weighed thirteen together, they weighed sixty-five pounds; we had one thirty-four inches in length,

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which weighed only eight pounds, and on the same day we lost one about that length, which was perfectly recovered. He got out of the net repeatedly, the wind being very strong at the time; which was before the adoption of the second rod. I shall now relate a story told me by both the persons concerned—the circumstances having occurred long before I was an angler.

Mr. Pat. Lysaght, a tolerable angler, and a sporting character named Luke Morony, were fishing Tedane before dinner, and each had killed a very large trout. The two fish were so nearly equal in length and breadth, that the most practised eye could scarcely perceive a difference. A bet of a crown or two dozen of flies was made as to which was the heavier. On coming to dinner they were weighed; when, to the astonishment of Mr. Lysaght and all be-

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holders, Luke's trout weighed a half-pound more than Mr. Lysaght's.

"Why," exclaimed he, ejaculating a round oath,—"is not this most extraordinary? Surely no one could suppose that there could be more than an ounce or so between them at most; yet see here!" taking his trout by the tail, and shaking him—when lo, a large stable key protruded from his mouth! At this, as may be supposed, there was a general laugh.

"Be not surprised, sir," quoth Luke, also taking his trout in the same way, and shaking him well; when there issued, one by one, from his gullet, thirteen large bullets!—Luke had been shooting seals on the sea-coast. The laugh was now universal, and the bystanders adjudged that the bet was fairly won by Luke, and it was accordingly paid. How Izaac Walton would have been startled by an occurrence of this kind!

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Before I dismiss my observations on Tedane, I will relate an incident that occurred some years ago to the master of the rolls (the late Sir Michael O'Loghlin, a most excellent angler) and myself on this lake.

We were cross-fishing in the evening, and at his side a large trout was hooked; he called out that a second was fast on the next fly. I said—

"You will lose one at least."

"No," said he; "'tis a monstrous pike that has the trout across his mouth."

"Leave him to me then," I replied, "for my gaff is larger than yours."

"No," said he, "he is much nearer to me."

He gradually got him within reach, and gaffed him, but the fish smashed his gaff, and got away. He killed the trout, however, which weighed six and a-half pounds.

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Sir Michael has told me that many persons have doubted the truth of this story, but it is a fact. The pike of this lake are very large, and it abounds with tench and roach. On hot days, which are unfit for angling, the latter may be taken in great numbers, some of them two pounds weight; but there is no value set on this fish. There is also a practice adopted for killing eels, which hurts the angling on it—that of spearing for them across the greater part of it; and this is so extensively practised, that when the rushes grow up, there is a regular flotilla of spearmen. A man stands on his bundle, poking before him with his long-handled spear. When he takes an eel, he bites its head between his teeth, and then strings it up with a needle on a long cord. Any thing so hideous as the appearance of these fellows, their faces begrimed with blood and dirt, can hardly be imagined.

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BALLYTIGUE, DROMORE, AND BALLYALLY.

These three lakes form the last of the Fergus chain, before it becomes a considerable river. The trout in the first are considerably larger than in any lake I ever fished in; the run, scarcely less than six or seven pounds weight. It lies in a most desperate crag. A man once observed to me, that the cause of the fish being so very large was, that people were afraid of going to look for them. Late in the evening they are best taken with flies; in the day by trolling with small fry or roach. This lake is near Mr. Bridgman's, M.P. for Ennis, who is a very good angler, but very careless in its preservation, for nets have been repeatedly set there before his face.

The flies adapted to it are much the same as for Inchiquin or Tedane: browns, olives, and middle-sized Dromore flies. There is

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nothing interesting in its appearance, as in the other lakes; it falls into one of the lakes of Dromore, which is extensive and beautiful. There cannot be a finer view than that from the old house of Dromore, (now a ruin). The lakes form a crescent about it, with rivers from one to another; the islands charmingly wooded; the plantations extensive; several old castles and gentlemen's mansions; a variety of hill and dale; and the extensive prospect bounded by the Killaloe and Broadford mountains to the south and east, and the Mount Callan chain to the west. The different lakes and rivers, stretch from ten to twelve miles in circumference at least; and all abounded with the finest trout, pike, tench, and roach, until the accursed plan of setting nets was adopted, since which, as if by an additional judgment, the perch have got into those three above-named lakes, and become numerous

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and large—no fish being more destructive to spawn and small fry; they even scare the trout from the regular feeding places.

Dromore was in my remembrance the best lake I ever saw for a good angler. The season extended from the 20th of January, at which early time the trout are well recovered, to the 10th of June, from about which day till the latter end of July the fish, except pike, were sulky, but from that time to the latter end of the season took fry, roach, and flies freely, particularly on rattling, windy days.

It was a fine sight to see these fine trout going in sculls, or shoals, with their fins and tails over water, after sunset; then indeed if a good angler lodged his fly a foot before the nose of one of them, he had him instantly. In stormy days they rose well at small gaudy salmon flies, but chiefly at the dropper, which we always

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kept skimming the wave. I have killed on the 24th of January, when the days are short, and after walking six miles, nine trout in excellent season, and lost five ; one of those I killed had a large eel in his throat ; and I have taken after sunset in the latter end of May, seven large trout, two of which weighed seven pounds each, the remainder from three and a-half to six pounds weight. They were often taken with frogs and tails of eels, but the small roach or trout fry are the best trolls. One of the best spots for evening fishing happened to be immediately under a gentleman's house—and to think of his suffering a set-net to be stretched across it on the night succeeding a day on which he himself had killed three or four trout at the lower end of it !

Oh, ———! (I will not mention his name—he is now repentant, though,

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alas! too late)—what have you not to answer for? On that night I was prevented by a gentleman who was with me from destroying the net, but a short time afterwards I lay in wait for it, and cut it into shreds, first taking out four fine trout, a pike, and four tench, all strangled; and though on this night we failed of sport, we brought home plenty of fish. I however gave up the sport in disgust: the mischief was done, and scarce a peasant in the country has been since without a set-net; and the lakes, Ballytigue and Dromore, are depopulated. I have not been on either for five years. On my last visit I was accompanied by Sheridan Knowles, an ornament both to England and Ireland, from each of which he claims descent; but we could not catch a single fish, for the best of reasons, that they were not there to be caught. It is now said to be recovering a little.

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Sir Michael had before his death vowed vengeance against the culprits, and it is to be hoped that his influence, even in the grave, may have some effect—though I much doubt it.

Next in order is Ballyally. It was never to be compared to any of the other lakes, but the trout are full as good, and some very large. The largest my friend J. H. ever saw or hooked was in cross-fishing this lake with me; and a very excellent cross-fisher that gentleman is, though pretending to great virtue; yet on this momentous occasion he showed neither skill nor dexterity, but bungled the trout; and when a scene of recrimination took place between us, he showed ill-temper proportioned to his unskilfulness, against the poor rower who was endeavouring to excuse his misconduct.

And now—having described the Fergus

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lakes—for a little instruction in night or evening fishing.

First, look to your wheel-line, and see that it is, according to Peter Simple, "*permanent*," and by no means "*precarious*." Have a spare casting-line about your hat; with a pair of good flies, rather darker in colour than those you had fished with in the day. Open the loops of all the flies you may expect to want, and have them in the band of your hat; I need not say of what kind, ribbed or plain, dark or light wings,—your judgment and the season must direct you. If the night be wet or stormy the Dromore fly is the best general tail fly, and a most excellent dropper is the hare's ear and a little yellow, ribbed with gold cord, a grey or red heckle, with a grey heckle in the wing, with starling and goat-sucker feather wing; if not to be had, mix the grayest spotted partridge feather you

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can get with the starling's feather: all shades of claret colours are also good at night, and so are deep browns. I do not approve of light browns or pale colours, except by day. Have a bit of sponge near your wheel if the night be wet. I shall give no direction about gloves—"muffled cats catch no mice," (the Irish adage is more coarse, and scarcely fit for "ears polite"). Your rod should be fourteen or fifteen feet in length. If your rod is too long you can scarcely get a second cast over a trout, particularly in high winds. Observe, if a trout rises, how his head is turned; throw a little before him, and when you have got hold of him, lug fair and strong, don't lose time, have your priest at hand, and kill instantly, and before you take out the hook. Large trout are apt to get out of the rower's hands. I have more than once performed a feat of the kind

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already described—that is, thrown a large trout into the lake, *unwillingly* and *unintentionally*, when intent on the fell purpose of killing him against the gunwale. Have a good long-bladed sharp knife, and a little flat-notched stick to push down the hook if necessary. Don't fish with too long a line on a fall. If, by accident, or because the trout is too near you, the rod be broke, and that trout are rising fast, draw in the wheel-line, don't wait to splice, but lap the two pieces together, and tie them well and fast. If you have not cord, why you must only break off a bit of your line and splice away, after which you may again commence. There is no necessity for your pointing out the rising fish to a good angler —keep your mind to yourself, and throw with precision and exactness, but ever have compassion on a poor beginner or novice, and show him all the sport you can. A

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tangle is often fatal at night, therefore wait till your partner throws out. Be quick in changing your flies; if you have great sport, a new top-loop should be attached pretty frequently; also a new loop on the end of your casting-line every day, which will facilitate your change of flies. Keep your neck well covered at night, and in the evening when the dews are falling. Wear a flannel waistcoat, worsted stockings, and good strong shoes. When you come in, and are wet, change directly, and take care of yourself.

I now proceed to describe the different flies for the Clare lakes, and the manner, times, and seasons best adapted for taking fish in these fine waters.

First. Browns, cinnamons, and claret colour furs, of various shades: in the beginning of the season, plain land rail or starling wing. I have never fished Inchi-

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quin before April, nor are the trout well recovered till then ; but they are recovered much earlier in Tedane and Dromore.

Next, hare's-ear and yellow mohair mixed, or plain hare's ear with very narrow gold cord on the body, red or grey heckle ; the wing, if plain rail or starling, rather upright, and it may be put on before the body, as it seems to me, with the exception of the yellow or green drake, the only fly with strutting wing. The breast feather of the peacock is sometimes mixed, and sometime tied Dromore way—that is, with peacock and mallard wing, and tinselled body, and in heavy winds it is excellent. Next, brown olives of various shades, and turf colours, tied as I have directed ; I have often seen these last excellent without any heckle, particularly in mild weather. Next, the large and small Dromore fly ; generally deep brown or claret-coloured body, yellow or

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green tail, with four or five rows of tinsel round the body, and the heckle on the half-part next the wing, which is to be the breast feather of the peacock, tied down flat, and mallard or widgeon at each side, properly divided from the breast feather, and blue mohair or black ostrich head.

This is a most general fly on every river and lake I have ever fished, and excellent for salmon or peal for a change, after they have been a little time from the sea : it is a difficult fly to tie well. The Limerick fly-tiers fail in this fly. I recollect some years ago tying, in the month of July, six large flies of this kind for Captain Long, the recruiting paymaster of the Limerick district, who killed, for six successive days, seven or eight peal a day, and was each day deprived of one by the large knowing salmon, which were up to the sharp rocks. At length the fly tiers raised a general out-

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cry against me, refusing to make hooks or rods, or accommodate me in any way, so that in the end I was obliged to desist. Captain Long told me the peal rose very well at the smooth-bodied flies, though they would scarcely ever take; but it was quite different with the Dromore, and when he lost one, he would not put up a second that day. I had often fished with them in the streams about Limerick as droppers, greatly to the vexation of my cotmen, and was in general deprived of them by the large fish; but this vagary I would not practice on Donass.

As the season advances spotted wings are requisite. And I here recommend that every angler who can tie flies should be provided with a watchmaker's small microscope, and look through it at the natural fly on the rushes or rocks, and make his body and wings as like to it as possible.

Many other flies are excellent. *The*

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grouse Lochaber : yellow, orange, or light green silk body; six or seven turns of the feather round the body; and when finished, half the feather lying on the belly-part, or inside of the hook cut short: peacock herle head, or ostrich. In tying this fly I always twist my silk for the body; it forms a sort of rib, and is a protection to the grouse feather, which if once cut the fly is destroyed. There is also the hawthorn fly: the tail-part of a black horse hair, with two little mallard horns; thick under the wing, with a black heckle; whitish starling wing, rather short, and two small horns in the head. I once lost a very great day's sport on Dromore for want of this description of fly. The lake was covered with a very large size of this kind; numbers of trout were on the feed, and though they rose at other flies, not one would take. In high winds a small salmon-fly is often taken: in

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spring, on Dromore, it is one of the best.

Now supposing that a couple of keen sportsmen determined on passing a week or two on these waters, it shall be my endeavour to direct them in the way they should go.

First—Corofin should be head quarters. Two gentlemen can be tolerably well accommodated at Mrs. O'Brien's, a widow lady. In the season there is plenty of kid, bacon, and chickens to be had, and there can scarcely be a lack of fish. A car goes each day to Ennis, and returns to Corofin, so that every necessary is easily procured. As to tackling, if the weather should be too calm or fine, (which seldom happens,) let small roaches be procured by some of the "brats" of Corofin, who for a few pence, being provided with two or three little hooks and small flies, will furnish them of all

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sizes. Troll the lake carefully ; the larger bait inside for pike, the smaller outside for trout, on strong single gut, but well armed, as aforesaid, with good slight wire. If the wind stirs up, why well and good ; take in one or both trolling rods, according to circumstances, and fly-fish. If on Inchiquin, remark that if the wind gets round from south to west, you have every chance of a stiff breeze ; in that case make under the mountain, where you will have land shelter, and where the sport is often excellent at the river's mouth.

You must have boats on Inchiquin and Tedane, and they are easily had at Ennis or Corofin. If the weather is so stormy that you cannot show your nose on either lake, be provided with a small five-fly cross-line, and try Corofin or Kilnaboy river, and it is probable you will have sport, (for the trout are fine and well-fed in both,) particularly

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if you don't value a little wet in your feet. Or else, if there is no boat on a small lake called Rah, put on one of yours, and you may be sure of plenty of fish.

Major Robertson and I were the first persons who fished this little lake, which had been stocked a few years before with fry, from the mills of Inchiquin. The "natives" were under the impression that there was a monster in the lake capable of devouring boat and anglers, and much do I regret that they did not continue under this delusion. The large hill over the lake was crowded to witness the devouring process; which might have been performed not *upon* but *by* us; for, from two, P.M. to nine, we killed sixty-eight trout, thirty of which would have averaged two pounds round; and on a day when no other lake could be fished; the quality and size certainly not equal to the fish of the other lakes, but by

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no means bad. In this lake there are no pike; nor did we ever troll it; but in trolling, a large trout is often killed with the pike-bait, and *vice versa*. I have killed, one morning before breakfast, on Inchiquin thirteen pike and eight trout—the pike from eighteen to six pounds, the trout from four and a-half to two and a-half pounds weight. I once killed on Inchiquin, with a pike-bait, a trout of ten and a-half pounds weight,—the largest trout I ever took, though I have often hooked bigger ones, which by some mischance had escaped.

In trolling, my plan is as follows:—My lines are strong silk, well oiled; casting-lines three-gut twisted, with one or two swivels; from twenty-five to thirty yards of line let out: both lines on the handle of the wheel, if the bait is not very large. I let the fish pull well at it, and then strike. I hate cutting the gut of a fish, besides it

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may be a trout, as that fish often holds the bait like a pike; but I strike with the top of my rod low, and near the water. I don't approve of raising the hand till the fish is firm. The pike in these waters are as strong as salmon: no fish goes with greater rapidity from the surface to the bottom.

Thus much is sufficient as to the different ways of playing fish; but one word of caution before concluding:—beware of a pike's teeth, he will bite you if he can.

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CHAPTER XV.

ON ANGLING FOR TROUT IN RIVERS, AND SOME GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR TYING TROUT FLIES.

I WILL now add some general instructions for angling in rivers for trout; and, as much depends on the width and size of the river, I will be as explicit as possible.

If the river is wide and full of weeds, fish with a single fly, but if there are strong currents and fair ground, you may have two; which are sufficient, particularly where the fish are large, but if for small fish, you may have an additional dropper.

If you see a fish rise, never throw directly over him; throw your line across the stream, and judge it so that the fly may come about

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a foot above where he rises ; and if he likes your fly he will have it, but if he gradually drops down, you may be sure he does not. You must then change, or watch the kind of fly on the water, and match it if possible ; and when a trout rises eagerly at the kind you have put up, fish away, and it is probable you may have sport.

It often happens that trout will rise at flies drawn against the stream ; but throwing down and across is much the most killing method.

If you fish in dead flats, and there is little or no wind, always fish with a single fly ; and if trout are rising, manage to throw your fly into the very break made by them : this requires a nice hand, much practice, and fine, but strong, tackle. When you hook a large trout, hold him as well as your means will allow, particularly if there are weeds, to which he will endeavour to

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make. I have never seen trout go to rocks, as salmon do, but always to weeds, therefore, in such a case, do not give them their will, but if you get their heads over water, hold them so until they give up.

There are still many trout-flies to be treated of—Palmers, caterpillars, blue-blow, and others, that deserve notice—and which will claim attention in due time; at present I will give general instructions for tying trout-flies of all kinds, except those numerous minute ones, which I purpose passing over, for two reasons—first, because they can be purchased very cheaply in the shops; secondly, because tying those very small flies, such as the pismire, &c., is very trying and hurtful to the sight.

As before directed, (in the instructions for tying salmon-flies,) have a large sheet of white paper; on this lay out all your necessary materials—tinsel, gold and silver cord,

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floss silk, yellow, orange, and green, (break mohair for tails of the above colours,) together with dirty yellow, or Isabella, as Izaac Walton calls it. Silks are the fittest tails for small flies, and sometimes for large ones. Untwist the gold cord, but leave some entire for large flies. Clean your tinsel with a bit of chalk, when tarnished; clip the points of heckles, as previously directed, taking care that they are adapted to the sized hook you are about to tie, and have them ready to put on; break the furs well between your fingers, and pick out any very strong fibres.

Observe that by furs, I mean pig's fur, or down; any others are of little value, except for tails and for jibs. Brown mallard and widgeon are preferable for jibs, and the most generally used. Rail and starling wings, partridge tails, grouse feathers, breast feather peacock, and the herle of the moon of it, for heads, and often for the body of a small

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fly. Wax your silk well, and mind, that if twisted, the twist must be out from you—that is, to the right; and if untwisted, the silk must be double. Take care to let the twist be as I direct, for by that means there will not be any danger of the body or tail of the fly separating from the silk.

Let the links of gut, on which you purpose tying the respective flies, be proportioned to the size of the hook you are about to tie;—strong for large-sized hooks, weak for small ones; and all flies must be tied on the strongest end of the link.

Now you have every thing at hand. Arm your link correctly by twisting it between your fingers, having first laid your waxed silk on it; or, if you would rather try another way, stick a pin in the knee of your *culotte*, or pantaloons, and if the link is not looped, roll it three or four times round the pin, and then arm at your

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leisure. It will be perceived that I want to render my brother anglers independent of aught but a pin. Leave out a little of the shank for wing, and let the link be tied steadily under the shank, and nearly opposite the beard of the hook, taking care that the said link is previously well bitten, to make it lie properly, and prevent its slipping: then opposite the beard of the hook put on the tail, viz.: tinsel, gold cord, or only silk, sometimes tinsel and mohair, or silk—all to be judged of according to the size of the fly. Then put on the jib, two or three fibres of mallard or widgeon—afterwards the heckle; then twist the fur or mohair slightly and slenderly at first near the tail, and thickening gradually towards the head, and turn under the shank: after which roll on the heckle, turning it nicely according to the natural lie of the feather; fasten, and then turn in; and

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so leave it without raising when you are about to put on the wing, which may be of what kind you fancy, divided or not. You may then add a head of peacock herle or ostrich, or not, as you choose.

Many prefer having the heckle on half the fly; and in this I think they may be right, for the feet of most natural flies are only near the head. In this latter way, when a few turns of silk are tied on the hook, the heckle is put on about the middle, before tying up to the tail; care must be then taken in raising the heckle when tying up the body. I need not make any additional observation about putting tinsel or cord about the body before putting on the heckle. I will now describe what I conceive to be the Palmer, and I class it as different from the caterpillar.

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PALMER.

A rather small-sized fly. Body yellow, green, or orange silk, for the most part yellow. I think that colour is best. Silver or gold tinsel tip or tail, brown mallard jib, a small blackcock's heckle or lapwing's head topping, rolled four or five times round the body. Sometimes a red heckle is used. Starling wing undivided—no herle head.

CATERPILLAR.

Rather long body, tied up in the common way, but further towards the bow of the hook, a very slight gold or silver cord tail, with two strips of black horse-hair short as jibs ; then the green herle of the peacock before alluded to for salmon fishing for the body. The heckle, either black or red,

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must be very large in proportion to the size of the fly, and it must be held by the small end in the left hand, and its fibre gently smoothed down to the right before putting on.

Several rows of gold cord pretty close are to be rolled round the body, and the heckle put on carefully before every row, with a couple of additional rows next the head, which may be dirty yellow, claret colour, or bright brown, with two little black beads as eyes for large flies, but not for the small ones; a couple of the fibres of the fitch as horns in the head: this fly is sometimes good, particularly when the weeds appear.

It may be also tied of any other colour, yellow or orange silk body; and a very large description of this kind may be sometimes used as a change for salmon. I have tried the small kind on Inchiquin with little success; and one day on the Fergus, when there

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was no wind, rose a salmon with one of the large description, but he did not touch it, and the day after I killed him with a large grey fly.

There is also a most excellent general trout-fly, body olive, or olive brown, with a wren tail heckle, and for larger size two of the little tail feathers as wings, and if still larger, two feathers at each side of the wing. The colour is often varied to any shade, brown or green olive.

The only small fly I shall at present notice, is the blue-blow ; yellow silk tail, black human hair jib, moleskin body, tom-tit wing. It is excellent in all rivers in the latter end of April and the beginning of May, and must be tied on a very slight link.

As for a catalogue of all the minute descriptions of flies, I, for the present, refer my readers to Walton and Cotton, who, to do them justice, are unintelligible enough in

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many instances, particularly in describing the tying the caterpillar, an insect, indeed, very easily imitated. I do not think I have yet noticed the large Westmeath fly, the rush fly, or the green drake; and as these descriptions of fly are in very general use on all our lakes, large and small, I will be particularly exact in my directions for tying them.

WESTMEATH LARGE FLY.

This fly must be really large. I have never known a small-sized one answer well; the hook the size of a small-sized salmon peal-fly. When you tie your hook on the link, about half way to opposite the beard, put on the heckle, which must be a large one, and in general a deep red; after which tie up to opposite the beard; then put on for tail some nice slight gold cord; then twist some

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yellow or green mohair, which should join the gold cord, and be slight and not too rough; then put on three fibres of brown mallard for jib; those described form the tail and jib. You then twist the coloured fur you wish for the body, on the silk, having first broken it well and picked out the very strong hairs; tie it slightly, that is, thinly, to where you put on the heckle, which raise, —and note, that from thence down to where the wing is to commence, the fur is to be put on thicker, and then fastened, first rolling round the heckle. You are then to take a sufficiency of good brown mallard spotted feathers to form the wing, which you are to lay down along the hook, taking care that the wing be not much longer than to project very little beyond the bow of the hook, and also taking care to fasten the wing sufficiently; when done, take a pin and divide the wing equally to each side, by putting a

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turn of the silk between each compartment ; after which, put your silk into the eye of two little red or black beads, which are to form the eye of the fly, and put one at each side, making them firm by a turn of the silk between each ; after which put on a couple of fibres of the spotted mallard as horns, and knot twice between them and the eyes, and the fly is finished.

Many different coloured flies are tied in this way—for instance, hare's ear and yellow, with red or gray heckle, hare's ear and claret colour mixed, dark browns, blacks, sooty and green olives, fiery browns, light browns and cinnamons ; and on many of them gold cord is added, according to fancy, and they are standard flies on all the large lakes of our island particularly ; and I have seen them often kill fish on the Clare lakes, particularly on dull heavy days, with little wind. They are excellent on Dromore. I

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always use them for droppers, in hand fishing, but for cross-fishing they must be, of necessity, tied on long links. Some prefer a heckle on the entire body from the tail downwards.

THE RUSH FLY.

This fly, whether large or small, is an excellent one; but is tied in some respects differently from the Westmeath one, for the tail is only yellow or gold-coloured silk, and there is no jib. The colour, generally deep brown olive; and, if to be had, the heckle of that colour, full, and only on half the fly next the head. The wing is formed from the single feather of the rail, right and left, according to the size of the fly. Of course, you must be always provided with both wings of the rail to tie this fly properly.

When you have put on these feathers to sit well, there is generally a little space be-

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tween them, which you may fill up with a few fibres of the spotted partridge feather; after which attach, as horns, to the head two or three strips of mallard feather; and the eyes generally little black or red beads, and knot twice between the horns and the eyes.

For the months of August and September, this fly is tied with the part of the body next the tail of a lively green, the other half of a brighter or paler brown: it is chiefly used for a dropper, as the wings for a tail fly will not stand throwing; and it is a most excellent fly on a cross-line.

THE GREEN DRAKE.

Here is a regular bull—for the fly is yellow. The body, generally plain yellow mohair, with a large yellow heckle; tail, orange, small, with slight gold cord; and three

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strips of dyed yellow mallard as jibs. The heckle put on full. Wing, dyed yellow mallard; and eyes as heretofore described, with three strips of the mallard as horns. The wing full, regularly divided, and not to project much beyond the bow of the hook: the silk knotted twice between the eyes and the horns.

These three latter descriptions—namely, the Westmeath, the rush, and the green drake—should be well varnished on the fastenings and between the eyes.

In each woodcock's wing there is a small, stiff-pointed feather—often used by ladies for ornamental work—which will answer this purpose better than any other kind of pencil that I am aware of; and it can be easily tied to a little slight stick or bit of a quill, and should be cleaned in hot water after being used.

The green drake is sometimes tied with

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the body, first entirely tinselled, after which the mohair and heckle are put on, and at times, as I understand, the tinsel is covered with clarified Indian rubber, as a body, but of this process I know nothing, nor indeed have I ever fished much with the green drake.

There are still some other flies that deserve description. One is a large-sized dropper, about the size of a small peal-fly, which I have found very effective on the lakes. When you tie up the hook to opposite the beard, put on a silver tinsel tail, followed by green mohair, properly twisted ; after which put on, for jib, some breast feather gold pheasant, mixed with guinea-hen spotted feather,—all of a proper length ; after which put on, for heckle, a good-sized lapwing topping ; next some slight two or three-twist gold cord, afterwards some orange or deep-coloured gold silk, for body. You

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then run down your tying-silk to where you intend to put on the wing, and turn, as directed, under the shank of the hook. You then lay on the silk body, and turn in ; next you put five rows of the gold cord on the body, fasten, and turn in ; after which put on the heckle, before and under the gold cord, with a couple of turns additional towards the head, and fasten and turn in, and there leave your tying-silk until you put on the wing, which is composed of gold pheasant breast strips, mixed with brown-tail pheasant, or good turkey feather, which fasten well ; then put a strip of macaw, mixed with guinea-hen, at each side, for side feathers ; blue mohair, well broken, or black ostrich, for head, which, when put on, separate the side feathers from the wing at each side, and knot twice between them. This is a troublesome fly enough, if tied of a small size—but it is a

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very killing one, and in clear rivers may be used for salmon or peal.

The next fly I shall notice is a hare's ear and yellow, tied plain, with a yellow tail, rather large-sized, and a red or gray heckle; for wing, the breast feather of the peacock, with spotted brown mallard, in proper proportion, for side feathers; blue mohair head, which when put on, the mallard side feathers are to be separated at each side from the wing and kept down until the fly is finished, by knotting twice between the side feathers and the wing; after which the blue mohair head is to be picked out a little, if too clumsy.

This, with the difference of not tinselling the body, is, in fact, the Dromore fly a little varied, and it is a most excellent one on lake or river, and always used as a tail-fly: there is no better for a cross-line.

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THE MOTH-FLY.

The best-coloured body for this fly is weasel-fur and yellow mixed, with a red heckle; very small orange tip or tail; for wing, either the soft feather of the kite, or owl's feather, a little spotted: it may be large or small, with two little bead eyes, separated and varnished between.

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CHAPTER XVI.

FURTHER NOTICE OF THE CLARE LAKES, AND ADVICE NOT TO BE DISCOURAGED BY APPARENT DIFFICULTIES, AND THE ADVICE ILLUSTRATED.

I HAD omitted to state that parallel with Tedane and Ballytigue, though not directly communicating with them, there are a chain of fine lakes. Monana is within a mile of Corofin—full of pike; and I have been informed that trout are now to be seen there, but of this I cannot speak to a certainty. Next, Lake George and Funelough, and within two miles of Corofin there lies a series of fine lakes, for about five miles in length, having very fine trout, and these lakes are almost unexplored. In short, go where you will in this county (Clare), cross it as

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you please, you can't fail of meeting a lake or river within a mile.

Well may Mr. Boyd, our intelligent engineer, say, that this county must have been the first part of the island that was settled; for that it abounds more with the necessaries and luxuries of life than any other county he was ever in: but apathy, negligence, and non-residence are the curse of it; and, to crown all, a most indiscriminate system of the vilest poaching is practised, under the eye, and often with the cognizance of the resident gentry who live on the borders of these lovely lakes and rivers, and who suffer their tenantry, even in the midst of winter, to destroy the breeding fish, to say nothing of the example set by stretching set-nets in these lakes, a practice, I am concerned to state, still persevered in.

The late Sir Michael O'Loghlen did a

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great deal to check it, and his example will be now followed by Mr. Crowe, jun., who has gone to reside at Dromore House, near to the beautiful ruin which I have described. The new house is excellent, but does not possess the advantage, in point of site, the old one did.

I have already spoken of the excellence of the tinselled eel's-tail: an angler should never be without one. I have killed on Inchiquin nine pike with one, when a man fishing with a plain one could not get a bite; and on Tedane one evening I killed two pike, one of twenty-three and one of nineteen pounds, and the same evening caught two trout, weighing together twelve pounds, with single flies.

I consider it right to observe that, in the early part of the season, and until the natural fly makes its appearance, that is, about the 17th of March, you should always

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fish with large, or at least middle-sized flies; but when the natural flies come out, you must endeavour to be exact in your imitations, more, however, as to the colour of the body and the wing than the size, for if you match the kind, a little difference of bigness will not signify, especially in blowing weather.

All the lake flies I have hitherto described are fully as effective on the other lakes of the kingdom; and I have it from competent authority that in many rivers in France, the Inchiquin and small Dromore were found the most killing fly. The Westmeath lakes I have not fished. The green drake seems the great favourite there; but I am obliged to hazard an observation, that, from what I have seen of their flies, I don't think the anglers on their borders seem to possess much judgment, for I never could discover that they

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fished with any other than a large-sized fly.

Now I know that Counsellor H. has often killed trout in those lakes with Inchiquin and small Dromore flies. It was just the same story at Lough Mask until I adopted the principle of fishing with small flies in light winds.

At the time I first fished Inchiquin there were several excellent, and some but middling anglers sporting on the different lakes —Col. Charles M'Donnell, Daniel Finucane, the Rev. Roger Haddock, Walter Arthur, Jones Harrisson, John Bellassisse, and some others; and, in another degree, our fly tier, Corny Gorman, before described: there were besides Luke Morony, Barrett, Stack, and a few more, with all of whom I had occasionally fished: all—all departed, with the exception of my school-fellow and class-fellow, Jones Harrisson, who, I am happy

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to hear, is alive and well in Bath or Cheltenham.

Of all sportsmen, I had a decided preference for John Bellassisse, who had been my principal instructor in shooting and fishing. He was much the best shot I ever met, and a capital general angler for trout, pike, and salmon; and from precept and example I became an apt and a cunning scholar. We generally fished Inchiquin with flies, principally in falls; but if on a lee shore, little chance of sport had I or any one else, if Jack had the first throw in the head of the boat, as little as I would now have with my friend J—— if similarly placed.

We generally killed from twelve to twenty, sometimes thirty well-sized trout every day we had wind; some trout not well recovered, as is often the case in Inchiquin, though very rarely in Tedane or Dromore.

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When the season was advanced, we often fished till eleven at night with success. From about the 10th of June we trolled during the day for trout and pike with small fry, and seldom fly-fished till sunset. We rose early, lived quietly, and killed vast quantities of fish, but were entirely dependant on Corny, who repeatedly disappointed us of flies and tackling—sometimes from caprice, oftener from drunkenness. I perfectly recollect the first occasion that forced me to try my hand at fly-tying.

Jack and I were cross-fishing Tedane, which had been long given up by all the anglers. We had fourteen flies on our line, and though many trout were rising, not one would take. We had been as usual disappointed by Corny. We caught some of the flies that were going on the water, and Jack said—"Can't you try and tie something like these? You can tie a bait hook,

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and you must try. I have a bit of stuff of the colour, (a turf colour,) besides a rail's wing and a mallard feather."

To work I went under a bush, cut off a couple of the flies on the line, tied up one in a clumsy way, had no tinsel for a tail, put on a couple of mallard strips for a jib, made many efforts to put on the body before I succeeded, merely from the circumstance of twisting the silk improperly, but at last finished my work in a fashion, and then tied a second rather better. They were clumsy, ill-tied devils, but the exact colour and wing of the flies on the water, and up they went on the line, one at each side.

In a short time we killed six fine trout, and not one with any other fly on the line. From that time I set about gathering mohairs, furs, feathers, and materials of all piscatory kinds, for salmon and trout; and

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from occasional talks with Corny when he was "soft," that is, half drunk, (at which times I took care to be very civil,) I became a tolerable proficient, and practised tying whenever I was disappointed, which was by no means an unfrequent occurrence.

Now here is encouragement to an angler not to be appalled by seeming difficulties; and it is further illustrative of the propriety of observing the kind of fly on the water.

Having said so much of Corny, I will relate an anecdote quite characteristic of the man.

On his way to Dublin to see the late Mr. Hayes of Westmoreland-street, who was his nephew, and always treated him with the greatest kindness, he went into a dram shop at Naas, and called for a glass of whiskey, which he instantly threw off in a peculiar way, without suffering the glass

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to touch his lips. A sergeant standing by exclaimed—

"By G——, Corny Gorman could not do that better!"

CORNY.—"Why, hell to you, what do you know of Corny?"

SERJEANT.—"I know nothing of him at all, but have been told that there's not a man in Ireland that can match him in pitching down a glass of whiskey."

CORNY.—"Well, I am the man, and you're heartily welcome, serjeant, to see me make another offer, and try your hand yourself," on which he ordered a half-pint, which they finished between them.

I saw poor Corny the day before his death. The cholera was then raging in Ennis. He requested I would not go into the street, but said he did not mind it himself. In a few hours he was no more.

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The morning after, I was struck down : the town for some time was like the city of the dead ; scarce a mortal was to be seen, and most of the houses were closed, and abandoned by the terrified inhabitants.

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CHAPTER XVII.

LOUGH MASK—CONNEMARA.

In the latter part of the harvest of 1833, and subsequently to the time of the dreadful plague which so efficiently checked the superabundant population of this country, I left Dublin to enjoy a few days' sport on this grand lake.

As we proceeded, nothing could be more awful than the aspect of all the towns we passed through. The poor seemed as if risen from the grave, or about to descend into it. Our route after leaving Hollymount was circuitous, over causeways and across passes, between this lake and another called Lough Carra; but the beautifully

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situated villa of the Mr. Plunkets (Tourmakeady) made ample amends for the trifling inconvenience experienced in approaching it. It lies about a mile from the lake, on the borders of a fine and large mountain river—fronts the sunny south, and is stored with all necessaries and luxuries for sportsmen—besides medicine chests for the poor, who during the dreadful period I have alluded to were amply provided for in every possible way: indeed all the inhabitants of this district look up to those gentlemen as their best benefactors, as they furnish them with constant employment, and have also been mainly instrumental in providing them a place of worship. This fact I learned from their late pastor, the Rev. Henry Joyce, a mild and amiable man, who is since dead. I was at this time in a very delicate state of health, but nothing could equal the kindness I met with. Game was

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plenty. I was provided with excellent guns, and all necessary appointments; but I was not sufficiently recovered for shooting: so I looked to the lake, and determined to try what could be done with the tackle here, not having any of my own. Bad screw-rods, long, slight four and six-oared gigs, by no means adapted to this inland sea—such were what I found; but I made an essay, and caught four tolerable-sized trouts. (All this time Mr. P. was shooting; the day became very wet, and he had little sport.) I found the middle-sized Dromore fly, and the large bright brown dropper, with mallard wing and beaded eyes, were then the best flies on this water; also the large and small green drake, tolerably good.

I remarked that though there were many natural flies out, the trout were not rising at them; and that the run were much

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smaller than on the Clare lakes; but soon discovered the probable cause, namely, that the large trout were running up to the shallows in Joyce's Country, from whose bourne they were not suffered to return.

On a view of the river, after having walked a mile or two up it, I suggested a remedy, which I find has been since adopted, and with success, large fish being now very frequently caught, and of excellent quality.

But let me pass on to a description of the magnificent waters of this country. Mask is at least from twelve to fifteen miles in length, and in some parts seven or eight in breadth. It abounds in islands, some prettily wooded; but there are many shoals and some dangerous rocks. Several considerable rivers fall into it at all sides, and some high mountains rise boldly from the water's edge. It fronts Tourmakeady to

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the south, and crescents about it to the west and south-east. The villa is on a fine slope, and much of the ground is reclaimed and planted. A fine water-course runs through the dog-kennel, and every thing in the way of irrigation is complete, including hot baths, cold baths, and shower baths. Several buildings and improvements are projected; but a more comfortable dwelling cannot be than it is at present, provided as it is with the best beds, warmest rooms, best meats, liquors, and wines—a paradise in a desert, in fact, all offered to your service in the truest spirit of politeness—frank good nature.

To the south-west of Mask lies Cong, by which it communicates with Lough Corrib, but subterraneously. The distance is not more than two miles—perhaps less. To the north-east it joins Lough Carra, another large lake, but not equal to Mask.

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Now when this country shall be known—which it certainly is not at present—will it not be wonderful if these magnificent waters are not connected by canals? Lough Corrib itself is about thirty miles in length, it is but a short way from thence to Lough Mask, which is not more than a mile from Lough Carra, a lake which conducts you into the very heart of Mayo; and so on to the ocean on the north sea. Then, from the Lough Corrib side, may not a canal be made to connect the bay of Galway through the Clare lakes, which are abundant, and for the most part level with the Fergus and Shannon? These are vast conceptions, and not likely to be realized in our time, but may possibly come to pass in less than Mr. Doball's in Peter Simple.

Shortly after our arrival we were joined by Mr. D——, nephew to the late Lord Norbury of facetious notoriety, rather an

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indifferent angler, but an agreeable companion, and an excellent picquet player, in the rudiments of which game he instructed Mr. P——; but at whist, in which I could have borne a part, our number precluded us from forming a party.

We again tried the lake in a light wind with but middling success; but, the day after, got a bad, unwieldy cross-line, and, with an awful sea running, killed a good many trout, and lost more—the long boats, in fact, were so very hard to turn or manage, that the flies were snapped off before we could go about. On one occasion it was ludicrous to see Mr. P—— and the sportsman in a great surf trying to land a large trout. I could not forbear laughing, (knowing they were good swimmers,) though I fully expected that they would tumble out of the boat; nor, after all, did

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they succeed, but lost both trout and fly.

Mr. P—— has since provided excellent boats, capable of standing any weather; and I am happy to find that, with his increased proficiency in angling, the sport has improved on Lough Mask, which I hope to re-visit on a future day, in the society of him and his excellent brother D——, with whom I made acquaintance at Delphi—the best fishing spot I ever saw, and which, with a little trouble, can be made the primest angling residence in Ireland.

I shall, in a journal which forms the next chapter, give some account of my first visit to that romantic spot, and purpose to pursue the subject farther before the close of this work.

On our return to Dublin, an incident occurred to my excellent friend and host,

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Mr. P——, calculated to suggest the most profound reflections on the ingratitude of the fair sex, but which various considerations forbid me to make public.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease," &c.
SCOTT.

"Oh, woman, woman, whether lean or fat." &c.
P. PINDAR.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNAL OF A PILGRIMAGE TO CONNEMARA, AND A VOYAGE UP AND ACROSS KILLERY BAY.

"On the 19th of May, 1838, I received a letter from my friend, Mr. P——, desiring that I should meet him the next morning in Galway. Here was an impracticability —no conveyance but the mail, which could not arrive until four or five P.M.—notice short; but determined on going, and took my place for the following morning.

"20th.—Set off inside—never travel outside when I can help it—bad spirits—no company—passed through Crusheen, a small village — idle fellows, with their mouths open, standing at the doors of their cabins—from thence to near Tubber, where

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we stopped to repair some casualty for a few minutes—alighted, and entering into conversation with a countryman, he pointed out to me the field where two old gentlemen of the name of Bourchier and Evans (each over seventy) fought, and were each mortally wounded. Evans died first, and on Bourchier's being informed of the circumstance, he asked who 'prepared' him. Hearing that it was the parson, he gave immediate orders to have the priest sent for, declaring that he was determined at least to travel a different road from his antagonist—his orders were literally obeyed. This circumstance is a fact, and is substantiated by a descendant of a connexion of the family. Mr. Bourchier was, I believe, father to the late Mr. Bourchier of the Hanaper office.

"Passed by Mr. Butler's and Lord Gort's demesnes—commencement of red petticoats,

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which seem to be peculiar to the Connaught women—reminded me of the old song—

"'As I was a riding hard by a pig stye,
I saw a red petticoat hanging awry.'

"Women ordinary and sun-burnt—the country flat, with many lakes. Surely this fine island was intended by nature for canals! Are its capabilities to be for ever neglected?

"Passed through Oranmore, rather a better kind of village, and arrived in Galway hungry, but too early for dinner. It was Sunday—saw the pious returning from all places of worship—women not to be compared to the Clare and Limerick ones—went to see the weir where salmon are kept alive—politely received by Mr. Keogh, who is an angler, and who gave me permission to fish, of which I could not avail myself, it being Sunday. Mr. Keogh

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said he had seen a white trout killed between the bridges seventeen and a half pounds weight. Learned that Mr. P—— had gone on before, much to my satisfaction, as there was a doubt of his being able to come implied in his letter. Dined at Kilroy's, a very tolerable hotel—good beds, and prices not out of reason for beds or dinners. A long polemical argument with a Methodist preacher, whom I guess I nearly converted to the ancient faith. A young naval gentleman one of our party, not promoted, though of long standing—a relative of Lord John Russell. Those Whigs, with nine-tenths of the people with them, afraid of their shadows.

"May 21.—Set off on Bianconi's car—few passengers—delightful view of Lough Corrib—many islands, and several sailing vessels—travelled at a tolerable rate to Oughterard—hotel in process of roofing,

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and nearly dismantled. Was informed that if rain did not fall, we might as well have stayed at home. Fine road to Flyn's—a succession of red petticoats and jackets, and plain women, with the exception of the Misses Flyn, two fine tall handsome young women. Learned that Mr. Pigot was at the time fishing through Connemara, catching what WE would deem pinkeens. Took Flyn's car to Maam, and how much farther I could not tell.

"Learned that Mr. Martin, who is, in fact, a territorial lord, would not grant leases to the poor tenantry of his wretched wild land, which certainly possesses in many places vast resources for improvement, for limestone is seen even on the roads in various parts of this savage district. Immense mountains in every direction, and many middle-sized lakes. Arrived at Maam, where I refreshed myself and the

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driver, who was brother to the two fine girls I have noticed. Wrote my name in due form in the hotel book, in which I was glad to find that several good anglers had left their autographs before me.

"Continued my pilgrimage until I reached an arm of the sea called the Killerys; and, seeing some boats, declared I would not go farther by land. With much difficulty procured a skiff to take me I did not know where, or how far—became restless, saucy, and fretful—told the men, what was true, that they were bad rowers. One of them asked if I had ever been on the water before. He was much surprised when I told him I had seen more salt water in one day than he had during his life. Seemed to have gained some respect in consequence of this observation. After about three miles' rowing, went across, and asked where Delphi was. 'About two miles off.' De-

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sired the men take my luggage, and leave their oars in the boat. They replied that if they did they would have no account of them on their return. Heartily tired, having come by various conveyances over fifty miles from Galway. Sun down, and late—expected dinner to be over, but in this I was most agreeably deceived, Mr. P—— meeting me at his gate, and informing me that I was just in time; and here the pilgrimage ended for the present.

"Dinner and wines excellent, with Guinness's best porter and ale—neither hungry nor thirsty going to bed—fine fire—every thing excellent—but was struck with horror on my first glance at the bedstead, which was one of the most perfect lightning conductors I ever saw, and this among some of the loftiest mountains of Ireland. Bedstead, roof, head-board, feet, wheels, all gilt brass.

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"'Who,' said I in despair, 'could be so frantic as to make such an arrangement?'

"On inquiry I found that it was part of the furniture left by the Marquis of Sligo, the lord of the whole country, and that my excellent host was entirely guiltless of the enormity.

"DELPHI

"A more appropriate name could not be given. A fine lodge, embosomed in a very handsome and extensive thriving plantation, neatly and tastefully arranged. A lake about a mile and a-half in circumference in front—four or five mountains of most abrupt ascent, and between two and three thousand feet high, surrounding the demesne and lake, through which the river takes its course from a much larger lake called Doologh, a quarter of a mile distant. Within

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three or four miles of Delphi, towers above all the other peaks Mulrea, the highest mountain in Connaught; and so much for the descriptive.

"23rd.—Arrangement of fishing-tackle—informed by Mr. P—— that he had left his behind, but that he expected it by the Westport coach—had been more exact myself, having brought mine with me. Boats ordered—some difficulty in boring a place for the wheel in a new rod which I had brought, and which was found to be excellent—was surprised at Mr. P——'s improvement in throwing a line. We made an irruption on the lake rather late in the day—were told that it was full of salmon—good wind—the point not approved of by the natives—caught many trout, some of rather large size, but by no means well recovered. After fishing two or three rounds, became rather incredulous as to the

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salmon, and determined that on the next day we should proceed to extremities, and force our adversaries, if such there were, to a pitched battle.

"Dinner, as usual, excellent—much mirth about the forgotten tackling—plenty of entertaining chat on various topics—no account of Mr. Pollock, who was expected; but we felt no sense of loneliness, nor did we even resort to cards or gambling, those miserable resources of idle persons. Sat up late, rejoiced on my part, as I laid myself on my metallic bed, at the brightness of the atmosphere (no thunder clouds).

"24th.—A very small and fragile boat procured, in which Mr. P—— embarked, reporting himself a good swimmer. Cross-line arranged in battle order. In a short time many customers, small and large trout—the latter not fed in proportion to their length—but no salmon. My incredulity in-

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creased, but determined on another kind of trial in the way of trolling, and discovered that small trout (alias pinkeens) were to be had in the river—the middle-sized trout pretty good. As usual, an excellent dinner, with its adjuncts. Sat up late, but nothing in the way of excess. The atmosphere clear, which vexed Mr. P——, but was a source of great satisfaction to me, as I was able thereby to stick to my formidable bedstead with an easy mind. Excellent sleep—rather too comfortable, if possible.

"24th.—Breakfast, as usual, capital—reluctant to take porter, but was wrought on, and complied at last. Trolled the lake—got a pull, which Mr. P—— pronounced to be a weed; differed from him. In a short time had a fish fast, which proved to be a large slat trout. In some short time after another. Again tried the cross-line—caught

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many large and small trout, but no salmon. I then most positively asserted that the fish supposed to be salmon were those large, ill-recovered trout which had not water to bring them to the sea.

"About three o'clock went to view Lough Doologh; on our way pointed out a regular trap for catching salmon, and recommended its demolition, to which the natives seemed much averse; but it was insisted on, and dispositions made accordingly, which were not carried into effect for two days after. Determined on fishing Lough Doologh next morning in every way; and the boats accordingly ordered up. Returned, and again tried the small lake—equal success, but no salmon—Mr. P—— very expert at the cross-line, and quite an accomplished angler. Dinner late, which I like—felt dissatisfied at having every thing my own way—no opposition or contradiction. Such a state

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of things could not have occurred if J—— H—— and I had been together.

"The natives looked on me as a wonder in the way of angling, and were astonished at our various arrangements; but were positive that salmon were in the lakes, which I could not be prevailed on to believe. Large-sized Inchiquin flies much the best. A classical dissertation after dinner. Achilles and Sylla, in my opinion, the finest characters in antiquity. They always performed their promises, and helped their friends. Rare virtues both. Night, stormy and cool, but no sign of rain or thunder, much to my comfort. Slept soundly upon my conductor.

"25th.—Breakfast—porter again—boats not up early—went into the library—read records of criminal trials during the reigns of the Guelphs—mere registers of slaughter, hanging the cure for all offences. Legisla-

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tors in those days certainly a bloody race—one girl hanged for cutting off her mistress's pocket—others for having goods in their hands which they had *not* taken away—others for stealing bread—to say nothing of their laws of violated majesty (the Habeas Corpus suspension acts). Tiberius's and Nero's not a bit better. Persons bit by mad dogs, smothered between beds—nothing but brute force resorted to on all occasions. But why do I wonder at all this? Have I not witnessed a sufficiency of wickedness and mischief of the same kind in my own days, and during Tory rule?

"Invasion of Lough Doologh—surrounded by stupendous peaks, or rather cliffs, for in many parts they are not accessible. An eyrie in one of them, in which saw two eagles. Wind south, and strong, but sky very bright. Dropped down with the cross-

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line—soon full of small fish. Mr. P—— stuck to the small boat, in order that, in case of accident, he might have a short distance to swim. Plagued with small fish—the line constantly full of them. Did not think it worth while to take them in, but on one point we had a heavy pull. The surf great—did not mind our hits—had a large fish of some kind, which took the line deep, and finally took away the fly. Dropped to the end of the lake, which is nearly three miles in length, and went to another pretty large one above it, in which we killed a few pinkeens off the shore.

These lakes must be most plentifully stocked with salmon and white trout in July, August, and September, when the water is high. It is said that there are some very large brown trout, too; but at the time I write of, I do not think there was

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any stock of good fish in any of them, evidently from the want of water to admit them, and to suffer the slat trout to depart; for it may be depended on as a certainty that, like the salmon, the white trout will not recover in fresh water after spawning, without again getting to the sea, and that, though they may be classed under the genus *trutta*, yet they are a different species from the lake trout altogether.

"The day continuing bright and stormy, refreshed ourselves, and fished some points reported as salmon lodges, but without effect —after which trolled up the lake, and caught three or four trout, none exceeding a pound weight. Surely if there were salmon or large brown trout, we could not have failed to catch them with either fly or bait. Returned late to dinner, which was, as usual, excellent. Determined for the next day on seeing many sheep washed belonging

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to the Marquis of Sligo, and having the trap demolished.

"Arrival of Mr. P——'s fishing tackle, for which, I must own, I felt some anxiety, judging that anglers are not now as primitive and honest as in Izaac Walton's days. Insisted on a glass of punch, which was conceded. Still no sign of rain, beyond one little shower. Mr. P—— in despair. Another happy night in the gilt bedstead.

"26th.—Walked to the head of the river, where the sheep were washed—a very poor, small-sized stock. The trap destroyed, and the frame ordered to be burnt. Again tried Lough Doologh, but met the same kind of sport as before. Preparations for retreat from Delphi. Mr. P. got letters announcing the marriage of one of his brothers to a very amiable and beautiful young woman, and a request from another of his brothers to meet him at his shooting-lodge, Tourma-

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keady, on which he proposed that I should go there with him, which I very reluctantly refused, there being nothing I wished for more than a couple of days' fishing on Lough Mask.

"Boats ordered down; again cross-fished the little lake; stood on the shore, and hauled in several fish, such as I have described, and am positive that if there were any salmon in the lake, we must have seen them in some way or other.

"Met the Roman Catholic curate walking near the lake; he was asked to dine, and promised to come in the evening; came, and staid pretty late, but not beyond canonical hours. Another request from Mr. P—— to go to Tourmakeady; declined, with a statement, on my part, that I should find my way back very well; when my excellent friend declared for going at five next morning, in order to meet Bianconi's car near

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Flyn's, and gave additional directions that a car should meet us at the other side of Bundora ferry at six, A.M.

"Late in bed, nearly one o'clock on Sunday morning, to be up at cock-crow: how this order was obeyed will be seen. I awoke at four—no one has ever been early enough to waken me, I being always the first to start on any expedition—called Mr. P——, who wished for another sleep, but shortly after started up; and having had our luggage stowed on a car, started for Bundora.

"Not a mortal stirring in the lodge till roused by me. Wind, a gale from the east; ferry rough, but a good sea boat, and excellent rowers; crossed pleasantly, with a little splashing: like the water, but abhor precipices and unfenced roads. Started for Maam, where we snatched a hasty breakfast, and took a fresh horse to meet the car; the horse a bad one and restive—driver obliged

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to walk and run with him a considerable way. Were fortunately in time for the car, on which was Mr. Pigot, a most agreeable and gentlemanlike young man, and, I presume, a good angler, having fished in Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and many other parts of the Continent. He stated that he had been prevented fishing at Ballinahinch; but here some mistake must have occurred, as all accounts seem to testify to the hospitality of Mr. Martin, and, in his absence, of his sister, an acquaintance of our friend, Michael Finucane, who speaks in the highest terms of her. Much chat with Mr. Pigot. Anglers, and sportsmen of all kinds, very quickly amalgamate; they seldom put on the cold, uncomfortable reserve, which so often keeps bipeds apart. Great sameness in our route to Galway. Pressed to dine by Mr. P——; thought it too early for dinner—hate early dinners. Took leave of

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Mr. P——, and felt glorified at being able to persuade him to abstain from going to Tourmakeady, and at my own fortitude in giving up a pleasant party. Dined at about eight, and went to bed at nine, a very unusual hour for me.

"28th.—Eleven, A.M.—Off for Ennis in the mail, in company with a dumb officer of the Royal Engineers, Lieutenant B—— and a young gentleman, Mr. Martin, also an angler—agreeable and conversable; conclude the engineer was not an angler; suppose him half Dutch, half German. Mr. Martin left us near Gort, and my austere companion continued wrapt up in his solitary importance till we reached Ennis, without any effort on my part to disturb his taciturnity."

Here ends the history of my first trip to Connemara—originally addressed in an epistolary form to one of the best anglers

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in the kingdom, J—— H——, who, I did imagine, would feel at least grateful for the valuable remarks it contains on the different species of trout, as well as for the pleasure I supposed he would derive from the perusal of my tour. But, oh, brother anglers, and good fellows of all kinds and sorts, prepare to be shocked and mortified! In the reply which I received to this simple narrative, dispatched in the fullness and simplicity of my heart, my friend declared, under his proper signature, that it was nothing more or less than—"*A Record of Iniquity!!*" Oh, J——, what have you not to answer for? Never will I write another journal!

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CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO DELPHI.

About the latter end of August, 1838, I met Mr. P —— at Galway, on our route to Delphi. And let me here recommend travellers going the Maam road, to have a car ordered from the Maam hotel, to meet them at the cross-road, within two miles of Flyn's, unless they prefer seeing a very fine girl, (Miss Flyn,) which is a *rara avis* in Connemara. By this means they will save five miles of road, besides the probable chance of not getting a car at Flyn's—a thing not unlikely to happen. But to return.

We arrived safe, with a vast baggage, all right, our arrival having been expected;

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appetites good, and wherewithal of what was excellent to satisfy them; meats, wines, sauces abundant; beds excellent, and a change of bedstead for me, from the ornamental brass one, already dwelt, as well as slept on, to one more attractive to me, and less to the lightning. Next day we found the waters risen—floods had come on; the old slat trout swept down, and fresh fish in the river, which we tried, and found a tolerable share of small salmon (peal) running. Mr. P—— killed two or three; I only caught one, nor was I very desirous to take them, as they were declining in condition. I observed that the water is scarcely ever muddy here, the principal streams running from fine clear lakes.

Whoever designated this place Delphi had a clear head and a classical vein. The two rocks of Parnassus are here represented, with a spare one besides, and the waters of

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Helicon cannot be purer than those which flow past us. Quere—are there trout and salmon near Parnassus? If not, I renounce the oracular, and stick to our Irish Delphi; and as for mountains, those of classic song may be more difficult to ascend, but the Mayo ones are high enough for me. We next tried the small lake, and caught a considerable quantity of fine-sized trout, in excellent condition. My observations with respect to the fish on my former visit I now found verified—that we were then catching fish which had not water to go down, and that there was not water to bring in the fresh ones. We were often bothered with the gubbawns, (very small-sized trout, which are said to grow no bigger,) but killed a salmon with a little fry on the lake. In a day or two we were joined by Mr. D—— P——, who began to angle with me, saying he had never taken a trout bigger than a

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Wicklow pinkeen. In a short time he killed a trout of about a pound weight, and very soon after one of at least three pounds, with which he was much delighted. He was now regularly initiated, and very quickly became an adept, and is now for ever and evermore, what every good man will be, or ought to be, an excellent angler and a right good fellow.

He was inducted, in short, into the entire *arcana* of angling: could hand-fish, cross-fish, and troll; and proved himself handy, quick, and intellectual; but all this our brother J——, though as great a transgressor as any of us, would, no doubt, call "a record of iniquity." Mr. D—— P—— killed on a subsequent day three peal on the river, and I only one; so that my pupil, now a proficient, outdid his master at his own craft.

I have already said that Delphi could be

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made the best angling spot in Ireland. I would first propose that the lower stony rapids should be cleared. I don't speak as to the large rocks, which I would leave untouched, but I would deepen the passage close to the sea, and several of the good streams. I would also, on the upper part of the small lake, where the river flows in, make two strong stone piers, grooved for the purpose, into which, when I wanted a prime day's sport, I would put an iron grate, removable at pleasure, and which, when no longer necessary, might be taken up, and the fish suffered to go to the upper lakes. The uppermost of these we did not fish, though, as I then conjectured, and since found to be the case, the best and largest fish were to be taken there.

We were at one time within a little distance of this upper lake in our boats, but suffered ourselves to be controlled and di-

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rected by stupid country fellows, instead of judging for ourselves from its locality, and from the fact, that fish, particularly salmon, go as high as they can.

On a drizzling, moist evening we were fishing the small lake, near which the road passes, when we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of two ladies, on their route to the lodge, attended by a single squire, of the name of Jennings. They had come from Tourmakeady, across the mountains, a distance of fifteen miles, on palfreys, (I would not say ponies,) with this simple countryman alone to guide and protect them. This circumstance must remind us of the days of Brian the Brave, when beautiful virgins could travel alone, with purses of gold, throughout the land—at least, every where, I presume, except in the county Tipperary.

We were most happy to see the ladies,

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with whom we were to return to Tourmakeady. They were quite astonished at the quantity of fish we were killing, and the many romantic and natural beauties of the place. On one occasion I witnessed more patience and resignation in a young lady than I was prepared for.

Opposite Delphi, and at the other side of the lake, is a high crag, wooded and difficult of access. One of these ladies, who is perfectly conversant in the art of taking views from nature, requested to be landed on this crag, which was at once complied with. We went up the lake, and were killing fish very fast, when after some time, she called for us ; but in our way an embargo was laid on our progress, by the authority of several large fish. We at last came to her relief, and found she had been most severely bitten by black insects, closely resembling the American mosquito, and very nearly as venemous.

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This unexpected infliction was borne with the greatest good temper—no complaints or reproaches; even next day, when her face had painfully swelled, not so much as an allusion was made by her to the loitering which brought her into this sad condition. Here was indeed a triumph of temper! Nor had she the satisfaction of a partnership in her mishap, her fair companion having declined to accompany her.

During our stay, Lord W—— and some Scotchmen, who, it is to be presumed, do not intend revisiting the land of meal, paid us a visit, and the latter forthwith modestly proposed stretching their thin stop-nets across Killery bay; a favour which, I need scarcely say, was promptly declined.

The first decline of salmon-fishing may be dated from the introduction of stop-nets into this country; now the run of fish is not by any means so large as it was for-

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merly. I have been informed, by a very judicious person, that when the scull of salmon is broken before reaching to certain points in the bays and rivers, they are apt to return to the ocean, and seek other inlets. But however this may be, of one thing I am convinced, that if this mode of taking salmon is not put a stop to, there will be shortly an end to the species, and, therefore, to the sport.

We killed many trout on the middle lake, (Doolough,) and some very fine ones, the largest, however, not exceeding six pounds, though they have been taken of much larger size. The previous season one was killed of eight pounds—it took an hour to kill it, but, unless the tackling was very slight, I should have considered twenty minutes sufficient. During our stay we killed upwards of three hundred trout, and eleven salmon.

From the observations I have made, I

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should say that the months of June, July, and August are the best for Delphi; and I think, from the Killery bay being so shetered, that several salmon in high water face it early, for which reason I have recommended the iron grate, (to prevent their getting to the upper lakes,)—a device which should be used, however, only immediately before an intended visit. Another reason I have for not expecting much in these waters late in the season is, that they are deficient in food for the fish; there are few weeds, a cold stony soil, and except the little gubbawns, or trout fry, I don't see what the fish would have to eat: and my opinion is so far verified, that we killed several trout long enough to weigh seven or eight pounds, which, nevertheless, did not exceed five.

To sum up, Delphi is a beautifully wooded and watered spot; perfectly sheltered from

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all winds; a crystal stream; nice vegetable garden; three fine lakes; house stocked with all necessaries and conveniences; excellent small mutton; on the mountains—grouse, hares, and rabbits; and if an angler has the good fortune to meet the master of this delicious spot at home—— but here I forbear.

The poor of this district have no place of worship much nearer than Westport, nearly twenty miles distant, unless they choose to go to Achill island, where it is said there are some missionaries endeavouring to "convert" the "*Christians.*" Last May, when this neighbourhood was visited, as it occasionally is, by the priest or his curate, the latter came in after dinner, to which he had been invited, and described the privations of his flock; informing us that some years before, when the typhus fever raged, many of the inhabitants perished for want

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of the commonest medicine and attendance.

These are awful considerations. No place of worship! No doctors! No apothecaries! On our departure at that time, and since, orders were given to afford the priest and his curate every facility in the way of sporting, and to refuse them nothing the house or land could afford; and those instructions were given to Mr. Brown, the steward, at whose house the priest usually sojourned, when passing that way. Mr. Brown is married, and has a large family, who are amiable and obliging.

We now prepared for Tourmakeady. Palfreys and ponies were provided for ladies, gentlemen, and squire Jennings; when, alas! I received a summons to Clare, on particular and unavoidable business, and was obliged to relinquish the pleasures of this agreeable society, and the prospect of sacrificing

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largely to the organ of destructiveness, on Lough Mask, and, after crossing the bay, of treading my course alone through the wilds of Connemara. The morning was fine, the sea unruffled—no unnecessary timidity in our fair companions. I was landed at Joyce's side—bid a sorrowful adieu ; and so ended my second trip to Delphi.

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CHAPTER XX.

DISAGREEABLE JOURNEY TO GLANDELOUGH AND DERRY-CLARE. TWO DAYS' TOLERABLE ANGLING, ETC.

At Joyce's, or, I believe, now "Reilly's," I got a bad horse, and a rascal who till then, as he confessed, never drove a car. A pretty mess I found myself in, nearly upset two or three times. A snail's pace to Maam, (eight miles,) where I counted on getting a fresh horse and car, to enable me to overtake Bianconi's car to Galway; but neither were to be had; and it was by the greatest persuasion that I at last induced the fellow to bring me to the turn of the road, four miles farther; which on having reached, I found that the car to and from Clifden had passed. Not a step farther

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would my fellow go; and I was left with my baggage on the road: so I thought it better to push on to Flyn's on foot, and fortunately got a labourer to carry part of my kit, taking the remainder myself.

I arrived in a most violent heat, but met with the utmost attention from the handsome Miss Flyn, (since married,) who informed me that the three Mr. H——s were within a few miles of me, at a fine sporting lodge belonging to Dean Mahon, which they had taken for the season.

Here was a dilemma. I had declined going to Tourmakeady; and, thinks I to myself, is it right to go to any other house? Again, here are three friends and companions within a short distance, and ought I to leave Connemara without seeing and having one night's converse with persons I value so highly? At all events I cannot stir till eleven to-morrow. In short, I at

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length made up my mind, and ordered Mr. Flyn to prepare for Glandelough, where I arrived about six P.M. The proprietors were fishing at Lough Inagh; but I met Mr. Edward George, since dead, who received me with that distinguished urbanity and politeness which is the characteristic mark of true and genuine worth.

We were not acquainted before, but were very shortly unrestrained. He brought me to the top of a hill, from whence the most advantageous view of this very pretty place is obtained. A fine and rather extensive lake, a handsome house, and a great deal of plantation. The house just on the border of the lake. We shortly joined our friends, who were most happy to see me, and sat down to dinner in excellent humour. The laugh, the joke, the story went round. I was, as usual, attacked, and would have found a difficulty in defending myself, but

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for the assistance of my new ally, Mr. George.

How I longed for the support of the friends I had left! and how their absence was regretted by my entertainers! If it were possible that the two parties could have met in one house, an array of talent, wit, and good humour would have been assembled, which it would be difficult to match.

It was determined that Derryclare and Lough Inagh should be tried the next day, two for each lake. I had forgotten my rod at Flyn's, but had choice of many, and selected a very small socket rod of Mr. George's, provided with a multiplying wheel, which I was in hopes of breaking, if I got hold of a large fish. Counsellor G——, also one of my acquaintances, and a most excellent and agreeable man, and one of the young Mr. M——s, a good angler and fly-tier, were of

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our party, and I believe were to fish Glandelough. After breakfast R—— H—— and I set off for Derryclare. This is rather a series of long narrow lakes, than one continuous lake, and lies at the foot of one of those steep mountains called the Twelve Pins. We had little wind, and I intimated an intention of walking to its top, till admonished that the distance was three miles, which intelligence nipped my pedestrianism in the bud.

We killed a good many tolerable sized trout, but nothing equal to the run of those at Delphi, or Doolough. I practised divers impositions on R—— H——, which I dare not do with his brother, Mr. J——, but my rod was too small, and I had not the satisfaction of hooking a salmon or large trout to try the stuff of the multiplier. The other party were on Lough Inagh, and had very middling sport. Next day, (for I had no chance of

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getting away,) it was agreed that J—— and I should fish together, so I provided a very neat, good rod of Mr. W——'s ; and I must say, that Glendalough was never better fished than on that day. On one occasion J—— rose a fine trout, and I, as if instinctively, at once had my fly over him ; on which he essayed to break my rod, at the same time warning me against a repetition of my misconduct. He caught a salmon, in excellent season, about nine pounds weight, and let him go. I think he was a newer fish than any we met at Delphi. I was in the head of the boat, and in a corner of the lake near some rushes, he had the boat backed against the wind, (though he had no right to do so,) and killed three fine trout, which were certainly my due, but I suffered him to progress in his iniquity, for the pleasure of upbraiding him with it. On my giving him the reason of my concession of right, he laughed

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heartily, saying I had often served him the same way on Inchiquin—this, however, I utterly deny.

There cannot be a better angler for trout, pike, or salmon, than he is; but he is a rogue, and addicted to mischievous tricks, many instances of which I could, and perhaps will, give. At all events, our mode of angling and throwing the line, astonished the rowers. Either on that or the next day, I forget which, I killed, with an Inchiquin dropper, on four hairs, a salmon about eight pounds weight, and let him go—he was by no means so good as the last killed. I consider Glendalough a much better lake than Derryclare, and the fish better sized; but they are all on the decline, for when the fish are good and in season, they are prevented going up; and when they are spent and declining, of what use are they? Then again, the slat salmon and trout, as I am

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told, are kept perishing above Mr. Martin's weir, and not suffered to go down.

Here is the fable of the goose that laid the golden eggs realized. Surely, those slat if let down in time would return to the very river they had left, in less than a month, fine recovered fish, and bring tenfold benefit to the owner ; in fact, until the practice of opening a gap in the weir is adopted from Saturday night to Monday morning, (which is rendered imperative by law,) it is neither the interest, nor should it be the wish of any gentleman, to aid in the preservation of any river on which such a scandalous and mischievous monopoly is suffered to exist.

The Inchiquin and Dromore flies are excellent on all these lakes ; and so is the grey salmon fly, and several of the Dublin fancy ones. These waters all abound with small fish, and it is said there are some very large

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brown trout in them too. Of this latter kind I did not see any, but Mr. W—— H—— caught one at Glendalough, three and a half pounds weight, said to be a most excellent fish. I should think very small fry, or perhaps shrimps, would be the most certain way of taking them.

The rods for lake-fishing need not exceed fourteen or fifteen feet; for salmon-fishing on the rivers, a little longer, but not to exceed seventeen feet. I am sorry to observe that at Glendalough the anglers used large clumsy knots to their wheel-lines, instead of having nice looped three-gut links. Such conduct would not be tolerated at Delphi, except in case of necessity, or of the sudden abstraction of a piece of the wheel-line —a possible occurrence during hard dragging, or what we would call "bull work."

The roads here are good, except the Maam side, which is not to be compared to the

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Clifden line; but I have endeavoured to warn travellers to be provided against contingencies on their respective routes, particularly if they purpose deviating from the mail track.

Mr. Bianconi's cars and horses are first-rate, and the drivers sober and diligent; the country romantic, and well worth seeing; a great deal of this vast tract being, besides, easily reclaimable, and possessing within itself ample means of improvement. So much for what I have seen of Connemara. If Mr. Martin should chance to see what I have written, I hope it may so far influence him, as that the result may ensure good to himself, be productive of additional amusement to travellers and sportsmen, and create a desire for further research into the capabilities of this interesting and long-neglected country.

My business at home being urgent, I at

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last took leave of those friends endeared to me by so many pleasant recollections, and met the car opposite Glendalough pretty early in the morning, after a severe attack from the musquitoes, to combat which I was obliged in my own defence to resort to smoking, an accomplishment I learned late in life, having once held it in the greatest abhorrence.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE "WALLS OF TROY," AND A PROSPECTIVE TOUR.

We were one evening on a hill which overlooked a circular plantation near the river. Mr. P—— asked me if I could tell what this was; I replied that I could not even guess; so away we went to explore it. It was surrounded by several walks, and a very deep narrow trench bounding each walk, there being four or five lines of walks and trenches. We walked round and round, and when we got near the river, where we expected to get out, there was no egress. It was getting late, and after some difficulty, having fortunately taken a pretty correct observation of the place of entrance, we made our way to the road. During our exploring, I had

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slipped once or twice as if something had tripped me, but did not mind it.

Next day when Mr. Browne, the steward, was questioned as to the place, he raised up his head and eyes exclaiming, "O Lord! what brought ye into that place, it is called the Walls of Troy, and ye had great luck that we had not to draw ye forth by ropes, for all those narrow walks are undermined at every three or four yards! Several ladies, indulging in the curiosity so natural to their sex, have slipped into these traps; Mr. St. George himself slipped in, and we had to get long boards across the different drains, and ropes to lug him out." Then turning to me, "This was an invention of a countryman of yours of the name of Burke, a very ingenious but mischievous fellow, who formed this place when the Marquis of Sligo was in the habit of staying here, and it was Burke's greatest pleasure to send men and women into it, on some frivolous pre-

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tence, and they had regularly to be lugged out with ropes."

How we escaped I cannot say, but suppose the roots of the grass had attained a kind of consistency capable of sustaining a tolerable weight, nor did we make any further experimental trips to the labyrinth.

We were informed that Burke still lives and resides in Westport; he has become a miser, and has a little boat, in which he alone can fish, which he puts on a car drawn by an ass, and goes to the lakes in his neighbourhood. Gallagher, the fisherman now employed at Delphi-lodge, assisted at the making of the labyrinth, and can put visitors on their guard against its dangers.

As it is more than probable that this book may be read even by strangers when I am no more, I will endeavour to point out a course by which entertainment and a knowledge of part of this fine island may be

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agreeably obtained; nor will I recommend the beaten track of Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, Glengariff, or such other places, to which travellers almost always resort—My object is to take fresh ground.

I suppose you a gentleman, with one or two respectable letters of introduction to some Dublin friend or friends, which will procure you additional ones on your route; if an angler, so much the better; then, in the first place, resolve to be well tempered, or at least not to be the reverse, without very cogent reason; take the fly-boat from Portobello to Shannon-harbour, (I do not recommend the night boat); you will arrive at the harbour at six P.M.; your dinner will be tolerable, your bed excellent, and you can sleep until seven the next morning. Have a sharp eye to your luggage at the different changes. You embark in a small steamer, and while you are in this said steamer, you

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may either breakfast, shut your eyes and sleep, or read a novel or newspaper, until you come to the bridge of Portumna, for your passage is through flat savannahs, not much relieved by any very interesting object.

At Portumna, you get into a large and fine steamer which conveys you to Killaloe, through a splendid lake, nearly thirty miles in length, and in breadth from eleven to five or six miles : of the beauties of this lake and its scenery you will judge, and if the weather be fine, you will have additional pleasure in the many splendid views this magnificent sheet of water affords.

You will arrive at Kilalloe in full time for dinner, after which you may angle, if in summer, until nine or ten o'clock ; for there is very good trout-fishing in the streams, and the salmon-fishing is not bad, particularly in the Bishop's royalty, from whom permission to fish may probably be easily

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obtained. If the next day be Sunday, and that his lordship preaches, 'twill be well worth your while to hear him, for he is an excellent preacher, and does not indulge in controversial lectures, being, by all I can learn, by no means one of those who have studied in the "*daily*" school. If you like the fishing at Killaloe, or up the large lake with the cross line, you can pass two or three days pleasantly enough, and it is likely have good sport. When you purpose moving on to Limerick, do not go in the canal boat, but hire a good fishing cot, and have good boatmen, who will take you to O'Brien's bridge, and from thence to Castleconnell; there is tolerable angling the greater part of the way, and you can enjoy the scenery at your leisure. If you like Castleconnell, which is a beautiful village, stay and fish there, and if you wish for or need spa water, you can drink plenty of it. When you have had

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enough of this locality, go by water by all means to Limerick, first fishing as many of the streams of Donass as you get permission to exercise your piscatory propensities on; and as the gentry are generally more civil to strangers than to their immediate neighbours, it is more than likely that you will be seldom refused angling leave for a day or two in some of the best courses, with all which the cotmen are conversant, and if duly noticed, are provided with tolerable tackle for trout and salmon, which with your own materials, with which you will be in some measure supplied, will answer all your purposes.

When you arrive at the far-famed city of Limerick, your attention will necessarily be directed to every subject worthy of observation, and among these I will only point out one, leaving you to your proper discretion on all other points. That object is the famous

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stone of the violated treaty—it lies at the Clare side of Thomond bridge, deeply imbedded in the ground; and, unlike the London monument, which

"Like a tall bully lifts his head and *lies*,"

the treaty stone tells the melancholy truth, and remains a monument of disgraceful perfidy.

When you are tired of Limerick, go in the steam boat to Kilrush, and I am sure that you will be delighted with the scenery at both sides of the Shannon. You will perceive that I have not attempted to describe natural scenery; judge for yourself, give your imagination free scope, and I am convinced you will be gratified: particularly if you do not prefer the awful and tremendous to the agreeable and delightful; but even if you should aspire to the dreadful and the terrific, I hope to satisfy you before our tour is at an end.

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While at Kilrush, you will naturally pay a visit to the island of Scattery, where any number of vessels may lie at anchor; and if you have a desire to visit the light-house at Loop-head, which is about thirty miles farther at the mouth of this fine river, you may please yourself; but I recommend that you do not go in an undecked sail-boat, by any means, as the sea is both rough and dangerous.

Within a few miles of Kilrush is Kilkee, a fine watering place, the estate of Mr. M'Donnell, and much frequented in the summer months by many families from Tipperary and Limerick.

I have said nothing of hotels. They are good at Killaloe and Limerick. I cannot say what they are at Castleconnell, but at Kilrush and Kilkee they are well enough; and in the country parts, where there are no hotels, the gentry and the priests are hospi-

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table, and as the latter generally have a spare bed for their sisters or nieces, there is little to be apprehended by a genteel visitor on the score of accommodation in even remote places, hospitality being the order of the day every where, and the worst that can happen, a trifling privation for a night or two.

From Kilkee I would travel along the Atlantic at all hazards to Miltown, and a wild part of the world it is—vast cliffs the whole way to Baltard, and no trees. An American cast away on this coast declared it to be the finest improved country in the world—not a tree to the water's edge. The "clearance" is here the work of nature, as not a tree will grow on the Malbay coast without land shelter. At Baltard, a very high cliff overhanging the sea is crowned by a picturesque tower. On the whole line of coast to the bay of Galway, an awful sea runs, there being no intermediate land

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between it and America, nearly three thousand miles—indeed, I consider it the greatest surf that the world can show, and any vessel that ever gets embayed among the breakers is sure to be lost. Between Baltard and Miltown is a very great curiosity not hitherto noticed : it is a natural high barrier of loose stones, thrown up, as it were, by the sea, and about half a mile in length, the sea at one side, and a considerable lake at the other, and but for this natural barrier, the entire land in its neighbourhood would be inundated by every tide ; the stones are perfectly smooth ; and in great storms, the sea breaks over into the lake ; it can be safely ridden—nay even galloped on, and I have never heard of any accident occurring. The outlet of the lake into the sea often forms a great current, and is then unsafe to cross. From this place to Miltown is a fine ride or drive, and the roads are in general very good.

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At Miltown are a hotel, baths, and several gentlemen residing, most of whom are hospitable, in the true sense of the word. In the neighbourhood is a large village, a mile from the baths, where the road leads to Lahinch, the estate of the late Andrew Stacpoole, an excellent man, beloved by all classes, whose loss has been most generally felt. At Lahinch every one is hospitable—this truly Christian virtue prevails in the entire district, and excuses many failings. It is, moreover, a fine bathing place, having a good strand and fine waves; and all the visitors, men and women, bathe, for the most part, at no very great distance from one another, for there are particular times of the tide when bathing is alone agreeable, and it is then taken advantage of without any fastidiousness or false delicacy on the part of men or women.

From Lahinch, looking to the north, you

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behold a spectacle not often to be witnessed in Ireland, a very large and extensive tract of land, studded with neat, well-slated cottages, each cottage having cow-house, piggery, and kitchen-garden belonging to it, and perfect neatness and cleanliness being prevalent throughout them all. Nearly in the centre of this assemblage of dwellings is Birchfield, the fine and beautifully-situated residence of Cornelius O'Brien, one of the M. P.'s for the county, to whom the entire tract of land above described belongs, being a part of his estate—on which there are two, or I believe three, very excellent mansions besides, which have been lately built by Mr. O'Brien, and capable of accommodating large families. Mr. O'Brien resides almost entirely at Birchfield; a most excellent and convenient house it is, possessing a great desideratum in a fine and well-assorted library, suited to all manner of tastes. Here

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every gentleman is welcome ; and fastidious indeed a man must be who is not pleased and gratified by the reception he meets at Birchfield, one of the most hospitable and well-kept houses in Clare.

And now, if you are for the awful and sublime, go from Birchfield, and see Moher cliffs (two miles distant) with fear and trembling, for there are flagged steps, and a parapet, to the very edge of the cliffs, which I will not attempt to describe in prose or verse, further than that they are, I am convinced, far the most tremendous in the three kingdoms—frowning, as it were, over the vast Atlantic, which stretches away uninterruptedly to America ; but in the direction of the bay of Galway, the eye is a little relieved by the three Isles of Arran, which are only three or four leagues from the main land. On the top of one of the cliffs is a fine tower, capable of affording

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shelter to visitors, and where, in unfavourable weather, they may dine; and at a little distance is a fine set of stables and coach-houses, all built by Mr. O'Brien for the accommodation of his friends and guests, and such travellers as visit him: in hazy weather the view of these cliffs is magnificent —the top of them seem as if suspended from the clouds.

From the Cliffs to Doolin, the seat of Major M'Namara, M. P., is only three or four miles, and if you are so fortunate as to find the Major, or his son, Captain Francis, at home, you will be most lucky, and likely to be entertained in the most agreeable manner; the Captain is a right good fellow, admired and liked by all bipeds, male and female, and, having been ever in the best society, his acquaintance is doubly desirable.

From Doolin to the new quay in Bureen

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is your route ; of this I know nothing, but the gentry are reported to vie with those I have met in the spirit of hospitality ; and in your direct road lives George M'Namara, brother to the major—a most excellent country gentleman, one who lives well, and is happy to show strangers every civility in his power.

At the new quay you can embark in a good sail boat for Galway, where if you like to angle you may divert yourself for a day or two ; from thence pursue your route, on Bianconi's car, to Ballynahinch, the seat of Mr. Martin, M. P., where, if you have permission, (and that is not difficult to obtain), you will have excellent salmon and white-trout fishing. The views of lake, river, and mountain, in this day's journey, are delightful. When you leave Ballinahinch, come round by Killery Bay to Bundora ferry, and in this journey the scenery and views are

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not to be surpassed, and scarcely equalled by any in Ireland, or perhaps elsewhere You will perceive that I aim little at description, contenting myself with pointing out what is to be seen, and leaving it to affect you as it may.

At Bundora I recommend that you cross Killery Bay (about a mile over), and see Delphi, already spoken of as the summer lodge of the Lord Bishop of Tuam and his brothers; and I wish you no better luck than to find any of them at their residence, where, particularly if an angler, you will find every thing to your mind.

From Delphi to Westport is about twenty miles by the existing road; but it was in contemplation when I was last there, to take a level along the base of some tremendous mountains, which would shorten the road three or four miles. Wonderful it is what a propensity the Irish have ever had to make

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roads over mountainous tracts, and abandon level lines; but such has been their invariable practice until within some few years, when judicious engineers have taken matters into their hands.

At Westport is an excellent hotel; the mail goes each day to Dublin. I leave you to your proper discretion either to return to the metropolis; to take a car to Ballinrobe, and come round between Lough Carra and Lough Mask, in which drive much interesting country may be seen; or to cross Lough Mask to Ballinrobe, which you must not attempt, except in a good boat. And I now conclude, merely observing, that the traveller may be as fully amused in the tour which I recommend, as if he had been spending his money in Germany, Holland, or Italy, sleeping under, instead of over beds, learning low Dutch and high German, riding on mules with his legs

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over precipices—perhaps subjected to the attacks of banditti, or the more gentle style of robbery called gambling, or play—not to take into consideration how paramount a duty it is, that every rational being should know something of the manners, habits, and customs of the people of his native soil, or of those ruled by the same laws and government.

This long chapter may not be considered quite to the point, but I have thought that many of my readers may be as well employed in reading this prospective tour, as if they were suffering their imaginations to gloat over the various productions of the many "*male and female* FLESH FLIES" which inundate these countries with their productions, and which have inordinately increased the price of paper, without a proportionate profit to the minds of their readers.

Let it not be supposed that I have a ge-

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neral objection to all novels—far from it; many of them present true and vivid pictures of life as it is, but many more are—*what you may please to call them.*

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CHAPTER XXII.

BLACKWATER—LISMORE—ANECDOTE OF MR. PHILIPS.
(*Written in* 1840.)

HERE is another of those destructive monopolies which I have alluded to—a great weir across this fine, and, but for the interruption, navigable river.

From the 10th of February to the 10th of September it is hermetically sealed, and not a fish suffered to go up or down! It is astonishing how the gentry of the country permit such a nuisance, without at least insisting on the King's Gap being opened from six o'clock on Saturday evening to six o'clock on Monday morning; and still more surprising that that magnificent nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, sanctions the abuse.

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It is even considered a compliment to get a salmon at six pence a pound; and hence it often happens that fish out of season are sold to unwary purchasers. The large towns of Mallow, Fermoy, Lismore, and many others, and even his own tenantry, are thus left to the mercy or caprice of the monopolist, who packs up the fish in coffers, and sends them off to England in hundreds, but in not nearly such large quantities as were said to be taken some years ago, for the very practice must defeat its object. I am convinced if the Duke were made aware of these facts, that means would be taken by him to abate the evil. It is even considered a compliment to suffer gentlemen to fish on their own grounds, adjoining the banks of this fine river.

There is also another nuisance farther down the river, at Mr. Smith's, of Ballintrea—viz., standing-nets and stop-nets;

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I may call iron or copper-wire nets by that name. And here is an evasion of a positive act of parliament, which, like many other of our acts of parliament, is not worth a farthing, from its complexity, and its different provisos and conditions. I wish our legislators would study Gulliver's voyage to Brobdignag; it would give them some useful hints as to the method of framing acts of parliament, which ought to be direct, positive, and intelligible.

The currents on this river are for the most part rapid, but free from rocks or stumps, so that with a sufficiency of good line there is no losing a fish, except through mismanagement, or else because the angler is of the cat kind, tenacious of wetting his feet; for the fish must be often followed from one stream to another.

The rods should be from eighteen to twenty feet in length, and of the description I have

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already recommended—namely, strong, with little spring in the butt, for about two feet above the wheel. Much larger are used here—some twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet in length—but they are cumbrous, unwieldy, and ineffective, without a fair wind; for as to throwing against a wind it is out of the question. The principle on which they are used is also, I think, erroneous—viz., keeping the fly over a fish's head; as if a salmon, when intent on taking, will not follow the fly.

I will now proceed to recommend the kind of salmon flies I have found to answer best. It is, in broken weather, one of the muddiest rivers in the world, from the vast number of mountain-streams it receives in its course, and sometimes will not clear in a week, which is a great vexation to an angler. In spring, when it becomes nearly of a beer-colour, fish with a large fly, on

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three gut, half black, half orange, with gaudy tail and wings; black heckle, jay cravat, and dark blue mohair head. If you rise a fish, and that in two or three casts he refuses, try the grey-bodied fly, red under the wing (which is not to be so gaudy), and claret-coloured head; 'tis ten to one he takes this latter one. Also green-silk-bodied and fur flies; green olives and brown flies of various shades and sizes, to match the water, according to its height, brightness, or darkness.

The reach above Lismore Castle, called the "Powdering Tub," is generally full of salmon, and so it is about and under the bridge, and from thence to the Island Stream, the New Stream, and Divine's Stream. To fish these streams you must wade a considerable way. And I here repeat what I have already recommended, that every angler intending to fish these streams

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should be provided with a pair of old worthless shoes, in which, having taken off his stockings, he can wade to the little islands, and afterwards put on his dry shoes and stockings. There are several other good fishing places all down the river, by Mr. Morgan's and Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's; that is, if the salmon are not wattled up the river, and driven into the weir, by Mr. Foley's myrmidons, for such is the practice. There are also some very nice temporary lodges, where the salmon do not remain long; but where, if they meet your fly on the way, they are apt to take. The last lodge I think worth noticing is Trawgeen, and a most excellent one it is, situated on Mr. Charnley's ground, who most generously permits every gentleman to angle. One of his sons, Captain Charnley, is a very good angler, but seldom at home. It was the custom for every angler, who wished for sport on

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the Blackwater, to inquire for a man of the name of Halahan, who lived in Lismore; he was a carpenter, a very decent man, an excellent fly-tier, and perfectly conversant with this river. Halahan is now dead, and a great loss he is to anglers. I am bound to acknowledge being indebted to his suggestions for a great part of my knowledge of the Blackwater. He thought my flies too gaudy—I thought his too plain: truth might lie between; and on that principle I acted, and as long as I fished I was more successful than any angler I met. Mr. Croaker, sub-inspector, (now stipendiary magistrate in Tipperary,) and Mr. Henry Sullivan, are also both of them excellent anglers, but fished with the monstrous rods I have described; and here too I met an English gentleman of the name of P——, the best English salmon-fisher I ever saw. This excellent and amiable man was driven from

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Lismore, where he was living happily, loved and regarded by all the gentry in the neighbourhood, by the indiscreet zeal of a young priest, who on this occasion evinced a most unnecessary solicitude for the morals of the fair part of his congregation, who were certainly not in the slightest danger from Mr. P——'s gallantries; but it was perhaps from a neglect of those, here considered necessary, attentions, that he was subjected to the charge. An Irishman would have laughed at all this, but Mr. P—— was too steady, too matter-of-fact, to stomach the idea of a school-mistress, full of virtuous indignation at his supposed delinquency, attempting to cast his sensualities in his teeth. So Mr. P—— left the country, and the priest was prosecuted for beating Mr. P——'s boy, who was accused of acting the part of a Mercury in the business. His reverence was acquitted, the boy's father

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having sworn that it was by his desire the castigation was administered.

The salmon here though often curdy, are not so rich or good as those of the Fergus or Shannon, nor will a fish taken with a hook be good for any thing, if sent a considerable distance. Cider is excellent in this district, and is drunk without danger after salmon. The gentry are hospitable, agreeable, and well bred ; possessing many fine seats, where they live a great deal. To this cause may the tranquil state of this part of the island be mainly attributed. Nothing can be more beautiful than the drive between Fermoy and Cappoquin—comprising wood, water, and mountain scenery. On the highest peak is buried Major Ecces, with his gun, fishing-rod, horse, and a couple of frogs, and if his spirit looks out occasionally, a most expansive view it can have from Knock Meldown. Near the Blackwater, runs the Bridde, a con-

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siderable river, which is also netted. The fish are said to be much preferable to those of the Blackwater. It is to be remarked that when the latter river clears, and gets low, the flies must be much smaller, and less gaudy—the wings chiefly turkey feather, brown mallard or pheasant tail, and very few turns of gold or silver cord, and the bodies generally of two colours, for instance, grey, and red brown under the wings: a green body with a red, or grouse feather as heckle, and a little fiery brown under the wings. I have found the large Dromore fly excellent, and a small yellow fly, with a little breast feather gold pheasant, and the plain white feather of the Mallard, with Kingfisher at each side of the wing; and this is a most excellent trout fly on all the lakes. The salmon take trout-flies occasionally, and *vice versa*. The small fry is good, and if too large, the head is cut off, and managed in the way I have

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already directed : the loach, which is caught in the mountain streams, is also good. There are a good many pike, but I have not seen any large ones. They are frequently met between Fermoy and Lismore, where the river is often cross-fished ; and to show the inefficacy of the law against this practice, it is impossible to convict, as the offenders do not use a cross line, but tie their lines together, and have the links and flies dependent from the wheel-line, so that when a fish is hooked about the centre, they slip down each of the intervening flies, to the very one on which the fly is, and then have him at once under the butt of the rod. This is ingenious enough; but in case of strong cross winds, there must be a great deal of entangling : at any rate the act is evaded, which is expressly directed against using cross lines, stroakalls, or gaffs.

So much for legislation ; this practice is

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now prudently permitted, poor amends indeed to anglers for the mischiefs of the late act. In the months of October and November the largest fish run; these are the fish that have been kept above the weir the whole season, and not suffered to drop down in time; they are called winter fish, and a much larger run than the spring ones, but are of little value, though perfectly clear and white. Their time for refreshing in the sea is too short, but they hasten notwithstanding to their usual haunts to deposit their spawn. I have before given my opinion on the necessity of opening all weirs from Saturday evening to Monday morning. There is scarcely any time of the year in which a prime salmon may not be taken, but until the month of April a great many of what are called retrievers are met: these are bad, and though to an unpractised eye they look well, I make it a practice always to liberate them.

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I have not fished on this river for some years, having had a difference with one of the proprietors of the weir—*not* Mr. Cliffe, who is a gentleman and sportsman. The dark green olive flies are excellent on this river, and sometimes dark clarets and blacks. Single gut when the water lowers is fully sufficient, and tolerably large flies answer, tied on loops of single gut. A canal has been made by the duke as far as Lismore, and no further, the river above the weir being navigable for many miles.

The trout fishery in this river is pretty good. I have seen a pensioner of the name of Harael, kill several trout with what I should call a very strange kind of fly—the body fox's fur, a very small hackle at the head and no wing whatsoever, the fly not large. I have not trout-fished this river myself, though I have often caught one with a salmon fly ; and when the water is low, a

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large-sized Inchiquin fly with peacock breast feather, partridge tail, and rail feather mixed for wing, is right good for salmon ; the body claret or deep brown pig's fur, with a red heckle.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE WEATHER—MY WRITING-MASTER'S OPINIONS AND RECOMMENDATIONS—LITTLE FAITH IN ASTRONOMERS AND PHILOSOPHERS—SCRIPTURE AND JOSHUA—INTOLERANT NOTIONS—MY OWN OPINIONS ON THE WEATHER AND CHANGES OF THE MOON.

SINCE my childhood I have been an angler; and I perfectly recollect a conversation with my instructor in the noble art of penmanship, Mr. David Burke, whom I am called on to describe not only as an angler, but as a man.

Know, then, that Mr. David Burke was a most excellent river angler, of the Waltonian school, with this difference, that he was of a very selfish nature, and really thought that to angle a mile above, or a mile below the mills of Ennis, was an

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actual intrusion on his and his family's rights; and though he was obliged to submit to the encroachment, it was with a bad grace, particularly if within these limits he saw a trout of a pound or two flying into the air, abstracted from its native element by the hand of some bungler. I will now relate, as well as I can, the substance of a discourse of his, which has been long and indelibly fixed on my mind.

"Now, my dear boy, depend on it, it is no matter whether the wind is east, west, north, or south the, best day for angling is the day on which a man kills fish. Of this you may be assured; for I have often killed trout and salmon when the wind was piercing me from the north, or east, or from both together; and, on the other hand, when I have had fine southerly and westerly breezes, I have completely failed in doing so; and mark me, this was when the river was

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full of fish, too: for, let the wind be as it will, there is no killing fish where they are not.

"I have been lately talking to your excellent father on his unreasonableness in preventing you from practising the noble art of angling, and his folly in sending you to Tom Meehan's school, to learn astronomy, and other fooleries. Take my word for it, astronomers and philosophers are all blockheads, and, what is worse, seldom moral or religious men; and it is even said that Tom Meehan himself does not lead the best of lives. Why, the fellow actually pretends that the sun stands still. What! Do I not, when getting up of a fine day, see it out of my own window rise over the pound, and in the evening set opposite my back door in the west? To be sure, at times there is a difference more or less to the south or north, or so; but this is all the will of God. Be-

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sides it is profane to hold any other opinion. Are we not taught in the holy Scriptures that the sun was ordered to stand still at the wish of Joshua ? And surely, if it was not moving, there was no necessity for stopping it.

"I have been told that the pope was going to burn some philosophers. I wish he had. It would have been a good turn for example's sake, and for preventing persons meddling with what they don't understand. Now, my boy, you go to the Latin school. The consequence will be, that your head will be stuffed with all sorts of nonsense, and you will either get cracked from too much learning, or give up the entire business, and become a scape-grace, or a fanatic. Take my advice, however, and stick to your holy religion. I know you are obliged to attend the sermon. Get the text carefully by heart ; and as soon as you have heard it,

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you can have a couple of hours' sport up the river, for Doctor Barrett takes about so long preaching. Then, when you return home, repeat the text as positive proof of your attention to your religious duties. It can't be expected you should know any thing more about the matter."

Such was David Burke; but, notwithstanding his opinions, there are, certain times, signs and indications in the weather worth observation; and I will presume to offer some hints that may be of use to an angler, though, as in the words of Izaac Walton, "he who waits for the wind will never sow," so he that would have the wind in the point he chooses, may be a good while without sport. When the wind changes from a good point, say south or west to north, or north-east, the angling is bad till it is fixed for some days, after which the fish rise freely, and will take

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small trolls, such as loaches, salmon fry, gravelin, roach, little eels, &c. I have been much surprised to see salmon rise in rather dead flats, with scarcely any wind, when north-east, and in a bright sun, and sometimes better than in cloudy weather.

When you can see far into the water, the fishing is invariably bad. When a great glut of rain impends after a drought, fish will not take. When there is thunder in the air, trout or salmon will not take, but pike often will, though it is thought that lightning destroys them, as they are often found floating or dying after great thunder storms. The weather at such times puts a complete end to trout and salmon-fishing.

> "So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
> That swathes, as with a purple cloud,
> Benlide's distant hill."
>
> Scott.

In rivers the best winds are those which

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blow against the currents, particularly if they run west or south, as the Shannon and Fergus for the most part; and the best days are those with rattling showers, and light, well-coloured clouds, that impart a healthy tinge to the waters—of this appearance every good angler is a judge.

In Spring, salmon take finely at the tail of a hail shower, and so they will on a blowing hazy day. During the prevalence of rainbows I have ever found angling useless on lake or river, and so it is on a harsh dry day when it blows hard.

In February or March, salmon take in the heat of the day; when the sun gets warmer, from about eight to eleven in the morning, and from about three in the evening till nightfall; but in the peal season (June and July) you cannot be out too early, nor do they take so late as the larger fish; in the Shannon we were always out at four

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in the morning, and fished till eleven, then lay by till after two, after which we continued till sun-set, I mean for the peal or small salmon. These observations will equally apply to lake fishing, but trout will rise much later than salmon, often all through the night.

At the changes of new and full moon, fishing is bad. On this point J——n H——n disagrees with me, he, pretending to have had sport at those times, but I decidedly think he is wrong. When the moon shines visibly and unclouded during the day the effect is bad. This occurs from the second quarter to full. The best time of the moon is after the full, and until it assumes the appearance I have described.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

WALTON AND COTTON—PRAISE OF THE WORK—SCIENCE OF ANGLING THEN LITTLE UNDERSTOOD—WRONG PRINCIPLE OF FLY-TIEING—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—SALMON FISHING WITHOUT A WHEEL—THROWING A LINE AGAINST THE WIND—GOOD EFFECT OF CHANGING FROM ONE SIDE OF A RIVER TO THE OPPOSITE WHEN PRACTICABLE—LORD BYRON—ADVICE.

WALTON'S celebrated book should be in every angler's pocket; for though the science was then in its infancy, yet, independently of the many pretty pieces of poetry, fine descriptions of scenery, and the wholesome spirit of devotion and gratitude to our Divine Creator, which breathe through many of its pages, the directions are of great value, though in the article of fly-tieing, certainly very complex and unintelligible.

It appears that the general principle was

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to put on the wing first; this was right as to the green and grey drake, the hare's ear fly with starling wing, and a few others; but the generality of spotted wing flies have the wing lying close on the back, and it should be put on last. The authors seem to have known little of salmon fishing, and seldom used a wheel, or, as they called it, a winch; nor did they attach that value to gut which every one now knows it possesses. To think of holding a large-sized trout in a rapid or rocky stream, with one or two hairs, without a wheel and a sufficiency of line, is perfectly ridiculous.

My old writing-master, David Burke, already mentioned, told me that he had often fished for salmon without a wheel; the line being of hair and of knotted pieces, the upper link sixteen hairs, tapering down to nine, and the line of a length nearly to reach across the river. He began at the upper end of

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a course, and fished downwards along it. When a salmon was hooked, he was played in the best way he could manage, until he came near the bank; the line was then rolled on the left hand in such a way as to run off, until the fish was tired; but divers casualties occasionally occurred, and line and salmon were often lost.

One fine fishing day, being alone, he hooked a salmon, which he declared was above fifty pounds weight, and after more than an hour's play, having his line in his hand as I describe, he was preparing to gaff the gentleman, as he was coming in apparently tired, when he turned short round; the line did not run off his hands; he was nearly pulled into the water, and away went this splendid fish, taking all with him. As to throwing a line against the wind, it was not thought of in those days, nor do I think it has been long practised; but now no

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man is a good angler who, with a properly constructed rod, cannot do so :—and observe the advantage of it. How often is a salmon risen from one side, and from that side will not rise again ; come then to the opposite side ; the fly falls over him differently, and ten to one he takes it. An instance illustrative of this occurred on the 28th March, 1839, on the Fergus. After trying several flies over a fine salmon, which rose twice at me, I at last crossed the river in my boat, threw across and against the wind, and at the second or third cast, pinned him.

I again recommend all my brother anglers to possess themselves of Walton and Cotton, the latter of whom was certainly the more scientific and the better fly-tier, besides that he did not deserve to share Lord Byron's reproach so justly launched at the shade of poor Izaac, for recommending the

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angler to hold the frog as if he loved him, when putting him alive on a hook.

Let us all, brother anglers, avoid subjecting ourselves to such well-merited castigation. Fishing may be made a very innocent or a very cruel sport, according to the spirit and the practice brought to bear upon it. The one rule, not to put any animal to *unnecessary* pain, will be found sufficient for our guidance in every instance.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ON PIKE-FISHING, AND THE VARIOUS WAYS USED, AND TO BE USED FOR THEIR DESTRUCTION—ACCOUNT OF THE LARGEST PIKE EVER KILLED—A MONSTER PIKE, JUDGED OF BY ITS SEIZING A FISH OF ITS OWN SPECIES, SEVENTEEN POUNDS WEIGHT—METHOD OF DRESSING.

As I consider it perfectly meritorious to destroy these fierce and destructive animals in every practicable way, except by nets, I purpose giving the result of my experience, though I cannot say it is a kind of fishing I like. If you fish with frogs, kill them; and this is no easy matter, as you must knock them often against a stone before they are dead: have the fear of Lord Byron before your eyes, and don't hold the frog as if "you had loved him," but instantly put him out of pain.

The small trout, the roach, the salmon-

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fry, a small herring, the tail of an eel spangled and tinselled, are excellent; so is a small jack, and sometimes a good-sized one; so is a gold-finch, a swallow or yellow-hammer. My method of putting up a fry, or small trout, or roach, is to have the hook come out in the middle of its side with a curve in the tail to spin. The head (when I was intent on real destruction,) I fastened with another hook let slip down on the wire, or gimp, with a very small loop well armed, and this latter hook came out through the back part of the head. I have often taken more pike, and even trout, with the upper hook than the lower; for fish of prey generally make at the head. David Burke's method of catching pike was curious: he fished with a double hook, without swivel —put his chain through the fish's mouth, and drew it out at the navel—tied the

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chain about the tail, and left the double hook projecting through the mouth of the trout, or fry, or frog. In this way the bait was dragged tail-foremost; but he did not care, and laughed at any other method, and he always killed a great number of pike, and sometimes an odd salmon or so. He left the bait a very short time to any fish, and generally had him well hooked. This should seem an unnatural method, but it is a sure one.

They are a very whimsical fish, and the kind of bait must be frequently changed. I have often shot a pretty small bird for a bait, and killed large pike with it, when they would not look at trout or roach. A good-sized pike fly is often very good. The largest pike I ever killed was thirty two pounds weight; he had a trout of four pounds entire in his maw, which he must have taken only just before he

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had made at a small roach which I had on a single brass wire; and it must have been from sheer wantonness, or sport, that he seized it: he was only three feet four inches in length, but as thick as a salmon. Colonel R. G. Hare (who could not go with me that day to Dromore, but walked more than a mile to meet me,) was astonished at him. Both of us guessed him at forty pounds, but he only weighed thirty-two pounds.

A pike which I had hold of on Lough Tedane, and lost, (he having swallowed the chain, and cut the line,) was afterwards found dead and unsound; and the man who found him, and gave me back the hook, declared that he measured five feet eight inches, and was thick in proportion. Whether he told truth or not, I can't say. I have already given an instance of the rapacity of a pike in laying hold on a

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trout of more than six pound weight, which the late Master of the Rolls, Sir M. O'Loghlen, had on a cross-line; but this was a trifle to what I witnessed on Dromore. A large pike was hooked, and nearly exhausted, when he was suddenly seized and carried to the bottom. Every effort was made for nearly half an hour to bring this enormous fish to some shore, (where we might perhaps have induced him to *take a large roach,)* but to no purpose; when, finding our efforts unavailing, we succeeded at last, by making a noise with the oars, and pulling at the line. In getting up the pike we had been playing, it was all torn as if by a large dog; and this pike actually weighed *seventeen pounds!* the fish which held him so long must have been a monster, indeed!

The best time for catching these rapa-

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cious devils is the morning; and if hazy with little wind, so much the better. I mean on the lakes: for pike-fishing, a river without a boat is slavish and disagreeable work. The pike of Clare are very fine: the best way of dressing them is first to boil, and let cool; bone them quite clear—stew them afterwards with catsup, butter, a little red pepper, and a blade or two of mace; thus dressed, they prove a wholesome and safe fish to eat.*

Beware of thrusting your fingers between the grinders of a pike; they are dreadful even in death, and bite desperately. Have by you a short sharp stick, pointed at both ends, before you attempt to take out the hook. I always hold against a pike, and strike in a short time. As to bladders,

* The late Doctor Edward M'Grath, a kind and most experienced physician, an excellent friend and an accomplished orator, considered pike, eaten fresh, the very best possible description of fish, and the safest to eat.

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trimmers, fishing with baits tied to the legs of geese, &c., of all such I shall say nothing. I am for the rod and the sport.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE PRACTICE OF ANGLING.

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THE

PRACTICE OF ANGLING,

PARTICULARLY AS REGARDS

IRELAND.

BY O'GORMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Page

On Tench, Perch, and Roach—with some notice of the Char 1

CHAPTER XXVII.

Another visit to Delphi. 8

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Captain Jones and Lieut. Sheston—Tremendous festive catastrophe, and its consequences 34

CHAPTER XXIX.

Some prudential and necessary instructions as to conduct and etiquette to be observed by Anglers—Good advice offered, and a recommendatory notice of Mr. Hofland's work—Together with some strictures on the Scotch method of breeding Salmon 40

CHAPTER XXX.

On the breeding of Salmon 43

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXXI.

Page

On Fish-ponds, and their management . . . 50

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the Otter—A new system of Angling . . . 56

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On Angling with the natural fly 59

CHAPTER XXXIV.

On the Dromore fly, and the tying of it . . . 62

CHAPTER XXXV.

On the Grouse, or Lochaber fly—Its various kinds and sizes 69

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Navan, the Boyne, Stake-weirs, Nets, &c.—Visit to the battle-field 73

CHAPTER XXXVII.

On the Bann (communicated) 84

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On the river Lee, County Cork (communicated) . . 92

CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the different rivers in the County Kerry . . 97

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XL.

Page

On Angling and Anglers in general—A philosophical chapter, and presumptuous criticism on some of the works of a tolerated and idolized brute—Various hints — Trials of temper — Perseverance recommended in preference to patience — Also, good temper, if possible—Praise of Anglers—View of society and its various grades—Pious advice—And the charge of cruelty refuted 100

CHAPTER XLI.

Various notices of estimable personages, good and promising Anglers, met with by the author in various places 114

CHAPTER XLII.

Angling with a young gentleman of the highest promise, now no more—Ludicrous incident—Lament for Mr. Crowe's early death 124

CHAPTER XLIII.

Instructions to Anglers at different periods of the year —Winter—Spring—Summer 129

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mechanical directions—To splice a line—Of tempering hooks—Of dying heckles—To make a cross line—Terrific cross-fishing—Incident of a newly-invented hook 133

CHAPTER XLV.

A list of necessary articles with which every good Angler should be provided—Together with descriptions and patterns of some very killing flies 150

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XLVI.

Page

On the several acts in force for the preservation of fish 156

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lord Eliot's Fishery Act—Strictures on it . . . 168

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Conclusion, but not concluded 182

CHAPTER XLIX.

Summary Chapters on Trout Flies 192

CHAPTER L.

Summary notice of Salmon Flies for each month from 12th of February to 29th of August, and of the various habits in use during each month . . 222

CHAPTER LI.

Erris rivers (communicated by a most particular friend) 234

CHAPTER LII.

Ecce iterum crispinus—The Fishery Act again . . 237

CHAPTER LIII.

Impediments to Navigation 254

Digitized by Google

THE PRACTICE OF ANGLING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON TENCH, PERCH AND ROACH, WITH SOME NOTICE OF THE CHAR.

As I do not consider any of the above to be what I would call sporting fish, my notice of them shall be brief. The tench with us are usually taken with nets, set outside the weeds or bulrushes. They are sometimes taken with worms in fishing for roach, generally, pretty near the bottom. On fine days, not fit for trout fishing, many, I am sure, might be taken with worms of various kinds, particularly the large earth-worm, called blue-head; they never rise at a fly, play down and heavy, are strong and hard to get out,

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very retentive of life, and may be brought any distance in a cloth occasionally wetted. They are a firm and good fish to eat; some cooks stew them in wine, but they are by no means bad with parsley and butter. I have seen several tench from six to eight pounds weight; but there is no great value set on them here; and in summer a large one may be had for two or three pence.

THE PERCH.

As Isaac Walton remarks, "they are like the wicked of the world"—a true observation—for the fate of their companions has as little effect on them as on the gamblers at Crockford's, or at any other of the hells upon earth. Get among a shoal of them, and if one rises at your dropper, you are sure to have another with the tail fly; if

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your cross line is drawn among them it will be immediately occupied ; but though they are like the wicked of the world in some respects, they fare much worse. Their fate is calamitous—they have not even the consolation of the priest ;* they have too much of the *noli me tanger* about them, and are thrown into a bag, or bottom of the boat, to expire in their iniquity. But, seriously, they *are* a most bold, daring, and destructive fish, eat small fry of all kinds voraciously, root up the spawn beds, will even scare trout from the feeding places near the shore, like noise, and are fond of music, which attracts them to the surface. One of my sons (now I hope happy) assured me that he saw a vast shoal of them appear over water, attracted by the sound of the bag-pipes, when a Scotch regiment were

* The stick used to kill large fish.

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marching over a neighbouring bridge, and that they remained there until the sound died away in the distance.

How much superior the ear of perch to that of Paganini, who, on hearing the Scotch pipe, prostrated himself on the floor, declaring that it must have been invented by the devil.

Perch like their bait moving, and will take small fry, roaches, small trout, loaches, little frogs, and small eels, and will often rise at salmon flies, and large lake flies; they will also take the large blue-head worm, and the leg of a frog put on a middling-sized hook; they are a most excellent fish—almost so good as to make amends for the mischief they do. And now for dressing them.

Split for about three inches along the great fin, and as much in the belly; do not scrape, scale, or gut, (it is a clean-gutted fish,) broil well on a gridiron—when suffi-

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ciently done, (which you will know by the skin rising well), take up, split the remainder of the belly, and the back ; raise off the skin, which will come away easily—take off the head (to which the gut will attach and come away clean,) you then have a nice fish, eat it with cold butter, and if you do not like it, you must be hard to please. These instructions I have had from the late Mr. Murray, of Arran-quay, who was in his day a good angler and fly-tier.

THE ROACH.

With us this fish is of little value, except for baits, which will keep well in salt pickle, for a week at least. They can be fished for and best in the hottest weather ; are often taken of two pounds weight ; are considered a great god-send to cockney sportsmen ; will take worms, bits of bacon, small artificial and

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natural flies. If fished for with baits, a cork must be used ; the time for striking is when this is drawn or pulled away. I have known a young angler kill one hundred large ones one day on Lough Tedane, for which he got one hundred pence. If a fly is fished with, it should be suffered to sink a little. The fish is palatable, but insipid, and full of bones. They are excellent for stocking a pond, for the purpose of feeding trout ; but pike or perch are fish that no one should ever admit into any pond.

THE CHAR.

We have those beautiful fish, gold and silver, on Inchiquin lake, and on another called Finlowe. I have never seen them taken with fly or bait, nor do they migrate. Those I have seen seemed to have been cut, or rather burst, in the belly, and were float-

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ing on the water. Their mode of feeding is not known. Robert Hewitt, barrack-master of Clonmel, and one of the Waterloo heroes, a right good angler, informed me that on one day, at Finlo, many were taken with flies, of which he never knew another instance. Those I have seen were from fourteen to sixteen inches in length, and the fish pale red, and good. I have known no instance of any being taken in nets.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER VISIT TO DELPHI.

About the 24th of May, 1839, I met Mr. P——t in Galway, and we again proceeded to Delphi, where we reckoned on having good sport; but there were few fish at the time in lake or river, and those few, salmon; the white trout not having arrived. We were joined by two of his brothers, who are, as I have already said, excellent anglers, and can fish right and left-handed, a power which every angler should aim at acquiring, for it is a great object to be able to change the hand. I hooked one large salmon at Delphi lake, with an Inchiquin fly, but he checked among bushes or stumps, and

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got away, though without taking any tackle with him.

I was happy to find that my friend Mr. P——t had profited by some of my observations, he having one evening risen two salmon without my knowledge ; and when one of the rowers mentioned the circumstance, he was by no means pleased at his giving me the intelligence. We also fished the middle lake, and with our boat tried the upper lake, where we killed a fine brown trout, about five pound, the first I had seen, and which played very well. It was evident that at this time there were few fish in these lakes, except such sea trout as had not water to get to the sea, and also that like the salmon, they do not recover in fresh water ; so that they are altogether a different species from the lake trout.

In a few days our two visitors left us, to our great regret : and we shortly prepared

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for our departure, having first spread out the nets used for drawing the bay, taken the cords and leads off, and finally ordered the net part to be burnt, in order that the fishing should be superb on our next visit; a promise was then exacted from all parties that they should be punctual in obedience to the first summons.

In the month of June, and the beginning of July, I was in Dublin, and the Mr. P——s being now prime anglers, divers flies, rods, nets, lines, &c., were put in hands and finished too hastily; for Ettingsall, who carried my principle as to the rods too far, and had not time for experimenting, did make them actual stumps. He, at the same time, tied some very good Dromore flies, some with a little breast-pheasant in the wing, which we after found most efficient. At this time a promise was re-exacted from me, that I would obey the first summons to Delphi;

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and I then returned to Clare, where I had been but a week, when a dispatch arrived, requiring my immediate presence.

I set out on the 15th July, and reached Galway by the mail, and the next day proceeded to Delphi, where I arrived about ten o'clock at night, much like Macbeth's witches, in thunder, lightning, and rain; or rather, to speak in prose, like what's called a drowned rat. The rain was so dreadful that I often thought it would paste me to the earth, and my bags and trunk were wet through; but a blazing fire in my room set all to rights in a short time. I here found Mr. P——t, Mr. Fortescue, now Lord Ebrington, and Mr. Joseph Atkinson, of the county Westmeath, who was then little conversant in the noble art of angling, though he materially improved under the tutelage he underwent in our society. Next day we tried Delphi

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lake and the river, and brought in heaps of fish, both trout and salmon. Next day we tried the middle lake with like success, Mr. Fortescue killing some very nice salmon on the river; at one time he told me that he had just risen a salmon which would not take, I directed him to go to the opposite side, which he did, and killed him. We then determined on trying the upper lake (the "aqua australis incognita,") much to the discomfort of our boatmen, who were very much averse to this proceeding; but I was determined, and so was Mr. P——, so to work we went—had the boats taken over the bog for about 250 yards, and set forth, Mr. P—— and Mr. Atkinson in one boat, and Mr. Fortescue and I in another. We were at first teased with gubbawns, and were all showing evident marks of discontent, when the scene changed. Mr. P—— got hold of an immense trout, which he killed; and it

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then became a scene of slaughter, which ended in our killing, in all, seventy-nine large trout, and about eighty or ninety small ones, and gubbawns—Mr. P——, now a regularly-inducted angler, having lost two salmon, which he very prudently attempted to hold in their run.

We brought home a large two-handled basket-full of fish. Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Atkinson had contributed a large proportion, and proved themselves excellent anglers.

The weather from this forward continued dreadful, with incessant floods; but neither these lakes, nor the crystal waters of Delphi were ever muddy, unless, perhaps, that in a very high flood the latter might be so, for an hour or two. Our salmon-fishing was, by no means, equal to what we expected. Lord Lucan's tenants having, when they heard that the bay was not to be drawn, procured boats, and nets, and

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continued constantly drawing, day and night, on the shores adjoining the mouth of Delphi river.

We now ascertained what we should have been long convinced of, that the upper lake in high water must be the best, and have the largest fish. The scenery along this lake and Doolough is magnificent and wild. Doolough is three miles in length, and the upper about half that size, but much finer, all enclosed with high peaks, some very precipitous.

Our time was passed most happily: from breakfast to night-fall we remained out of doors, and never returned without vast quantities of fish from lake and river. During our stay we killed seven or eight hundred trout, and several salmon. At last Mr. Fortescue, to our great regret, was obliged to take his departure, purposing to travel by Clifden. Mr. Atkinson was to

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go to Westport with Mr. P—— and me, and from thence to proceed to Dublin. We were to go on to Tourmakeady, to join a party at Mr. B——'s shooting lodge, among the Partree mountains, and so this party broke up.

TO WESTPORT,

We had a good car, and were up very early, in order that Mr. Atkinson might overtake the Dublin mail. The road was only tolerable: in one place carried about three miles, up and down, over a great mountain called Shaffry, though there is at the foot a fine flat, through which a road might be easily made that would shorten the distance about three miles. There is great neglect or negligence somewhere; surely if the gentlemen interested in this line of road were to attempt to make this

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evel cut available, and were to bring the civil engineer to see and approve of it, they could not but succeed. The roads here are very rough, and the stones not half broken. Mr. Boyd, our Clare engineer, would not pass a single perch of such roads; but the county Mayo is too extensive a district for any one man to have charge of. We arrived in time at Westport, where we parted from Mr. Atkinson, a right good fellow and sportsman, though he got us out of bed rather early each morning.

TO TOURMAKEADY.

At Westport we got a fresh car and horse, the day being pretty fine, which is a great variety this season. We saw the Reek, Croagh Patrick, plainly, a high conical mountain, said to be less lofty, however, than Muilrea, near Delphi. No-

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thing very interesting occurs in this drive until within two miles of Tourmakeady, when you see Loughmask spread under you, and a splendid sight it is. We reached fully in time for dinner, and found a party there of ladies and gentlemen happy to meet us, and determined, notwithstanding storm and rain, on trying Loughmask the next day.

LOUGHMASK.

The next day was too rough for a cross-line; but I ventured out in one of the four-oared boats, which are admirable, and capable of facing any wind, and killed two good middle-sized trouts. The day after, we cross-fished, and killed fourteen—some of tolerable size, and of most admirable quality—equal, I think, if not superior, to any trout in the kingdom; but the run

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were not large. I soon discovered that the different shades of hare's-ear, with grey or red heckles, and various kinds of wing, were actually the best flies for this lake, viz., hare's-ear and yellow with slight gold cord, stare's wing and grey peacock, the same mixed with claret-colour; the same plain also with gold cord, and a little breast peacock for wing, and brown mallard outside, dark-blue mohair head. The small Dromore fly, and the orange body grouse lochaber were also good, and the middle-sized flies much the best. We fished the lower end of the lake, and had tolerable sport, but nothing equal to Delphi, whither it was determined we should return.

We had now been joined by Mr. M'C——d; a crowd of ponies, after some days, were ordered for the whole party, and off we set the next morning, and a devil of a tramp it was—through immense mountains—the

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road not so bad, but all the gullets broken down : if the day had been wet we could never have made our way, as the torrents rush suddenly down these steeps. I was really astonished at the patience and resignation of the ladies, and the steadiness with which they travelled on those wretched animals ; my pony would not get beyond a walk, though I broke two switches on him. Spurs are not used in this country ; but the people have a kind of vocabulary which these animals understand almost as well, though I am unacquainted with it. Can it be any thing like that of Sterne's Abbess of Andouillets? At length we got to within five miles of Killery bay, and had a jaunting-car, which took us to the said bay, from whence, by water, it was three miles, and nearly two miles farther to the lodge.

I am thus circumstantial, in hopes the

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gentlemen of the country may be induced to consider what the state of this road is—a road which would be practicable for a car, by only walking up some of the hills, if the gullets were repaired. One place was pointed out, where a poor woman had been drowned a little before, and where it would have been impossible for the best swimmer in the universe to have saved himself from being dashed to atoms; and yet, about £150 laid out on this line would render it tolerably good and safe.

We got pleasantly to Delphi—in good time too, having had a fine day; but on that night it rained most gallantly. Next day we set to work. In accordance with my directions, holes had been made in the boats which had been brought from Glandelagh, a contrivance of which Mr. P——, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Fortescue, and I had availed ourselves on a previous visit; but

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we had now arrived at the very acme of perfection in cross-fishing, when we judged that mode of fishing necessary, or were driven to extremities; for we caused the second rod and line, with short link and hook to be attached to the cross-line dropper, on which the fish is hooked, a plan I had already found very effective on Tedane. How heartily Mr. D—— P——t laughed when he had a fish under the bow of his rod, which he could not otherwise have brought closer to him than fourteen or fifteen yards, and all danger of the flies getting into our fingers thus obviated! We were most ably assisted by Mr. M'C——d, a famous shot, and good angler, besides being a high freemason. To me who have been a dignitary of the craft, this was a great satisfaction, as we could confess freely to one another.

The ladies had, in some way, picked up the science of fly-tying, and had arrived at

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such a pitch of excellence, that there was no necessity for our resorting to Dublin or elsewhere for flies; and, sometimes, even in very bad weather, we were accompanied by them on the lakes, on which expeditions they were fortunate enough not to catch cold. We stayed about a fortnight longer at Delphi, and our sport for the entire time was superb, though the largest salmon any of us killed did not exceed ten and a-half pound. One wet day I was salmon-fishing very near a small bridge, and rose a well-sized salmon twice. A man of the name of Gallaher, one of the rowers, was with me. I tried several flies, and Gallaher said that it was useless to try him further. "Now," said I, "I will catch that fellow." Gallaher laughed. I went to the opposite side, and the second cast had him firm, and killed him. Here was an additional proof of the value of my recommendation, always,

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if possible, to try a salmon that refuses from one side, from the opposite side.

Again we determined on another pony pilgrimage to Tourmakeady.

Our voyage and journey were much of a piece with the former; and I had again the good fortune to choose the largest and the worst of the ponies, in consequence of which, I was forced to walk most of the way; but the prospect I enjoyed from the mountain of Tournasawla almost surpasses description, and is much the finest I ever witnessed. You see spread before you to the east, south, and west, the immense lakes of Corrib, Mask, and Carra—gain a poetical view of the bay of Galway, and even some of the Clare mountains in the vast distance; besides many towns, villages, and gentlemen's seats spread beneath you—with lofty mountains, fine slopes and vales—many of these wooded and divided by con-

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siderable rivers and brooks; and, though not so sublime, yet fully as agreeable; the approach to Tourmakeady not more than two miles off, all down hill, and just a pleasant walk after my climbing labours during a considerable part of the day. We were again fortunate in having a fine day, and in not finding floods, which, after much rain, must completely cut off the communications of this district: but it is to be hoped that the gentry will awake from the kind of torpor that seems to have seized them, and establish safe little bridges, or gullets, along this very useful line, which communicates direct with Westport.

I had now time to view the different improvements made here since my first visit, and the vast quantity of additional planting, extending to some hundred acres, and the many fine roads completed, and the beautiful avenue by the bank of the

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river very nearly finished; besides the artificial cascade, intended to prevent the trout going to a place from whence they would never return. The walks along the river, confined between two steep hills, are beautiful, and from the house there is a very pretty wooded glen, having a precipitous current dividing it, crossed by several rustic bridges, some of which, I was sorry to find, had been carried away by the great flood since the time we had been first at Delphi; and here we found a large accession of agreeable visitors.

For several days we fished Lough Mask, with various success, never being out early enough; but we managed to kill many trout, one of that species called gillaroo, most distinctly marked, which had a regular gizzard, about the size of a mutton kidney. It was dressed with salt and pepper, and, to my taste, was very deli-

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cious, as was the fish itself, though I think these which are without the gizzard have the finer flavour. It is said that there are immense trout in this lake: several have been killed with trolls or frogs, weighing twenty-five pounds; and some report that they sometimes rise on the cross-line—generally, however, carrying all away. The largest we got hold of was not more than eight or nine pounds, and he was lost by bungling—but I will not say by whom.* One of our boatmen, Jennings, told us that he saw a trout of sixty pounds weight, caught with a large frog, and that he saw it weighed himself. It is said that they spawn in some sandy spots near the islands, and do not go into the rivers.

To fish any considerable part of this immense lake, anglers should be up early,

* Since writing the above, one was caught by Mr. D—— P——t, weighing fifteen pounds.

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and be provided with small trout and callaghroo, which are to be had in some of the streams: they should have their trolling-hooks armed as I have directed—troll down the wind a long way, and then come up against the wind with their cross-line. We were never out till two or three o'clock, and then had not time to fish the fiftieth part of the lake; yet we were only one day between Delphi and Tourmakeady without fresh fish, besides having sent baskets of them to Dublin and Westmeath; and we always had fish as well at breakfast as at dinner. In short, from the commencement of the first party to the termination of the second, it is no exaggeration to state, that in all, we killed at least seventeen hundred trout, and thirty-five salmon!

We had not the pleasure of the bishop's company on any of these occasions.

It is much to be hoped that this most

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excellent man will enforce the residence of his clergy in their respective parishes, and not suffer them to engage in those mountebanking progresses so unbecoming in persons professing to be Christians, but who are, in fact, in our sister island, only acting the part of fanatical incendiaries, and neglecting their own flocks, if they have any.* Would it not be worth while to have an universal re-examination of the inferior clergy by their superiors, to ascertain the kind of religion they now profess? If this plan were adopted, it might lead to some very curious disclosures.

During our stay a regatta took place on Lough Mask. It was a very animating scene, and much more amusing than those I have witnessed at Kingstown. Mr. D. P——t went over on one of the days of

* When I wrote this chapter, Puseyism had not got into fashion.—O'G.

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the regatta, and suffered his four-oared gig to start for a small plate, which he won: an objection was then made to the length of keel of the gig, though there was no specification as to length in the article; and he (in my opinion, unwisely,) agreed to start for it again the next day, on which occasion I went with him, and took the liberty of suggesting that if he did not get the plate he should not again start for it, particularly as his crew had a pull of seven miles across in a rough sea, and his opponents were on the spot with a well-rested crew from Lough Corrib;—start he did, however, and was beat, but by not more than the length of the gig. This time the length of the keel was more against him than for him, particularly in turning. Another plate was also run for—without his knowledge, I believe—which, I am sure, his gig would have won;

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but here it was, "*every one for himself.*"

We had a very rough sea coming back, and shipped a good deal of water. Some of the ladies were of the party, and they got a great deal of wet, which did not elicit from them the smallest complaint.

I had been now seven weeks away, and though another trip to Delphi was proposed, in company with Mr. R——e, who, I am told, is an excellent angler, I was unwillingly obliged to decline being of the party.

With the facilities possessed at Tourmakeady, and in moderate weather, a want of fish of the most superior kind should not be known. The mode of cross-fishing here (until I introduced my method,) was with coarse strong lines, or reels, and all the flies dragged through the water, which practice, in light winds, can only

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scare the fish. The east side is all lime-stone, and ought to be the best for trout and pike; but the weather was so stormy during my visit, that had we set out any day in that quarter, there would have been a reasonable doubt as to our return in proper time. During our stay vast quantities of grouse were killed by some of the party on the adjoining hills, which are all carefully preserved by the Mr. P——ts: their dogs are of the best breed, and the large kennel kept in excellent order by the gamekeeper, Allen. On some occasions we were deprived of our crews: one day I recollect one of the gigs, with the rowers, were lent to the Most Reverend Doctor M'Hale, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, to go a great distance up the lake, by which means he was saved much unpleasant land-travelling through very bad roads.

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I have written thus fully on every subject connected with this fine lake, hoping that the gentry in the neighbourhood will contrive to preserve the almost invaluable fish of it, and prevent their destruction in the many rivers flowing into it; for, from its size, it does not seem to be over-abundantly stocked.

Mr. R——t P——t (who was to return to England,) and I at last reluctantly took our leave, and came across in one of the four-oared fishing-boats which, notwithstanding the partiality evinced for the gigs, are much superior to them, in every respect, except, perhaps, as to actual swiftness; and got to Ballinrobe in good time, from thence we proceeded to Roundtown, where Mr. P——t fortunately got a seat in the Dublin coach, and, unfortunately, I failed in finding one to Tuam and Galway; so I was obliged to get a car, which took

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me that night to Daly's, in Tuam: and here terminated this excursion, which I may truly call delightful.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

CAPTAIN JONES AND LIEUT. SHESTON—TREMENDOUS FESTIVE CATASTROPHE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AMONG the many persons with whom I had latterly fished Inchiquin and Tedane, was Captain Jones, of the Shropshire militia, a jovial good fellow, and a tolerable angler. His company was quartered at Kilrush, but he lived almost entirely at Corofin, about twenty-five miles from that town—so much for militia discipline.

One very sharp evening in the month of September, I walked from Ennis, to enjoy a day or two's angling ; and, on my arrival at Tom Sweeny's, (the hotel) found a rousing fire in the kitchen, with a very fine turkey roasting at it, the table laid, the kitchen—

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which was flagged—very nice and clean, an excellent bottle of port on the table, and the kettle down for punch ; Captain Jones, and his lieutenant, Sheston, (a prodigiously large and muscular Welshman) having not yet returned from the lake. In a short time they arrived, with a half dozen nice trout, one of which was immediately scored and put on the gridiron.

We applied ourselves most diligently to the discussion of eatables and drinkables, being joined by our host, who was, certainly, a princely innkeeper, and who, the moment the bottle of port was finished, called for a half-gallon of punch from himself. When this was finished, the night being cold, Captain Jones called for another, which was all perfectly fair ; and so in rotation the half-gallons went round, the whole company having done the genteel thing. By this time it was getting late, and Mrs. Sweeny, who was pre-

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paring to go to the fair of Dromore, about five miles off, before morning, had provided a vast multitude of small tea-pots, for the purpose of accommodating those gentlemen with breakfast, who were in the habit of frequenting her tent, so that each gentleman might have his tea-pot to himself.

Captain Jones, being in high spirits, challenged his lieutenant to a sparring match, who very dutifully declined engaging with his superior in so personal a business; but Jones was not so satisfied, and made at him most violently. Sheston, who was able to put him into his pocket if he pleased, contented himself with parrying every blow; but, unfortunately, in keeping his captain at a distance, pushed him at last against the table on which all the tea-pots were set out. Over it went, Jones falling upon it and the teapots, every one of which were literally pounded to pieces. Mrs. Sweeny, who was

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up stairs, hearing the crash, instantly rushed down, and beheld the total wreck of her morning hopes. I was solemnly reciting the speech of Prospero, in the Tempest, beginning with—

"The cloud cap't towers," &c.

when Mrs. Sweeny broke in with—

"D——n to ye all, what am I to do for tea-pots, and I to be off at four in the morning?"

Captain Jones—"Now, my darling Biddy, don't be angry—I'll send off my man, Trimball, to Ennis, this moment, and you shall have plenty of pots before they're wanted; it was all my fault, Biddy dear."

Biddy—"Send for the devil's mother, captain; sure every soul in Ennis is in bed, and do you think they'll get up in the middle of the night to sell you a tea-pot? Oh, mildia murther, I'm ruined; the gentlemen that took their allowance to-night, will be burnt

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up with drought in the morning, and this the only tent in the fair that gives tea."

"Come," said Jones to his man Trimball, who was not too sober himself, "off you must pack—here are five pounds—buy all the tea-pots in Ennis—smash the doors if you're not let in—tell them all their relations are dying, or the country's up—but bring back the tea-pots by breakfast time, whatever you do, or it will be the worse for you as long as you live."

Mrs. Sweeny perceiving the captain's earnestness and sorrow for the accident, with the true softness of her sex, began to relent, and finally put a stop to the Ennis journey —a fortunate circumstance, for it certainly would have been difficult to predict what might have happened, the soldier being a very sturdy fellow, and perfectly ready to obey orders to the letter. Honest Tom Sweeny clinched the matter by swearing that not a

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farthing should be laid out by his guests. Finally, by his orders, Corofin was denuded of its tea-pots, peace was restored, and the captain, Sheston, and I, boiled our tea in the saucepan the next morning, as penance for our sins of the night before.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

SOME PRUDENTIAL AND NECESSARY INSTRUCTIONS AS TO CONDUCT AND ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED BY ANGLERS—GOOD ADVICE OFFERED, AND A RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE OF MR. HOFFLAND'S WORK—TOGETHER WITH SOME STRICTURES ON THE SCOTCH METHOD OF BREEDING SALMON.

If you fish on the Shannon, always observe whether any cot has been placed with poles, rods, or gaff standing upright in the cot, or on the bank adjoining the stream you purpose fishing, in such case you may be sure that the stream is engaged. You should then seek for one not occupied; but much the best method is to ask permission from the owners of the soil, naming a particular time. Good anglers are seldom refused.

If you fish any river from the bank, and that an angler is there before you, do not go

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before him on the stream or reach he is fishing; but you may, with perfect fairness, fish after him, unless you prefer going to another stream altogether.

A course or reach is supposed to be from where the current begins to get deep, to where it terminates in a shallow; and if an angler is so ignorant as to commence fishing on the course you occupy, warn him off directly. The common fellows, and some of a better class, on the Blackwater, are very impudent in this way, and will endeavour to fish from the opposite side of a stream which can be reached across by the angler first on it; but this I never permitted, and always on my part left any stream that had been previously occupied.

If you fish on a lake, never cross another's boat on a fall to leeward; but when you are crossing, get behind it, and then cross. If possible, avoid fishing with a

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glaring sun in your eyes, or looking too constantly at its reflection on the waters. Always dry your lines when wet, and examine them, and the knots of your casting lines, and see that your flies or trolling hooks have not jagged the line. When you are going to bed, wash your eyes with very warm water; and last of all, remember your Creator, and say your prayers, if you know any to say. I hope no brother angler will be in the predicament of a brother officer of mine, who, when admonished to say his prayers, on an occasion of the most imminent danger, declared he did not know any.

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CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE BREEDING OF SALMON.

So much has been said of the breeding of fish, particularly of salmon, that I did not think any occasion could occur to call forth any observations of mine; but I have, within a short time, seen extracts from a treatise, by a Scotchman, on this subject, and in this treatise* it is gravely asserted, first—that salmon breed with a fish called par—next, that salmon do not become what we call fry, the first season they are produced, but rather have a kind of tadpole

* See Chambers' Journal. July, 1840, I believe.

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existence the first spring, and, in fact, do not attain the shape of fry till the second spring.

Now, to my mind, these are monstrous doctrines, and, I think, incapable of being proved. The fry first appear about the 17th of March, or thereabouts; they are then small, but their growth is very rapid, and about the middle of April several will measure nine or ten inches in length. It is ridiculous to suppose that a second spring is requisite for their incipient state of maturity. If such were the case, surely when the rivers in which they were spawned are teemed in summer, something in a living state would be discovered; but such is not the case—nothing of the shape or kind of salmon fry is ever taken—nothing but trout or eels. As to what par may be, I know not;—it is possible that fish of different kinds, when closely confined, may produce

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an odd breed of some kind ; but it must be somewhat like the breeding of cats and badgers in the Caves of Blarney—

> "And there are caves where no daylight enters,
> But cats and badgers do for ever breed."

Since writing the above, I have discovered what is meant by par ; they are what we call gravelin, and we suppose them to be produced from some part of the pea of the salmon which had been imperfect, or been carried away without due impregnation. They have milt, but no pea—are not the shape of salmon fry, and are never found in such quantities as to justify the supposition of their subsequently attaining any size, or being either salmon fry or salmon ; and I, for my part, cannot bring myself to change the opinion expressed in this chapter. In the same way do the fry of trout, the very first year after being spawned, grow to three, four, and five inches

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in length. In the month of May they are very small—scarcely large enough to troll with; but in June and July attain a considerable size. If there are great floods in August, they are swept into the lakes, and scarce any are to be had in September. If the opinion advanced by this Scotch gentleman is correct, it must necessarily follow, that two years would be requisite for the production of trout fry, for their growth is by no means so rapid as that of salmon. In the lakes of Mayo, there is a small species of trout called gubbawns, which are said not to grow to more than four or five inches in length, which, when the salmon are in the act of spawning, devour the spawn. After learning this circumstance, we always killed them. Perhaps the par engage themselves in a similar occupation.

I regret to find that some of my most particular friends are imbued with what I

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call—"the tadpole heresy." For my part, nothing but the evidence of my senses will persuade me: I, therefore, retain the opinions expressed here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I forbear to write anything on angling in the rivers and lakes of England and Scotland, as I have never fished in either country myself; but I have seen a treatise on these subjects, by a Mr. Hoffland, which is well written, and prettily descriptive of fine scenes. The shape of the hooks used by him is good; but English hooks are rather slight, except for light angling. His book I recommend to all persons desirous of fishing in England. It is very difficult, at present, to procure small Limerick hooks, from the enormous amount of orders from France and the United States.

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I have lately had a letter from Col. R. G. Hare, now Major-general, a most distinguished officer in the Peninsular war—the Hare with many friends, and he deserves them all—who fished for salmon last season on the Tay : he states that he killed in one day four, out of six salmon, with a grey fly, which I gave him some years ago. The hackle was an iron grey. I recollect tying him, at one time, two or three of this description of fly, for the Shannon, all of which, after various success, he lost in large fish (see the chapters on salmon fishing, and the description of this fly on the Shannon and Blackwater). I have already remarked that the Shannon anglers scarcely ever fish with any but silk-bodied flies ; they are decidedly wrong in not adopting the various shades of fur, as the season advances.

I have seen some silk-bodied salmon-flies tied by Col. Hankey, remarkably well. He

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is, I am informed, an excellent angler. Mr. Hawly, the poor-law commissioner, is a very neat trout fly-tier, and when his time permits, kills salmon on the Shannon: he had, at one time, a few days' middling sport on Inchiquin, but did not meet any large fish on that lake.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

ON FISH-PONDS, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

On this subject I must confess my want of much experience, owing to the rarity of fish-ponds in this country; but I think I can suggest some useful hints, not before given in any work I have seen.

If you have a head water, or running stream into your pond, care should be taken that there be not any of the breed of pike or perch in that water, as both descriptions of these very mischievous and destructive fish are hostile to the breed of every other—the pearch particularly, as they not only eat the small fry, but root up the spawn, and devour it. The best kind of fish to stock

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a pond with are, trout, tench, and roach—the latter to feed the trout, for they are of little other value. The tench do not do any harm, and are a tolerably good fish. All birds of the heron and corvorant kind should be destroyed, and hung up *in terrorem*, in the neighbourhood of the pond. A gentleman in my neighbourhood had a pretty large lake, well stocked with trout; but he had a partiality for the *ardea* tribe, (heron,) and would not suffer them to be molested: the consequence was, that his trout, which were not of a large breed, were destroyed by these voracious waders.

Several large and deep holes should be made in every lake or pond, and tolerably large pieces of granite and small stones put into the shallows, for the purpose of providing spawning-places for the trout; but of all things, attention should be paid to the breed.

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I once stocked a lake of about two miles in circumference, from the mills of Inchiquin, from whence the lake I speak of was at least twenty-five miles distant, and in the following manner:—I got a large tin vessel made, which contained rather more than two gallons of water, the cover, to which there was a good fastening, was perforated with small holes, to admit the air, and in the lower part of the body of the kettle was a pipe, to let the water out.

The fry that I procured were not more than four or five inches in length—the number eighteen. They were carried by a man, who had directions, whenever he met running or fresh water, to immerse the kettle, so that it should be covered by the water, on each occasion taking out the plug first from the lower pipe, and letting in the fresh water from the upper cover, after which he stopped the

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pipe, until he again happened to meet fresh or good water, when the process was again repeated. The first day he made fifteen miles, and that night the kettle was sunk in a well. The next day the journey was completed—only one of the little fish was lost. The moment they were put into the lake, they rose at small flies, and in about three years some of them had attained a length of eighteen or twenty inches, and were very stout and well fed. There were no trout of that description then in that part of the country ; but they have been since frequently taken of a very large size in the different lakes and rivers with which this lake communicates.

So much for excellent breed ; and it is the same thing with dogs, horses, and men.

I think that since the union of this country with Great Britain, the English breed has materially improved—I mean as

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to the men, for the women were always good and charming; but Englishmen are now much more lively and affable, and less cold and fastidious, than formerly; and this is, perhaps, one of the reasons for my being at present a very decided anti-repealer. I hope forgiveness for this latter observation, it being the only political one I have hazarded in this work.

Some years ago, Doctor Inglis, of, I believe, the 93rd regiment, stated to me a very curious circumstance with respect to salmon fry, which I shall give without any comment. He said that a gentleman of his acquaintance, in Scotland, had a large lake on his property, which had no visible outlet or communication with any other river or lake, and that it belonged exclusively to him. He got a vast number of salmon fry, which he had carefully taken and put, alive and well, into the lake, and

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that in two or three years, though they had grown to the size of our peal, or small salmon—say from three to five or six pounds weight; yet they never attained to a larger size, being, however, excellent fish, and breeding freely. The Doctor was a gentleman of the strictest veracity; and I think the experiment is well worth trial by those who may possess waters similarly circumstanced.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

ON THE OTTER—A NEW SYSTEM OF ANGLING.

THE machine called an otter consists of a deal board, about four feet in length, and a foot, or more in diameter, shaped somewhat like the keel of a boat. One side of the board is much thicker than the other, and bored with holes about an inch in diameter, for about six inches in depth, into which lead is poured, which renders it steady in the water. The upper edge of the board is much thinner : three or four small holes are made in the centre of the side of the board, through which whip-cord is run, and it requires some dexterity to arrange these cords, as on them depends the success of its operation.

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To these cords is attached a strong cross-line, with any number of flies that may be deemed requisite, and it certainly will make its way against even a strong wind, and with such effect, as to fatigue the rower of the boat opposite, from which it is always keeping away.

It is a selfish and unsportsmanlike way of killing fish—rods are not necessary—a wheel and line, or a long cord, are sufficient, and one, or, at most, two persons, can manage it. There is no society; the tackling must be coarse, as the board generally acts the part of the angler: the flies—at least one-half of them—and the droppers, must be dragged through the water, and it will not do where there are weeds or rocks.

I regret its introduction, and repudiate the practice of it. One boat only is necessary. This mode of fishing is said to be

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much practised in Switzerland, where Mr. Armstrong learned it. I do not think that large trout or salmon could be taken in this way, without very coarse tackling.

From all that I can learn, not more than one trout, out of three or four, are ever killed, and scarcely ever a large fish; for when they race off, the boat cannot keep pace with their run: on the contrary, it keeps aft, so that many must be lost from the tearing of the hold, besides breakage.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON ANGLING WITH THE NATURAL FLY.

I MUST acknowledge that this kind of angling is not much to my liking; but as it is very generally practised, it must be expected that I should say something upon it. It is most easily practicable from bridges, from high banks, or from behind bulrushes or seeds: sometimes it may be practised, in high soft winds, on lakes, and is really effective in narrow rivers with the wind in your favour.

The best receptacle to keep the flies is a wooden box perforated with small holes—the gut used must be slight and strong, and the hook rather small, and light in the

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wire : if the fly be large, one will be sufficient ; if not, two ought to be put on—always taking care to pinch the head of the fly, to kill it in the first instance.

When a trout rises, don't attempt to strike until he pulls slightly, then raise your hand quickly, and you generally have him : the moth, the rust fly, the green drake, the stone fly, the oak fly, and the blue bottle, are best for this purpose.

If you have no wind and a bright day, and that you are near a good river, procure an assistant—tie a strong single gut casting line as a cross line between you, from whence have one long link depending, with a neat-tied small-wired single hook to it, on which you will put one or more of your natural flies : watch to see where a trout rises, and, if possible, drop it into the very break ; or if you can discover, while he is feeding on, how his head inclines, put it

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before his nose, and it is most likely you will have him. Late in the evening, when trout usually feed, this mode is a most certain one for taking them—that is, if there is no wind; whenever there is, I prefer the artificial fly. An eel fry fished with between waters, that is, a little below the surface, and with a small swivel, is excellent; and on the casting line there may be a pretty artificial drop fly, which, if you rise with, when the eel fry is drawn over the fish, he is very likely to take, and so if you reverse the position of the fly.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON THE DROMORE FLY, AND THE TYING OF IT.

I DO not think I have been sufficiently explicit upon the tying of this fly; so, having lately had a conversation with Mr. R. H——n, who had the most decided success with it, both for salmon and trout, on Delphi, last season, I purpose giving the fullest instructions for tying it correctly, in two different ways.

The general size is that of the peal, or small salmon-fly.

Bite your link, and tie up to nearly opposite the beard of the hook: put on yellow or silver tinsel for a tail; if silver, let your mohair tail be green and rough,

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but not too large; then put on three fibres of brown mallard as a jib; next add a deep red heckle, proportioned to the size of the fly; after which your yellow tinsel; then break your fur to the consistence and quantity you require, taking care to twist it well on the silk, and put it on carefully, and rather thinly, towards the tail part, but a little fuller towards the head. (You need not have been reminded, I presume, to have left a sufficiency of the shank of the hook bare, for the wing and head.) You then clip away any of the superfluous fur that may impair the proper lie of the heckle, which you then put on—each turn before every row of the tinsel, and two turns at the finish, and then turn your silk under the shank of the hook, and leave it there, which is the strongest way by far. Next, take as much peacock breast feather as you may deem sufficient to form

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the body of the wing, and tie it fast; after which, take a sufficient quantity of the brown mallard, to form each side wing, which you must take care to keep distinct from each other: fasten well, and clip properly: have some blue mohairs well broken for the head, which twist well on the silk, and put on, taking care not to have it too full; then take a pin, separate and double down the mallard feathers from the breast feather, and knot twice between them. Next, cut the silk, and do not break it off, as Corny used to do, without caring a damn, as he used to say, how long the fly lasted.

N.B.—The colours used for this fly are generally cinnamons, clarets, and browns of all kinds. The hare's ear are also excellent hues, in this way, and widgeon feather is sometimes used, though it is not equal to the mallard.

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ANOTHER METHOD.

After you tie a few turns on your hook and link, put on a somewhat smaller hackle, which leave lying down ; after which, proceed, as before directed, to form the tail and jib of your fly ; put on your tinsel, and twist your fur, or mohair, down along the hook, and when you come to the heckle. raise it gently, and put a couple of turns under it; then put on your tinsel, which should be narrow—four or five turns, at most, are sufficient : in this way there need be no more than one turn of the tinsel under the heckle, which you roll two or three times round the last row of the tinsel, and under the wing. This method seems most natural, as few natural flies have legs on more than one-half the body, next the head. I have often tied this de-

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scription of fly of two colours—for instance, the part next the tail cinnamon colour, and the part under the wing deep brown, or claret colour, and frequently gray, or hare's ear, next the tail, and brown under the wing. All descriptions of this kind of fly are excellent everywhere, and all shades of colour may be employed as I direct. Gold cord is sometimes substituted for tinsel, and answers well; but I generally prefer the tinsel. I have often tied a much smaller description of this fly, but all are difficult, on account of the obstinacy of the mallard feather, when dividing it, a circumstance which has induced me often to omit dividing the wing at all; and I believe it does just as well without it.

Mr. Terence O'Loghlen, brother to the late Master of the Rolls, once asked me for a pair of Dromore flies, which on getting, to my surprise, he took a bit of coarse

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waxed silk, and absolutely tied down the entire wing on the bow of the hook, at which I could not help laughing. In a few evenings after, I met him on the lake, when he told me that he had lost one of the flies in a trout, and broke the hook of the other in one near the tail of the fly, which he had still, and showed me; and then, absolutely before my face, rose two large trout, of course pulling what remained of the fly through their jaws. It may be considered extraordinary, that I have never since thought of a trial of this experiment: it certainly deserves it.

I have found the Dromore fly not only good on Delphi, but everywhere else. My friend Mr. P——, killed three salmon one morning, at Delphi, in the course of half-an-hour, with a small Dromore fly, at the head of the small lake immediately opposite the lodge—hooked and

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lost another, and rose some others. The fly was used as a dropper, and put upon the casting-line, contrary to the advice of the local fishermen.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

ON THE GROUSE, OR LOCHABER FLY—ITS VARIOUS KINDS AND SIZES.

THIS is also a very good general fly, and deserves particular notice, as it is excellent on all waters, for trout and salmon.

Try to procure an old cock grouse, which is much the best, as the fibre of the feather of the old birds is the largest and best coloured, just as the heckle of an old game cock is of greatest value (and here are, perhaps, two solitary instances of the greater merit of old cocks than of young ones); strip the feathers along the back, and down from the wing, and of all sizes, taking care to separate the

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right and left ones, which is best done by keeping them in two distinct papers, labelled right and left; and this direction is of importance, as to have the fly look well, the feather should be put on either right or left, according to the lie of it; if not, it will strut, and fall too much to the head. Now, as this fly depends entirely on the permanence of the wing, I always twist the silk, to form some kind of guard against the teeth of trout or salmon, and I have found this precaution effective for a considerable time.

In salmon-flies, thick gold cord is generally adopted, instead of tinsel, for the same purpose; but when the feather is once cut, there is an end to the fly; so that an angler should always have a good many of this description, both for trout and salmon.

The best colours are decidedly orange

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and yellow floss silk, though green is sometimes used. For salmon, I would always have a gold pheasant top-knot in the tail, and a few strips of the breast feather at each side of the wing, having first clipped half the feathers, to form the feet of the fly; then put on a few strips of brown pheasant: guinea-hen and macaw are to be put at each side, and headed with black ostrich, or blue or claret-coloured mohair For trout, the feather must be adapted to the size of the hook: add a little tinsel, white or yellow, for tail. The body to be put on twisted (always for trout); the feather then rolled on carefully before each turn, twisting it a little, till you observe it takes its proper lie: you then separate the part intended for the wing evenly, and the part for the feet you clip; then an ostrich or peacock heckle head, and your fly is finished.

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A good partridge feather, not too strong in the quill, is often as good—nay, sometimes better than the grouse, being tied in the same way. Both feathers are sometimes left entire and answer well, particularly in high winds, or in very rapid streams. The fine feather of the land-rail is also good for the same purpose, particularly in spring, as is the wren's tail doubled, that is, two put together, and rolled on a small-sized hook, over an olive body, without any wing, which is an excellent dropper, a use for which it is more adapted than tail flies, as the little feathers are apt to crack off.

N.B.—Four or five rows, and two additional near the head, are fully sufficient, on any of the Lochaber flies.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

NAVAN, THE BOYNE, STAKE-WEIRS, NETS, &c., VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

On the 27th of June, I left Dublin for Navan, having been requested by a particular friend to fish part of the Boyne, and give my opinion of it. On that evening we went to the part of the river under Blackcastle, at about nine o'clock, P.M., and on our arrival, found that Mr. Fitzherbert's sportsman had a small fish hooked, which he killed, after very long play—much longer, I think, than was necessary. It was then too late to expect anything in the way of sport.

Next day, at about 11, A.M., I set out

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to view the site of the famous battle of the Boyne, having with me a letter from Mr. P——, requesting permission from Mr. Coddington that I might angle there. On my arrival near this gentleman's house, I found he was not at home; but he shortly returned, and sent me the desired permission, with the exception of fishing near the weir, which was the only spot on which, as I afterwards found, there was a possibility of catching a fish. However I did not infringe the liberty granted me, and fished most diligently nearly to the obelisk, without seeing so much as a dimple on the water, except from a trout of about a pound weight, which I caught; and while I sat on the bank, six or seven net-fishers came down the whole way I had angled, in round horse-skin tubs (excellent bathing machines), without catching a fish of any kind; so that as, according to my old schoolmaster's

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doctrine, there was no such thing as catching fish where they were not, it had been pretty evident that my occupation for the last three or four hours was of a very unprofitable description.

Just under the obelisk the net-fishers were more fortunate, and caught five small salmon, or what I call peal, one of which I bought from a man amongst them, for half-a-crown ; but one of his comrades complaining that it was too little, I offered him a shilling more, which he flatly refused to take, nor would he suffer any of his companions to avail themselves of the additional price I tendered, notwithstanding my most earnest entreaty.

This was civil, if not virtuous, and I regret not knowing the man's name. I confess I was in a fret, at having been so uselessly employed for three or four hours, but endeavoured to make up for

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my lost time, by taking a close view of the battle-field. Now that I have inspected it, I fearlessly pronounce the opinion, that King William's position before crossing the river was excellent, and King James's decidedly bad, and by no means tenable against a good army well supplied with artillery, which, from being placed on a much higher eminence than King James's, must naturally have swept his whole line, and facilitated the passage of its own cavalry at the ford, which, at low water, is not more than two or three feet in depth.

From this it appears that the Irish army did not possess the means of effectually impeding King William's advance; but they could have easily taken a better position than the one they fought in, by retiring a little farther back. If Sarsfield commanded in chief, he showed little judgment in his choice of ground on this occasion, though

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certainly a braver man never lived. He was slain in the battle of Landen, one of the three great actions gained by Marshal Luxemburg over William. There is a picture of Sarsfield in the Museum of the King of the Belgians, at Brussels, under which are written the following very simple and affecting verses :—

> "Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,
> Who fought in the field like any thunder,
> One of King James's great commanders,
> Now lies a prey for crows in Flanders.
> Och hone, och hone, och hone!"
> (*The Irish Lament.*)

I hope to be pardoned this digression, and now resume my piscatory observations. The Boyne is a fine river—generally from forty to eighty yards in breadth—in some places more—for the most part, free from rocks, which is, however, so much the worse for the salmon, for rocks are a great impe-

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diment to net-fishing, which is practised almost everywhere along its banks, except in the immediate vicinity of Navan.

At Mr. Coddington's, near the obelisk is a regular stake-net barrier, which effectually prevents the passage of the fish any farther, except in very high floods. And who is to superintend the opening of the gaps, from Saturday evening to Monday morning?—the Commissioner, to be sure, whom it would be both unkind and uncivil to send away without his dinner, after his fatigue. And, surely, it cannot be expected, that after breaking up, he should, at 11 or 12 o'clock at night, revisit the weir, particularly in "stress of weather," or when "floods or storms" take place—occurrences evidently more likely now to happen than ever! Indeed, my Lord Eliot, the owners of stake-weirs and *several* fisheries ought to pray for you as long as fish are to be

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had, and anglers to be discountenanced, for you are their best benefactor.

During the high water, and in the spring, many salmon, some over twenty pounds, are taken in this river. This year, one man killed four in a day; but at this season the weeds are grown up, and the fish get sulky, and feed on the insects adhering to them. If this fine river was preserved, and a stop put to indiscriminate and constant net-fishing (for it is netted day and night), much sport might be had on it. The flies usually fished with here are gaudy, but not large, and single gut is sufficient, the river being clear and fair. The minnow and loach are also fished with, which is a pity, as nothing hurts fly-fishing more than the using these small fish.

The river at Trim, and still farther up, ought to be the best part; but I have learned that it is there encumbered with

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weeds. The whole course of the Boyne seems sluggish, with few rapids, or sharp streams: it follows that weeds grow most rapidly, so that the early season, that is, the months of March, April, and May, must be the best on this water.

On Friday evening we tried the stream in Mr. Fitzherbert's demesne, without success; it had been fished the whole day before our arrival, without a single rise. I should think that the general run of salmon-flies for the Fergus and Blackwater would be here as effective as any other: they scarcely ever use any but very bright-bodied flies. I saw several curious natural salmon-flies on the rushes; they were a very bright green, with double wings—one set about the middle of the fly—the other about the head, with large black eyes, which can be imitated by little beads; the wings perfectly circular, and the fly about

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an inch and a-half in length. I am told that it is a good trout river, and that parts of it abound with pike, perch, bream, and roach.

From the appearance of the water, which is darkish, I should recommend, in addition to the flies usually fished with, the following :—A good-sized fly, white tinsel, and yellow silk tail ; gold topping of the pheasant for a jib ; body light blue ; fur more than half-way down ; four rows of the white tinsel, without heckle ; then a bright brown heckle to cover the remainder of the body, which ought to be bright brown fur, tied down to where the wing commences ; the heckle to be rolled three or four times round, and no tinsel on this part of the fly ; the wing good brown turkey, or grey peacock, with a very small breast gold pheasant feather at each side of the wing ; guinea-hen and macaw for side feathers,

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divided from the wing at each side, with small blue mohair head.

A grey fly, or donkey's fur, with a very little bright brown fur mixed, tied nearly to the wing, in the same way, with tinsel, and without heckle; then bright brown, with heckle to the wing, and without tinsel on that part; same wing, side feathers, and head.

A green fly, orange tail white tinsel; jib, part of the gold pheasant breast feather, with a little parrot and guinea-hen mixed; body, the green herle of the peacock, rolled round the body, yellow tinsel, red heckle, orange mohair, or fur under the wing, which should be, for the most part, the herle of the peacock, as above, with strips of brown pheasant, macaw, and guinea-hen side feathers; ostrich feather head.

These flies I recommend, as it is not likely they are much fished with. Silk-

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bodied flies are so easy to be tied, and so commonly had, that I need say nothing of them, and fish are so fanciful as to be apt to seek after what is uncommon and rarely seen. Such is the way of our world, composed as it is of men and women, as well as of salmon and trout.

By the kindness of the Hon. Mr. P——, I was provided with letters to Mr. Lambert, Mr. Melville, Blake, and many other gentlemen, resident on or near the banks of the river; but my time was short. Mr. P—— was unable to accompany me; and, considering the efficacy of stake-weirs and nets, I prudently abstained from seeking for fish where the employment of these devices rendered it probable that I should have had my labour for my pains.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE BANN.

(Communicated.)

AMONGST the rivers which abound in the North of Ireland, and are generally favourable to the pursuits of the fisherman, the Bann claims a natural and just pre-eminence, as well from its noble dimensions, as from the variety in the inhabitants of its waters.

Having its source in the county of Down, it flows through part of Armagh, and skirts the counties of Antrim and of Derry, expanding into the largest lake to be found in the Islands of Great Britain, called Lough Neagh, and is lost, as it were, in the vastness of an inland sea. A few miles below Toome Bridge, where the waters of

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this lake again assume the river's form, it opens into a smaller one, more picturesque in its appearance, and affording the angler, at the Falls by Toome, an occasional change in his amusement, according to the variation of the breezes which may happen to play upon its surface.

From thence, pursuing its majestic course between fertile plains on either side, for several miles, it is at length broken into streams and rapids, at Portna, so far-famed and so celebrated for its trout-fishing. Still further down, this river becomes the principal feature in the romantic valley of Movanagher, where streams and rapids are again met with, inviting the sojourn of the angler at Kilrea, and not much more distant than Portna, from that spot, a village now rapidly improving under the care of Mr. Holmes, an English gentleman, who directs the affairs of the Mercers' Company

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of London, in that locality. Eleven miles from Kilrea we reach the Salmon Leap, above the town of Coleraine, and adjoining the beautiful seat of Henry Richardson, Esq. At the bottom of this fall the sportsman may have an opportunity of exhibiting his skill in the management of some of the largest fish he is likely to meet with, until he comes to Ballyshannon. The town of Coleraine, which is situated a mile further down, is well provided with hotels, of which Davock's, at the bridge, and M'Grotty's, in the Diamond, are the principal. Here, also, may be had the information and assistance of Mr. Daniel Edmiston, whose knowledge of the proper flies, and whose guidance will be found of the greatest service.

The salmon fishing of this river has hitherto seldom commenced before June, or, perhaps, July ; but the opening of the Queen's Gap, in the Cuts, by the late act

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of Parliament, has this year caused a wonderful increase in the number of early fish which have ascended the river. There are some two or three tolerable throws for salmon below Coleraine, but the principal one is at the foot of the Fall already mentioned. Under the former system, the fishing immediately above this Fall, for about a fortnight subsequent to the 12th of August, (at which time the cuts were taken up,) was particularly good, and it will probably still continue so, for the fish which at that time are making their way up the river in great abundance, for the most part stop, as it were, for a few days' rest after their exertions, and take the fly rather freely. Salmon and white trout are also caught along the river, near Gill's Ferry, by Sandmore, at Monaghan, and still more abundantly at Kilrea Bridge.

But it is for its native trout that this

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river is principally celebrated. They run from half-a-pound to two and three pounds weight, with others occasionally both of a smaller and larger size ; and the time of the sport to be derived from them, commences about April, though the prevalent easterly winds of that month, and the following, cause the month of June, with August and September, to be frequently more favourable to the angler in his vocation. The flies in use at the early season, are generally olives, hare's ear, and yellow, black, and red heckles, in trifling varieties, all with a light stare's wing. In June, July, and August, the same colours, with the addition of some brown and wren heckles, with the corn-creak's wing, I have always found most successful. The grouse heckle is frequently found useful in the after-season, and I can myself speak favourably of a claret hackle, fiery brown, and a small light olive fly.

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The amusement here is sometimes agreeably diversified by the lively white trout; and many an unwary salmon has paid the penalty of interfering with food intended for his more insignificant neighbours.

A small house on the Antrim coast, immediately over the fishing-ground at Portna, has often afforded accommodation to three or four gentlemen at a time; but those who wish for every comfort, had better drive at once to Adcock's Hotel, Kilrea, which is abundantly supplied with every thing requisite to make a sojourn there agreeable, and is by no means expensive. The hotel is within twenty minutes' walk of the river at Portna, and about two miles from Monaghan, which latter place is considered preferable for the early fishing of March and April. I had almost forgotten to mention, that the amusement at each of these places is of a most gentlemanlike descrip-

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tion, the sportsmen being attended by a man, who will point out the proper flies, and who manages a flat-bottomed boat, or cot, which is to be had at a moderate charge. This boat is so spacious, that two persons can fish from it at the same time—one perhaps, sitting on a chair in the bows—the other beside the boatman, or standing in the stern. The names of M'Intaggart and Henry are well known to all gentlemen in the habit of visiting the upper streams.

Pike of a large size are taken in the cliffs above Portna. There are also abundance of small perch; but these will only serve to beguile an hour or two, when the sun is too bright for trout to rise at the fly. Even in this case, however, when there is no breeze, the boatmen will often furnish such natural flies as will ensure tolerable sport, when the artificial imitation of them is of no avail. In conclusion, let the angler remember par-

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ticularly, that *a north wind* is the very best for trout fishing in this river.

THE BUSH.

As the Bann is celebrated for its native trout, so the Bush, in its vicinity, being about six miles from Coleraine, where it passes the town of Bushmills, is famous for its salmon and white trout fishing, and is, in consequence, much frequented by amateurs in this amusement.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE RIVER LEE, COUNTY CORK.

(Communicated.)

THE best fishing on this river is about nine miles from Cork; but there is excellent sport on the lower water, about four miles nearer to the city, in the neighbourhood of Ballincollig; and also where the Blarney river empties itself into the Lee.

The best flies found to answer generally, are half blue, half grey, with a jay heckle under the wing; the blue joint to be uppermost, and next the jib, and adjoining the grey, a small blue heckle. The joint should be composed of good blue silk that will stand the water; the grey joint should be composed of monkey's fur and hedgehog, with

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a silver grey, or what's called a cuckoo heckle. The jibs are light and mixed, breast feather peacock, mallard, and parrot, the wing with a little golden pheasant and parrot, and backed with mallard and blue macaw side feathers. Sometimes by way of change, a blood red, or amber coloured heckle is substituted for the jay.

A blue grey, and blue heckle to correspond; wing the same as the preceding.

A blue orange and grey—one half grey, half brown.

An entire grey, blood-red heckle under the wing—a four-jointed one, consisting of two green and two orange joints, with an ant brown heckle.

Blue, grey, and brown, an excellent one, particularly in beer coloured water; a golden olive, with an ant brown heckle under the wing.

The harvest flies are of the same patterns,

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but backed with brown, or golden pheasant tail feathers. The brown turkey tail feathers are equally good; but the turkeys in this locality are chiefly white.

TROLLING, OR SWIVEL-FISHING.

The tackling should consist of a strong treble gut casting-line, with about ten grains of duck shot attached, at proper distances, to the link to which the hook is attached: this for high water;—for low water, half the quantity will suffice. The casting-line should be at least seven feet in length: the smaller the bait the better, though it sometimes happens that a large gravelin or fry is preferred, if the weather is cold or tempestuous. It is unnecessary to describe callagh or loach-fishing. In high water the tackling should be strong; but when

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low, good single gut, with about six grains of single duck shot, is sufficient.

Blue-head, or lob-worm, well purged in moss—two or three of these, with a couple of grains of duck shot, attached within a foot of the hook, and tried very early in the rapid streams, and in the clearest water, have been frequently successful.

The rivers and brooks which fall into the Lee, and afford sport in the way of trout-fishing, are the Dripsy, the Southbride, the Blarney, and the Spourna.

REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR.

For my own fishing, I never would have more than two colours in the body of salmon flies, independently of the tail and head; nor would I have a heckle on more than half the body, on either salmon or trout flies, except when I used the jay feather,

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and this I would put over the wing, as a kind of cravat, before I put on the side feathers. It may be seen that the dragon-fly, and most other flies, have feet only near the head. As for the different ribs and heckles recommended in the foregoing part of this chapter, I only regard them as "the fancies of an idle brain;" and I am convinced that an angler following the directions heretofore given, for fishing the Shannon, Blackwater, &c., would fare as well on the Lee.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON THE DIFFERENT RIVERS IN THE CO. KERRY.

SEVERAL of these rivers are visited by the salmon at a very early period of the spring. Some even in January; and at those early seasons, notwithstanding the pig-headedness of many of the Kerry fly-tiers, gaudy and large flies ought to be angled with, particularly in deep currents or flats, and in turbid waters.

In my last chapters on the Blackwater, I stated that I had been laughed at, for using large and bright flies; but I was never without rather plainer changes, and of smaller sizes. In fine, I took care to have a large and a much smaller fly of all kinds:

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for instance, two black and orange, one two sizes less than the other—two entire orange of the same description—two entire black, one with an orange head, another dark blue head—two half green, half orange; the heckle black only on the orange part; all these gaudily tied.

For *plain* changes, two of grey donkey's fur; very little breast feather of the golden pheasant in the jib or wing; brown turkey feather, or mallard wing; macaw and guinea hen side feathers; blue or black ostrich head; one fly two sizes less than the other.

Two green olive flies, bright red or black colour under the wing; one two sizes less than the other.

Two sooty browns, a little orange under the wing, with a bright red heckle over the orange; all these rather plain winged, with but a little gold pheasant breast fea-

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ther in the wing, and guinea hen and macaw side feathers; dark blue mohair head; one of each two sizes less than the other.

It is needless to recapitulate the different shades of brown, cinnamon, and claret colours that may be tied in this way; but I beg leave to observe, that in the bodies of these plainer flies, I would only put gold or silver cord instead of tinsel. Let me here observe, that from what I have seen of the Kerry flies, the fly-tiers there either have not the proper materials for tying them, or are ignorant of the kind which ought to be angled with in the early spring. I have also seen some of their trout flies, of which I thought very little.

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CHAPTER XL.

ON ANGLING AND ANGLERS IN GENERAL—A PHILOSOPHICAL CHAPTER, AND PRESUMPTUOUS CRITICISM ON SOME OF THE WORKS OF A TOLERATED AND IDOLIZED BRUTE—VARIOUS HINTS—TRIALS OF TEMPER—PERSEVERANCE RECOMMENDED IN PREFERENCE TO PATIENCE—ALSO GOOD TEMPER, IF POSSIBLE—PRAISE OF ANGLERS—VIEW OF SOCIETY AND ITS VARIOUS GRADES—PIOUS ADVICE—AND THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY REFUTED.

"A WORM at one end of a pole, and a fool at the other." This piece of smartness is for ever in the mouths of those paltry pretenders to wit, who affect to deride a most fascinating and scientific pursuit. The definition has been by some falsely attributed to Dean Swift, who was himself an angler, and of whom tradition relates, that he often fished in that delightful brook which ran through the bishop's demesne at Glasnevin, when on visits to his friend, Dean

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Sheridan. It is really attributable to that great, corrupt, and unmannerly literary brute, Dr. Johnson, who, it is much to be lamented, did not make a tour through Ireland, where he might have acquired what he seems through life to have been very deficient in—good manners. Well may Peter Pindar's lines to Boswell be applied to him :—

> "Loud of his fame a hundred tongues have spoken,
> And wondered that his bones had ne'er been broken."

A great moralist he was truly ; but at the same time I ask, could any reasonable man living, read his greatest work, "The Rambler"—for an hour together, without getting a headache ? For my part, I could not, though he has made some amends in "Rasselas," a work which I am only surprised he ever wrote. He was an idol of the English—were they ever without one ?

Various are the attributes which a good

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angler must possess. He must be a philosopher—must know something of astronomy —must have quickness of intellect, great perseverance, good temper, decision, and sharp sight; he ought to be a good rower, and swim well; for he may at times have occasion to exert his aquatic energies for self-preservation. How often is philosophy necessary! A hook gets beyond the barb into your hand, finger, or perhaps your nose or lip. You can't get it out; if you are alone, bad enough; if in company, you must get the tying carefully cut off, after which the hook must be turned out point foremost, and the other way; all here depends on the goodness of the hook, for it can't be extricated the way it went in, without barbarous cutting, and, perhaps, not in the exact place; but when turned out properly, it is easily drawn forth, and no bad effects will follow, except the loss of the fly.

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Again, how often may you have a fine fish almost within reach, when your fly or hook flies into the air, or some bungler pulls the gaff across the line, and breaks all! Again, you set off from home in a great hurry, to get to a lake or river some miles distance, and find that you have left flies, trolling hooks, and all tackling at home, and what a pleasant walk you have back, cursing and growling the whole way; and devoting some person, who caused your inadvertence, to the especial custody of Satan! Again, you go with a party; the fishing is bad in the early part of the day; but when the sun declines, becomes excellent, when one of your companions takes his watch out, and declares for an immediate return, as you are expected at a certain hour, and the dinner will be spoiled; on this latter occasion, if you don't possess a good portion of philosophy, the temper of your mind may

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be guessed at pretty easily. So much for philosophy.

You must know the changes of the moon, and the particular times, when it has on fish, in the opinion of many, a very direct influence. On this subject I have, in the chapter on the weather, been very explicit, and I now conclude these observations, only stating that during the appearance of the great comet, some years ago, the angling on the lakes was bad throughout the whole season.

Several persons say they have not patience for angling : this is truly ridiculous ; we must have patience on all occasions ; but I think the word ought to be altogether expunged from the vocabulary of sportsmen, and the word *perseverance* substituted. If this quality is not inherent in a sportsman, he will be a bad hand at either shooting or fishing. How often after many hours of fruitless exertion without success, when all

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seems blank, may not a fine scull of trout with fins and tail over water, make their appearance, when, if a good angler, you pick up three or four of them in a few minutes, and bless your stars that you persevered to the end! It is just so with shooting: nothing should be given up: while there is day there is hope. So much for perseverance.

You must have decision, particularly if you angle for large fish where weeds and rocks abound. If for a salmon, and that he makes for rocks, it is probable that when he approaches them he may spring into the air, in order that on his descent he may get more deeply under them, which, if he does your line is instantly cut. In this case, if you cannot stop him in his run, which is at all times difficult, endeavour to take him exactly at his elevation in the spring to pull him towards you. If you succeed at that

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moment, his defeat is almost certain, for he must pause; but this feat cannot be accomplished with slight tackling. On the other hand, letting the line run, and giving a slack, as I have already observed, often checks the run of a large fish, and makes him return to you. If he does, you must try the butting system, and if possible not let him get from under the bow of the rod. These observations hold equally good as to trout. These fish generally make for weeds, which, when they approach, they often give a spring, for the purpose of imbedding themselves; and if you have a sufficient quickness to take them at their elevation in the spring, and check them from the weeds, they are sure to give in. They get a crick in the neck, and do not try the experiment a second time. So much for decision.

You must, or ought to have good temper,

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particularly if you fish with bunglers or beginnrs; and though you feel many mental pangs at their frequent and gross mismanagement of fish, cracking off flies, entangling constantly with you, perhaps destroying the sport altogether, you should have pity and forbearance; should direct and advise them, and recollect the days of your youth, when you were, most probably, a fruitful source of annoyance to others under similar circumstances. Various are the additional vexations sportsmen may be subjected to; such as wet and stormy weather, breaking of oars, often obliged to land on a lee shore, having several miles to walk, without remedy, perhaps wet to the skin; drunken boatmen, (thanks to Father Mathew, such persons are not now to be seen)—all these, and many more crosses unnecessary to state, are the lot of anglers and fowlers, to all of whom I recommend a

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quiet and thankful temper; though my *preaching* may, I doubt not, be better than my *practice*, as some of my friends, perhaps justly, imagine. And so much for good temper.

I will now conclude this long chapter by a cursory notice of anglers, as men; and I do assert, that I have almost invariably found them persons of good and charitable dispositions, possessing mild, though firm tempers, sharp and intellectual minds; incapable of committing base and ungenerous actions; much inclined to the heavenly passion of love; free from the debasing vice of avarice; lively and light-hearted; agreeable and intelligent. The very pursuit, while it demands the possession of intellect, must sharpen it. Were I to select the professions among the members of which I have met the best men, and the most skilful anglers, I would certainly name

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the army and the law. I mean the highest branch of the latter; as for the attorneys, with many honourable exceptions, they are an incorrigible race. Indeed I have rarely seen any of them who could angle at all, perhaps, only one; and he was a sinister biped (left-handed.) They are, for the most part, devoted to worldly gain; and, as Giles Daxon used to say, will never give a direct answer to a question.

Few merchants are good anglers. I have met but two or three: one a near relation of my own, who now, however, thinks such a practice beneath his crown and dignity. Let us charitably hope that is, because he has not time.

I cannot dismiss this subject without a word or two on the score of health; because I feel convinced that angling is much the most healthful of our sports. The exercise is not too great, except, perhaps,

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in salmon fishing, and then how much it adds to your strength; and after some days of this sport with a strong rod, how light all that you handle appears! If you angle on lakes, you usually row more or less, and then all your muscles and sinews are in constant employ. The very walking to and from a river is wholesome and strengthening, and it certainly gives much greater occupation to your perhaps unquiet thoughts than any other amusement. Are you in grief, in perplexity, in distress? take your rod, walk to a river or lake. It may be, that, like the princes in the Arabian nights, you may chance on mortals more wretched than yourself; but, go on—fish away—rise or hook a salmon—catch him or not—at all events, you will return in a better state of mind than when you set out: or, if the day be wet, get out your tackle, and set about tying flies, mending a rod or looping

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it, new knotting your casting-lines; and when all is done, thank the Almighty that your lot is so much better than many who are more deserving, and possess fewer comforts. Then, if you have good sport, how delicious to be met by your children at the gate! The bag is emptied; the large purple-speckled trout admired and weighed; a neighbour comes in—a bet made about it; the trout finally dressed, and washed down, but not with water.

Many very sensitive persons assert that angling is a cruel sport, and so it is in some degree; but is not almost every act of our lives cruel? All animals fall beneath our wants, or our caprice; but if a justification for any of our sports can be pleaded, it must be for angling; for even nature points it out to us. There is not an insect, from the butterfly to the little midge, which has but a few hours' existence, which we can-

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not imitate in shape, colour, and appearance, with furs, mohairs, and silks; with feathers from the radiant plumage of the pheasant, macaw, cockatoo, peacock, or other gaudy birds, to the humbler wing of the mallard, rale, partridge, bittern, caprimugus, starling, wren, thrush, &c. Even the spotted brown-turkey feather has its merit, used as a substitute for the brown tail feather of the golden pheasant; this latter is difficult to be obtained. Then we have gold and silver cord and tinsel, to imitate the ribs of each fly; the heckles of the cock, rook, plover, grouse, &c. to supply the appearance of feet; little beads to form the eyes of some of the larger description of flies, and the fine and strong gut of the silk-worm to tie them on.

Now, in no other sport is the intention of the Almighty so plainly distinguishable. Besides, as Isaac Walton (I believe) says,

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angling is as old as the creation. Canst thou fix a hook in the nose of leviathan ? (harpoons were then not known.) Let it be also recollected, that fish are cruel and rapacious animals. I shall here say nothing of the pike : but observe yon golden butterfly sailing down a river, in as great glory as Cleopatra on the silver Cydnus—a salmon or large trout instantly gobbles it up, or, from sport or mischief, if not hungry, gives a flap of its tail, and drowns the lovely insect. Then the fry, and smaller kinds of all fish, are devoured by their own kind ; nor can it be denied that a little mouse, swimming by the nose of that fine and cleanly fish, the trout, would have a very poor chance of escape, particularly in the cold months. Away, then, with the nonsensical cant of cruelty. All things were granted for our use ; but we should never abuse the gifts of Providence, or be unnecessarily cruel.

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CHAPTER XLI.

VARIOUS NOTICES OF ESTIMABLE PERSONAGES, GOOD AND PROMISING ANGLERS, MET WITH BY THE AUTHOR IN VARIOUS PLACES.

I NOW come to notice a few excellent and distinguished persons, in whom I have observed a peculiar aptitude for the sport of angling. When in America, I met Major (now I believe General) Egerton of the 29th regiment of foot, a gallant soldier, and an excellent angler, who, on his quitting that country for the peninsular war, gave me, in full sovereignty, a house and some land, which he had (in the phrase of the country) *settled.* It was at a place called Nine-mile-river, about six miles from Halifax, and was remarkable for good white

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trout fishing. This place I never had the good fortune of even seeing, our duty being most severe, nor did I angle more than one day, and then for a few hours only, on a small lake, within about two miles of Halifax. On this day I caught five middling-sized brown trout with a small Dromore fly, and though I tried many others, no other kind would do. I state this as a very remarkable circumstance, and fully indicative of the general merit of this fly.

I have, within the last few years, fished Inchiquin for a short time with Lord Howth and Mr. Frank Sheridan; the latter of whom is, I regret to say, since dead. Lord Howth, Mr. M'Donnell, and Mr. Finucane fished together, and I could perceive that his lordship, if not an experienced angler, was a very quick and decided one; for he caught two or three trout, and good ones, among weeds. He played them well. Mr.

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Sheridan had never before handled a rod; yet, after a few directions, threw the line extremely well, and caught two very fine trout, which he played most correctly. I have never met more promising anglers than the two I mention. Mr. M'Donnell did not seem to be much interested in the sport, and dreads wet, as he is subject to the gout. Mr. Finucane is certainly a good angler, though apt soon to tire and give up. He is a capital whip, can drive any number of horses in a team, and is most careful, without being in the least nervous or unsteady in any exigence. It is an undoubted fact, that all persons who can drive well, throw a line exactly, and very shortly become capital anglers, provided only that they have due perseverance, and commence their occupations where fish are plenty.

I must here confess to one essay in the art of driving in my younger days, in

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which I certainly overrated my charioteering powers.

In the far-famed city of Limerick, I put two very strong wild horses to a nice phaeton, belonging to a maternal relation of mine, and set off for Ennis; the only mode of action which I understood being, when one of the horses went too fast, to flog the other to keep pace with him: it followed that my progress was rapid, though fortunately, unattended with any casualty, beyond running over two or three passengers, (a circumstance, in those days, not to be heeded); until, turning a corner, at the village of Clare, where a cursed May-pole was firmly imbedded in stone and mortar, and not having calculated my distance, I was upset, thrown to a considerable disance, and nearly killed—while the vehicle was dragged a long way, and almost completely destroyed.

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In this rough way I was cured of my early propensity—for both the consideration of its danger to my bodily welfare, and its eventual mischief to my worldly prosperity, had their due influence on me; and hence I derive a lesson for all, that, though a good whip may, by a little instruction, become a good angler—yet it does not follow that a good, or even a great angler, can pretend to be a good, or safe driver, without due training.

Therefore, dear friends, learn wisdom, and eschew driving two or more horses, till you are properly trained, and can master one effectually. Let me here add some hints:—Try not stroakall fishing in the rapids of the Shannon, lest you chance to fare as badly as I have done. Suffer not guns to be carried in your boats, nor be attended by dogs of any kind, on lake or river, when you angle—you may as well have otters alongside of you.

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When returning from Connemara, after my first visit, I met Mr. Pigot, of the Queen's County, who, I am convinced, is a prime angler, and who had been in Sweden, where the salmon fishing is superb, and the run very large; he had himself killed one of forty-eight pounds. He considered the natives to be bad, coarse anglers. Strange to say, he had been refused leave to fish at Mr. Martin's; but there must have been some mistake, as it is the only instance I could learn of permission being refused by that gentleman, when properly sought for. He killed vast quantities of small trout on the different lakes in the neighbourhood of Flynn's hotel, where he lodged, but caught no fish of any size—the white trout and salmon not being suffered to pass the weirs till after the 12th of August.

Captain Francis M'Namara would be a good angler if he had practice; he throws

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a line well, and has fished very respectably with me on Dromore, where, on one occasion, he killed three fine trout, and I only one. Mr. Armstrong fishes well; but I can't forgive his introduction of that ill-favoured machine called the otter, which I have treated so unceremoniously in one of the foregoing chapters. Mr. A—— has been in several parts of France, Germany, and Switzerland; and in all these countries it does not seem that the art of angling is at all well understood, particularly with the artificial fly; and their attempts at tying are truly ridiculous and clumsy. He informed me that in some places the idea of taking trout with any thing but the natural fly or a bait was ridiculed, until fine dishes of trout were produced to the astonishment of the natives, taken with Irish flies, chiefly of the Inchiquin and Dromore kinds.

In Canada the fishing is splendid; and

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from the many orders from thence and the United States, to the Limerick hook-makers, it is to be presumed the art is progressing. The run of salmon in that country is very large, and there are immense trout in the lakes.

Some dreadful accidents have occurred by the practise of taking guns in your boat while fishing. About two years ago, a poor man was shot upon a small lake near Corofin, while a party were duck shooting.

You may very probably, perhaps often, break a hook in the jaw of a salmon, or leave a fly in it, in the act of striking, or snap your casting line, or even break your wheel line in the same act, or, it may be, your rod: yet all these are venial offences compared with the enormous guilt of giving a large fish *slack line*. This is the greatest piscatory crime an angler can be guilty of, and is not to be forgiven, except in one

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uncommon and solitary case, which may seldom occur, but where it is necessary, as I have explained in one of the chapters on salmon fishing. If a salmon has a slack line amongst rocks, you are done with him; if a large trout amongst weeds, you are done with *him* too, most probably; therefore, beware—you have no excuse if you have a good wheel, and do not use your fingers as if you were wheeling up a jack spit. Should you be on land, and hard pressed, run back, always taking care that there are no bog holes or drains behind you; but if you are in a boat, make the rower or rowers keep off, till you have your rod well bent on your victim. If all these instructions, particular as they are, fail to keep you from this crime, may you lose your flies and fish in rocks and weeds, and your hat and gloves in the water!—may the rain find its way into your sleeve!—

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may you forget your cigar case and dram bottle !—and, finally, when you wash your face after coming in, may your shirt sleeves drop into the basin you are using !

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CHAPTER XLII.

ANGLING WITH A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE HIGHEST PROMISE, NOW NO MORE—LUDICROUS INCIDENT—LAMENT FOR MR. CROWE'S EARLY DEATH.

As I write not only for effect, and the instruction of my brother sportsmen, but for their entertainment, I will here relate an adventure that occurred to the late Mr. William Crowe, and me, on the Lake of Inchiquin.

We were angling together one day, to little purpose, the wind having died away, and not being provided with any trolls, (it was early in the month of June,) but having only a nice cross-line, and being driven to extremities, we arranged it at last with a set of small flies, and Mr. Crowe

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took the shore of part of the lake which was tolerably clear of weeds and rushes. We had not proceeded long in our avocation, when I caught a trout of nearly three pounds weight, which I put into my bag—Mr. Crowe being without bag or basket, and having a very small landing-net. Shortly after, Mr. Crowe caught two more of somewhat larger size, which were landed by his attendant with much difficulty, after which I proposed to near the shore, and take in the two trout. This he declined, saying that he would join me in the boat at the Castle, which we were now approaching When we arrived at it, in a very shallow spot, inside the weeds, and quite unexpectedly, he got hold of an enormous trout, (at least, for Inchiquin, where very large trout are not often met,) which he played remarkably well—bringing him, at last, near Morony, Mr. Armstrong's sportsman, who

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was also fishing on this day, but whose boat was some distance from us. He essayed to put the large trout into the little net, but to no purpose, the trout tumbling out repeatedly, when Morony attempted to clap the net down on him. At this, there was a general outcry, and much cursing; I, all the time, holding the flies from the weeds, but unable, from being more than forty yards from the shore, to give any other assistance. Mr. Crowe's man ran for the large net, Morony stood stupified with maledictions and abuse, still trying to land the large trout—when, amidst this scene of confusion, two large cur dogs rushed forth, seized and carried off the two fine trout which had been previously killed, and made away with them—William Crowe still holding the large trout. Great as was my affliction, I could not forbear laughing immoderately. The man

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at last arrived with the large net, and the trout was landed, which weighed six pounds. A general chase of the dogs ensued, but one only of the trout was rescued, and that in a most mutilated and mangled state. The other was regularly devoured notwithstanding the ardour of the pursuit. In about two hours after, hill and dale resounded with the cry of the punished dogs, which had ventured to return before the sun had set upon the anger of their pursuers.

Mr. Crowe is now no more : he died young, and happy are those who die young. He was a fine and a good young man, an excellent angler, and my constant companion in our excursions. He was intended for the Church, but his natural bias was to the army, and it was with much difficulty he could be persuaded to give his consent to be a clergyman. I believe I was, in a great degree, instrumental in influencing his decision. He would

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say, "How can I conscientiously declare that I don't embrace this profession from worldly motives, when I have to step into almost a sinecure of eight hundred a year?" I undertook to combat his reasons, by placing in contrast the mischief, misery, and fatigue of a military life.

He died of a painful and lingering disorder, regretted and admired by all who were acquainted with him. He would, had his life been spared, have been an ornament to the profession he was about to embrace, and to society in general. I fear I may incur censure for my moments of moralizing; but when I remember those young and old, who have fallen around me, "like leaves in wintry weather," I cannot abstain from occasionally indulging the vein. Many friends still remain to me—some of the best of them—long may they survive to cheer me!

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CHAPTER XLIII.

INSTRUCTIONS TO ANGLERS AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF THE YEAR—WINTER—SPRING—SUMMER.

WHEN all kinds of angling are, or ought to be at an end, at least for trout or salmon, (pike are in season and excellent during the winter months) look to your rods. If the splices are loose, let them be glued afresh; if loops are wanting, let them be put in, and tied carefully, as well as the splices, with good strong waxed silk; after which take some good boiled oil, and rub it lightly and evenly on your butts and tops, hanging them up separately, the tops depending from a string fastened to your top loop—the butt from a string put through the hole in which

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your wheel was placed. The room or place fitted for this purpose should be kept free from dust, or the meddling of idle persons, and the nails or hooks from which the rods hang, should be strong and firmly fixed, and the longer the rods are left unused the better, as, when sufficient time is given to harden it, the oil is preferable to varnish, which is apt to peel off. By the ensuing spring, all will be well seasoned, and perfectly impervious to wet. The wheels and lines should be put by carefully and separately, the lines rolled on little open frames, and hung up in places where children or mice can't get at them.

When the weather is wet or cold, or if if you have nothing else to do, get out several links of gut, and many hooks of various sizes, set about tying them up, put on various tails and jibs, both for trout and salmon, adapted to the size of the hook, or

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the fish intended to be angled for; after which rub the arming and tying carefully and nicely with good varnish, nearly to the tail of the intended fly, but no farther, and take care the varnish does not touch the jib; by this mode a great advance will be made towards the completion of any fly you prefer, or that you have found a killing one the previous season, and if you are blessed with an amiable wife or daughter, she will be of the most efficient service, and she may, in a little time, particularly if well-tempered, arrive to a very great degree of excellence in fly-tying—a delightful and entertaining study, and one which she will find fully to occupy her mind while engaged in it.

As the season comes round, it is strongly recommended that the angler should recollect the directions given for the early and late salmon fishing—that is, for the spring

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and summer months. The flies used in the Shannon, in the months of February, March, and April, will answer equally well in the northern rivers, particularly at Ballyshannon, which is super-excellent fishing ground. The flies need not be so large, but in these early months must be gaudy, with a few plainer changes. When the season advances, the directions which apply to the Blackwater, the Lee, the Suir, and the Nore, will have their due effect.

Let it be always borne in mind, that in all rivers which salmon face early in the spring, if they are not taken, it is the fault of the angler who does not try for them with proper baits or flies, or who mistakes the colour, the size, or the gaudiness of the fly fit to be used according to the colour of the water; or the proper baits, which are then (in the spring months) small trout, gravelin, (or par) fry, and loaches.

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CHAPTER XLIV.

MECHANICAL DIRECTIONS—TO SPLICE A LINE—OF TEMPERING HOOKS—OF DYING HECKLES—TO MAKE A CROSS LINE—TERRIFIC CROSS FISHING—INCIDENT OF A NEWLY INVENTED HOOK.

If the line be a twisted one, open the different strands of each end, which you can do by untwisting, and cut off a little bit of each strand, so that they may lie in smooth to one another; after which, if you are alone, get a strong pin, and stick it into your pantaloons near your knee; about which pin put three or four turns of one end of the line, adapting the distance to what you find convenient; after which take a thread of well waxed silk of any colour but black, (for black is always greasy) and tie the two ends which had been opened carefully and

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exactly, beginning a little below where you had opened them, and ending next yourself where the opening ceases ; after which loop and fasten the lines, rub down the tying first with a little wax, and then, with the handle of your knife ; after which, varnish well, rubbing on the varnish with your thumb and fore-finger. If you have an eight-plat line, you must open the plats with a pin, and act as above directed.

OF TEMPERING HOOKS.

As it is probable that many occasions may occur on which a knowledge of this very necessary process may be required, and as I do not judge it right to give any directions for making either them or rods, lest I should be thought to interfere with the tradesmen, I give the following directions which may be found of service in cases of

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emergency. If some of a parcel are soft, as will often happen in the temper, or that the points may have been broken, or that you are somewhere where you cannot procure any, or that you do not like the shape of those you have; in these latter cases, first soften the hooks, for doing which you will find directions by-and-bye, then sharpen the points which, must be done with a very fine cut small, half-round file; have a cast iron small square ladle with a long handle, into which put your hooks; after which put them into a clear turf fire, that produces white ashes, and not yellow, and when you find that the hooks assume a blood-red appearance, dip them instantly into a bowl filled with cold water, and when you take them out of the ladle, try with a knife whether it scrapes them; and be careful how you handle them, for, if hard, they are brittle as glass. If they scrape, they are

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not hard enough, and you must repeat the process until they are. You must next have a flat, even board, on which put some sea sand, or pounded brick bat, and rub each hook carefully until it assumes a bright appearance, by doing which you will soon perceive the blue appearance in the temper. You must also have a long-handled square of iron, which should be at the large end about four inches in length, and three in breadth, and about half an inch in thickness: this you are to put into the fire, where it is to remain until sufficiently, but not too hot. This you will be able to judge of, by rubbing a bit of tallow to it, which, if it lights, it is too hot, except for very large hooks. You then put on the iron as many hooks as you can examine at a time, and when they turn to a light blue or sanguine colour, tip them with the tallow, or bit of small candle, and as soon as it dries on the hooks throw them

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off, and let them cool before you try them. The flat part of the iron should be perfectly smooth. In this way if the iron cools too much, it can be easily re-heated, and before the hooks are put on, should always be rubbed clean to take off the ashes. It is unnecessary to state to an angler the different degrees of heat required for large and small hooks, or the absolute necessity of trying every hook before a fly is tied on it, which can be best done by sticking the point of a hook into a deal board or table, (but not into a mahogany or oak one, which are too hard timbers for the purpose, and may break the points of even good hooks.) You will, by this means, judge whether sufficient permanence and elasticity has been attained.

As I am on this subject, I can confidently recommend to my readers, Mr. Ettingsall, of No. 12, Merchants' Quay, Dublin, as a maker of hooks. He has adopted my plan

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of making hooks, at additional trouble and expense, and has perfectly succeeded in the shape. He is a civil, obliging man, not at all mercenary, and will obey instruction, which few of his trade will do. He is well supplied with all angling apparatus, and will not disappoint his customers, unless they are very impatient. He has already had more orders for hooks of the new pattern than he is able to furnish; it being seen that they possess the additional advantage of giving much greater facility to the fly-tier, and of not being so apt to wear the arming of the link. The best German steel is used, and the hooks are filed from bars, as in the Limerick way. The Dublin hooks are formed from wire, are often bearded and pointed carelessly, and rounded in the shank—a very great inconvenience to fly-tiers.

If you wish to change the shape of your

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hook, first put them into the ladle above described, and insert it into a clear turf fire until they assume a blood-red colour, take them up, and let them cool; they are then quite soft, you can shape them with a plyers to any form you wish; after which again put them into the fire, and obey the directions given above.

OF DYING HECKLES.

If yellow, procure as many of the heckles of an old white cock as you may want; sort them as in sizes, first stripping off the superfluous down near the butt, and tying by the said butts closely together the different sizes, if soiled or dirty they should be carefully washed in soap and water, and suffered to dry gradually. Make a solution of strong alum water, which boil, and then immerse your heckles for three or four minutes, adding as much turmerick as

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will give the colour you desire; and when you find they have taken the dye properly, dip them in very cold water, and suffer them to dry in the air, or near a sunny window. Red heckles dyed yellow in the above way are excellent on almost every description of fly, particularly olives of all shades. It is to be remarked, that the feet of almost all natural flies are lighter coloured than the bodies; perhaps this circumstance may account for the superiority of the red heckle dyed yellow over most others. Of dying greens, reds, clarets, and various other colours I shall say nothing, for the best of reasons—my want of knowledge of the subject; but as alum is the basis on which all dyes are made permanent, it can be by no means very difficult to gain information as to forming the other shades of various colours from hatters, wool-dyers, or even milliners.

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TO MAKE A CROSS LINE.

And now, not having the fear of Sir M——l, or Mr. J——n H——n, before me, I will give the best instructions I can for making this apparatus, so necessary to all anglers, particularly to those who may be driven to extremities.

Get a silk line thirty yards in length, which tie to a branch of a tree, and stretch it well to take out the twist; if it has been oiled (the mode of doing which I have before described) so much the better. Have fourteen S's,* with the loops neither too big nor too snall. They must be a little wider than the thickness of the line, but not much. If you have an assistant, so much the better—

* Small steel wire hooks by which the droppers are attached to a swing on the cross line—so called from their resemblance to the letter S.

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if not, a strong pin in the knee of your pantaloons will render you independent.

Let the line be coiled up between your little and forefinger rather carelessly, then string up the S's on the line behind your hand, or to your left; then begin putting on your first s, leaving five or six inches for your first loop, then have some pretty strong silk, well waxed, and lie it closely and carefully on the line for about two inches or a little more, this is called arming the line, and fasten well. Then make a knot on the line where the loop is or ought to be, and take care that the knot is on the armed part of the line; then slip down your s, and make another knot beyond it, nearer to yourself, also on the armed part, (it is a great mistake to make the knot beyond the armed part on the plain line, and this mistake Ettingsall committed in his cross line; the arming makes it stronger, and the knot, which

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must be only single, more distinct.) You now have your first s up; you then measure a fathom, or six feet, which is a sufficient length, on the line towards yourself, and proceed in the same way, taking care that no more than one s is let down at a time, and keeping the remainder to your left, towards yourself; in this way you go on arming, knotting, tying, and letting down S's, every six feet, and when your line with the S's that have been put on is getting to a length, you can make a small roll of it on a bit of a paper, or a little card, which will facilitate your knotting. In this way when you have fourteen S's up, which I consider enough for a cross line, put a loop at each end, to which single swivels are to be attached, and your cross line is finished; but you must, either with nice varnish, or well boiled oil, rub well under the S's, in order that they should not too quickly wear

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away the silk tying, and there is no harm in repeating this process more than once.

I have already directed how the droppers should be made. They are usually of slight, silk line. Mine are always of gut, which are more expensive, but fish better, and are not so liable to twist. Many use brass wire under the S's ; but I prefer silk, conceiving it does not corrode the line so quickly as the brass wire ; and when the silk wears, it may be armed again ; but it cannot be expected that a light cross line at hard work such as we had, can be very permanent, or last for more than one or two seasons, at most.

These directions will answer as to the length of any cross line ; for a river five flies are sufficient, except it be very wide. I will here relate a curious adventure which took place on the river Donbeg or Cooraclare, an excellent salmon river, but very foul and

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full of stumps. I had lost so many flies and salmon by these stumps that I determined on cross fishing it, and I got a tolerable angler in my neighbourhood to accompany me.

We had a strong five-fly cross line, with silk line droppers, and our flies on all good three-gut ; and came on an excellent reach, with a fine breeze against the current, which was slight. We had only just commenced, when a large flock of tame geese flew very swiftly over the river, and in a direct line with our cross line. We most unfortunately raised our hands, and instantly had three of them firm.

It is almost impossible to describe the scene—splashing, swimming, flying, running up and down the river for nearly an hour ; and, to complete our confusion, at my companion's side, a set of outrageous women, hearing the noise and outcry, came down,

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and if they could have got stones, would have annihilated him, charging him as the cause of the state their geese were in. At length he was forced to run for his life, having cut the line and the concern at once. At length (but not until the geese were nearly dead) I contrived to land the line, and with great difficulty extracted the flies. The reach was destroyed, my companion had fled, the wind fell away, and I walked disconsolately to the village of Cooraclare, about a mile distant, where I was glad to take some rest after the great fatigue and vexation I had undergone.

At length sunset approached, a little breeze had sprung up—it just struck me that if there were salmon on the reach just mentioned, they might, by that time, have recovered from the fright and confusion they must have been thrown into by the geese incident. Away I darted to the spot, and

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had not taken six throws, when I got hold of a most noble spring fish! Up and down I played him for nearly half-an-hour, holding him well from the stumps; and I at length gaffed him; but off he carried my gaff, it having got loose from the stick. I had struck him, however, through the bone near his tail, so that he soon turned on his side, and I drew him at last to shore. He weighed *twenty-four pounds!* I had now, at near nightfall, five miles to return, over bogs, hills, and rivers, to my home, unattended as I was; but I was then young and strong, and thought nothing of it. Now *quantum mutatus.*

I was once much entertained by the efforts of an angler to make a cross line. He put up and enclosed his first s very well; but having forgotten at first to put his remaining s's on the line behind his hand, of course the knots prevented his

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going further. He then asked what he should do. I directed him to begin at the other end, and he accordingly did exactly as at his first commencement. Not another S was it practicable to put up. He gave it up in a rage, and I suffered him to burst in his ignorance.

OF A NEWLY INVENTED HOOK.

This is a hook with an eye in the shank. It is another Scotch invention, and as to its usefulness may be placed on a par with the newly invented mode of breeding salmon. Any fly tied on a hook of this description must be clumsy. It is liable to drop back on the link; the knot is more likely to wear than on an armed link, and the body of the fly will probably disappear altogether, if the shank is not lined with waxed silk. There is also another disadvantage: if you

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have not every thing laid out, and ready to put on, and if you have to look for any article, you must knot, for there is no link to hold, and you cannot turn under the shank ; at best, it is but a paltry saving, and though it may answer tolerably for a cross line, for throwing nicely it is too heavy. A large-sized description of this kind of hook answers well for trolling, and a middling-sized one will do for retaining the head of the bait in its proper position, and may be used for the head of the shrimp to keep it firm, after having inserted the first hook in its tail, as heretofore directed.

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CHAPTER XLV.

A LIST OF NECESSARY ARTICLES WITH WHICH EVERY GOOD ANGLER SHOULD BE PROVIDED—TOGETHER WITH DESCRIPTIONS AND PATTERNS OF SOME VERY KILLING FLIES.

A SMALL one-handed plane, with a double iron, and an iron sole.

A large coarse cut file, and a smaller and finer cut one.

A good chisel, and two or three half round fine cut files, small size.

A watchmaker's microscope, particularly useful in the inspection of natural flies, and a great assistance in their imitation.

A large knife with a saw in one end, and a strong blade in the other—the want of which instrument is often sorely felt, if an oar pin breaks under the rowers' hands on a

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lake, and that you happen to be on a lee shore, pretty well tired, with a long walk home.

A good penknife and scissars; a small hand-vice, and a neat plyers, with two rounded points, to bring any hooks you choose to soften, to the shape you prefer.

Some good well-soldered loops for your rods; some tyers, that is, bits of thin sheet copper, properly cut to fasten them in; and some solid loops.

Some good glue, some boiled oil, and a couple of little bottles of varnish, which you must keep well corked, and which must be always warmed when you are about to use them, either near a fire, or by being put into boiling water.

Coarse and fine silk thread of all kinds; orange and yellow are best for fly-tying. Crimson looks well on a rod. Good shoemaker's wax; if you can, purloin a small

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ivory paper-knife, from a literary character. Cut a little notch in the top of it; it will do better than a stick to push down your hook, before extracting it from the tongue of a trout or salmon. Have your priest, or short stick always at hand in bag, basket, or boat. A good No. 1 canvass bag, and a tolerably sized basket, for eatables and drinkables. It is quite unnecessary to say any thing of rods, wheels, hooks, lines, gaffs, or landing-nets—all these being the principal items in your preparation, and already particularized. But, as I am not altogether a Mathewite, I recommend, besides a supply of cigars, a well-covered, well-sized dram-bottle, tolerably full..

SOME PATTERNS OF APPROVED FLIES.

The Dromore-sized fly, yellow tinsel, and rough yellow mohair tail; mallard-

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feather jib, with the silk turned under the shank.

Rather smaller size, white silver cord, rough green tint, same jib.

Same size, white tinsel, smooth green silk tail, same jib.

The above three in their incipient state of tying—the latter with deep-brown body, red heckle from the tail.

Same size and colour, with rough yellow mohair tail, and same jib—red heckle.

The Dromore fly perfect. The pattern should be good.

Small size Dromore fly—both having been often fished with.

Brown Westmeath fly, red eyes in the head.

Brown rush Westmeath fly, rale feather from the right and left wing.

Claret-colour Dromore fly, widgeon wing and jib.

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Inchiquin twist-bodied fly, cinnamon colour body, red heckle, rale wing, and breast feathers peacock, and peacock herle head.

All these patterns are excellent on lakes, and on many rivers. The size may be varied more or less, according to circumstances. The silk is left under the shank of the unfinished patterns, as a direction to young fly-tiers. See the different instructions.

Lochaber grouse, middle size, which can be also varied as to its size, either for trout or salmon, and made more or less gaudy.

Many flies are tied with scarcely any body, but a red or black heckle; and they do tolerably well in clear water and light winds, and for small fish, particularly fry: but no fly is comparable to the pig's fur fly, for when the heckle is cut, as is often the case, the fur can be picked out with a

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pin, and it may be all the better for the change, as Corny said of J—— H——n's rod, after it was broken three or four times.

The small soft feather of the rale is often used Lochaber way, and is very good at times for small and middle-sized flies.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

ON THE SEVERAL ACTS IN FORCE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF FISH.*

THE first of these acts that I purpose to comment on, is that against standing nets, stop nets, and still nets; and so early as the reign of Charles the First, we find the government so conscious of the eventual mischief of these erections, as to have enacted very stringent laws against the offence of using them. I have in a former chapter stated, that when the scull of salmon is broken or impeded before reaching cer-

* This chapter was written in June, 1841, but is retained for the sake of some remarks, which may still have some value.

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tain points, they turn back to the ocean, and abandon the rivers they had sought altogether, seeking other inlets; but this, and other subsequent acts, tending to the same object, are defeated by the most shameful evasions, and often through the medium of the magistrates themselves, who put forward, as the ostensible owners of these obstructions, men not worth a farthing, and for whom these said offending magistrates feel so much commiseration, as to decline punishing them.

There is also another evasion practised, and successfully. Copper and iron wire weirs are erected, with meshes like the hempen nets; and our judges are so puzzled, and our lawyers so intent on involving all matters capable of a doubtful interpretation in obscurity, that there is either no decision, or one rather favourable to the culprits. Of this I have been informed on good

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authority. Now let me at once propose a remedy for this abuse.

Let the law be clear against the erection of any obstruction whatsoever; but let the landlords, and those tenants entitled by lease, have the liberty of drawing, with legal nets, (that is, three and a half-inches from knot to knot,) every day but Sunday; and let the townland on which any of the obstructions alluded to are erected, or left standing, be subjected to a fine of five pounds per day, to be levied by the barony constable, in the same manner as the grand jury cess, or poor law tax.

Touch the pockets of these folk, and the nuisance will be soon abated; and let the law be positive, decided, and clear, not only with respect to salmon, but trout, which are fully as fine and valuable a fish, particularly in the lakes, where thousands of them have been murdered by set nets, and equally

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strongly framed, for the protection of spawning fish. If the fine were at once leviable on the townland, the farmers would be very cautious of permitting the advent of poachers to their rivers. I am aware that one of the acts levies a penalty, in case collusion can be proved. But offenders will not be ready to give evidence against themselves; and the small farmers on the borders of the rivers are exactly those who are the chief destroyers of the fish, or at least who know who they are; and very cautious indeed would they be of suffering lights and spears in their neighbourhood, if they had to pay dearly for the permission.

Besides, let it be recollected (and I am sorry to be obliged to make the admission) that the Irish—I mean the least independent class—are a people who, suffered to infringe upon one law with impunity, will think little of the infraction of others, until

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they are overtaken by exemplary punishment; and there is no lesson they dread more than one which touches their pockets. There is another class of men, too, who, of all descriptions of persons, are the most addicted to poaching. I mean pensioners,* many of whom are perfectly well able to perform garrison duty, who would as readily carry a musket as they do a salmon-rod, and could walk twenty miles a day after an enemy as easily as in the pursuit of their sport. Such being the state of things, I would, with the greatest deference, submit, that all the inland fishing acts should be embodied in one comprehensive one, with the following provisos :—

First—That there should be a complete prohibition of the use of standing nets, stop

* In the case of the pensioners, something like good sense has been shown since the above was written; but their stations ought to be changed.

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nets, and still nets, whether of hemp, iron, or copper-wire, or any other material, in all lakes, rivers, seas, marshes, slabs, and strands; with permission to the lawful owners and qualified proprietors to draw, with legally constructed nets. That all eel weirs not patent ones, should be levelled; and that on no account should any eel-net be permitted to remain after the 1st day of February, which would prevent the salmon fry from being destroyed so early: yet it is not so with respect to the growing trout, which, about that time, drop down to the sea, and would shortly return fine grown fish. That the police should be authorized whenever they perceive an infraction of the law, to seize and destroy all unlawful nets, and take up all persons using lights, spears, and gaffs by night, where trout and salmon spawn. I am aware that the police are bound to execute all warrants; but, though

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they should catch the offenders, *flagrante delicto*, they must take no notice of them without the circuitous mode of summons. And then, who is to summon? It is often an unsafe proceeding. If two men are boxing, they infringe the law; and, if seen, are brought up. Why not, then, unlawful net fishers and night poachers? The offence is evident, and admitted to be a breach of the law; yet it is to be passed over. This is a circumstance which should not be allowed to escape the observation of the legislature, and calls for remedy; and as our police have in general very little to do, they could not be better employed than in detecting those idle persons who are a nuisance and a disgrace to the country, and many of whom are well armed: and, though I may be accused of holding some very aristocratic notions, I will here, without hesitation, declare it as my opinion, that the

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peasanty of the country should be deprived altogether of fire arms.* They are much better off without them, and would be much more likely to attend to those legitimate occupations to which they are called by Providence. I would, moreover, provide for the opening of gaps in salmon and mill-weirs from six o'clock on Saturday evening to the same hour on Monday morning.

There is another disgraceful and cruel practice resorted on the lakes and rivers for the purpose of killing eels in summer, when they are undoubtedly out of season, poking with long spears, then dragging them through the teeth of the spear, and stringing them on a large cord half alive. This custom, if permitted at all, should be only tolerated in bog holes, but not in

* When this was written the arms bill was not in contemplation.

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any lake or river, as it scares away the fish, and often destroys them. Both taout and salmon have been often found wounded and mutilated by this practice; and it should not be overlooked, any more than the various contrivances resorted to for killing trout with hoop-nets, at the tail of mill-wheels, turning water in cascades, &c.—all which offences may be very well provided against in one act, simply and plainly drawn; and it is to be hoped that, when our legislators respire a little from their more important labours and struggles, the few observations and suggestions I have presumed to make, may not be deemed unworthy of notice. Having so far, to the best of my judgment, pointed out the defects of our legislative enactments, I will, in a few words, advert to the local mischief inflicted on the country by the inefficiency or want of observance of the present laws.

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A stranger who is a good shot, and an angler, arrives in Ireland : he naturally inquires in what part of the country there is game, or where it is preserved ; whether there is salmon or trout-fishing ; and if so, where. He will not go where he is told that grouse and partridge are to be bought daily in the market, as in Ennis, and many other towns, nor where trout and salmon are destroyed in every possible way, nor where every one that chooses takes out his gun, his dogs, and fishing-rods, and acts as he likes, the magistrates not caring a farthing about the matter. No : he will go to Mayo and Connemara, or to the north, or perhaps to the Westmeath lakes, and to those parts of the island where there is some attempt at preserving game and fish, and though in most parts of this country sport of all kinds would be fully as good as in the localities to which I allude ; yet,

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from the almost inconceivable apathy of those concerned, the real interests of the people themselves are sacrificed, for thousands of pounds would be expended by sportsmen in districts which are scarcely ever visited except on business. The peasantry would be employed and rewarded—the country would be explored—and its many natural advantages and capabilities discovered and made known. Mutual intercourse would be productive of additional civilization; and the resident gentry would shortly find themselves rewarded in the affection of their tenantry, who would quickly discover that nothing ought to endear them more to their natural protectors than a strict obedience to the laws. And here let me express a hope that the ties which, at one time, bound the landlord and tenant together, may be once more strongly cemented, that dis-

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turbance and agitation may cease—and that all parties may league for one efficient end—

THE GOOD OF THEIR NATIVE LAND.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

LORD ELIOT'S FISHERY ACT—STRICTURES ON IT.

DURING the progress of this Act through the House of Commons, I took the liberty of submitting to his lordship my opinion on the best mode for preventing the destruction of trout and salmon, thinking, that from my long experience, some little deference might be conceded to the suggestions of a very practical angler. In this expectation I was deceived, nor has any notice whatsoever been taken of my letter.

I have this act now before me, together with various other acts passed at different times, for the preservation of the very valuable species of fish just mentioned; and I

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shall freely comment on them, most earnestly soliciting attention from all the anglers of the United Kingdom; and not only from them, but from every person interested in the welfare, the peace, and prosperity of the empire, particularly that part of it called Ireland.

I will, in the first instance, recite the provisions of the act of the 10th of Charles the First; and a better act for the purposes recited was never framed. It enacts, "That no person of any degree shall presume, with any net, keel, or any device (angling excepted) flood-gate, salmon-pipe, or at the tail of any mill or weir, or in any straits, rivers, or brooks, salt or fresh, take the young fry, or breed of any kind of salmon, called lakes, spinks, smawtes, or salmon-peale; and also that no manner of persons shall use, or set, or take any salmon with any such stop-nets, still-nets, or standing

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nets ; and that every such person so offending shall lose and forfeit, for every time of his or theirs such offence, the sum of forty shillings, and the fish, and the unlawful nets, engines, and devices whatsoever," &c. &c. &c. ; and this act includes, in its preamble, salt rivers, fresh rivers, loughs, flashes fens, and marshes, and particularizes the very offence of stop-nets, still-nets, or standing-nets, fixed on posts or otherwise. Here is a well-conceived and comprehensive act ; and one which would have been perfect, if the penalty had been made leviable on the town land by the barony-cess collector, in the same manner as the grand jury or any other tax ; for here there could be no mistake, the offence was not to be concealed, and the occupiers of the land would take very good care that the practice should be put a stop to.

The first introduction (in latter times) of

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the above-mentioned modes of taking fish on the Shannon, was by a man of the name of Trisham Haliday, a Scotchman; and in two or three years the declension of fish, particularly of a large size, was such, that an action was threatened against him by the Limerick Corporation. He left the country at last; but his example was followed by some of the gentlemen residing on the borders of the lower Shannon; against one of whom an action was brought, and a verdict obtained in Ennis; but he had taken care to put in his place as the ostensible owner, a man not worth a farthing, and from whom no costs were obtainable. Since then, partial attempts at the revival of this nuisance have been made; and now, when it was hoped that a total stop was to be put to this destructive practice, a legislative enactment appears fully sanctioning it, under restric-

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tions, the absurdity of which I will endeavour to point out.

By Section 23 it is declared, that all nets which have been established twenty years (though heretofore illegal) are now sanctioned. Is not this an anomaly in legislation ?

Section 26—No stake-weir to extend further than low water mark.

Section 40 directs that there shall be a free passage through these stake-weirs, &c. from six o'clock on Saturday evening, to six o'clock on Monday morning, of, at least, four feet in width, "provided"—now, gentle reader, observe the very gentlemanly and amiable consideration of Lord Eliot for stake-weir owners, head-weir owners, and millers—"provided nothing herein contained shall be construed to render liable to any penalty any person who shall be prevented by floods, storms, or stress of

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weather from removing such leaders during the continuance of such prevention."

Here is a proviso of an extraordinary nature.

The stake-weirs are not to extend beyond low water mark, where, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, any one may walk at low water, for if set out in deep water, navigation would be undoubtedly interfered with; then when the tide is out, what is to prevent the taking up the bag-nets of the said weir in any weather? Lord Eliot may be well assured that a storm or flood will never be wanting to suit the convenience and cupidity of the stake-weir owners of this country.

What could our legislators have been thinking of, (particularly the Irish portion of them) when this proviso was inserted in the act? It would have been a most desirable circumstance, if the ancient Ger-

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man mode of legislation had been adopted. They first debated their laws when drunk ; but they were never finally sanctioned until they were sober. In the present instance it would seem as if the sanction had been given before the sobering process had begun. This observation I make with the greatest deference and respect, and I adduce the act itself, as another instance of the peculiar aptitude of the Irish for the purposes of domestic legislation ; for it has been passed with scarcely any opposition, except, I believe, from Lord Glengall, who is undoubtedly entitled to the thanks of every honest man in the country for his interference.

As I have considered the repeal of the 10th of Charles the First the fundamental error of this act, I have dwelt fully on it. That act was the MAGNA CHARTA of all anglers, and the violation of it will render them perfectly careless of the preservation

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of the species during the breeding months ; for what gentleman having a good salmon course on a river distant from the sea, or a large bay, will take the trouble of preserving fish for the stake-weir owners, when he is certain never to see fish, till they are red and unwholesome, and when the law does not permit their being taken ? Surely it can only be expected that they should abandon all interest in the matter, and leave the business to be settled between the night poachers and the Commissioners ; and one thing may be relied on, that when the nobility and gentry of a country do not pull together, it will be very difficult, indeed, to ensure the efficient working of any law.

For three years past, the great spawning river of the Fergus has been preserved by the subscriptions of some sporting gentlemen, and the salmon-fishing was consequently very good until this year, when

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the stake-weirs were put down, since which scarcely a fish is to be had. The anticipated result has followed : the subscriptions have been withdrawn—the keepers discharged—and the poachers and commissioners may henceforward settle their accounts between them. Of the latter, indeed there ought to be a tolerably good supply, for it is just possible that now and then one of them may be *non inventus*.

Another fault in this act is, that the meshes of the nets to be used are reduced from three and a half inches between knot to knot, to only two and a half; and a mesh of this size, when wet and strained, will catch a very small fish, even large fry ; whereas, no fish of the salmon or trout kind of less than a pound weight ought to be taken by any draught net or in any stake weir.

No doubt many of the provisions of the

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act are good, particularly Sect. 31, which prevents the setting of eel-nets between the 10th of January and the 1st of July (it ought to be the 1st of September, for till then eels are not in season); and this clause, if well enforced, will be the means of preserving a vast quantity of trout and salmon fry.

But taken altogether, the machinery of the act is cumbersome and unwieldy, and in many places its clauses are difficult to be understood. It will be productive of vast and, in many instances, unavailing expenditure, for if the commissioners do not continue resident at or near the various places where those accursed erections are now by law permitted, its provisions will be easily evaded, the stakes will be set out as far as possible, new ones formed every where, and not the smallest notice will be taken of the direction to have them opened on Saturday

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evening—for here, too, Lord Eliot's charitable provision, relative to floods and storms, comes most opportunely to the offender's aid. Let me now enumerate the possible disadvantages this act may produce.

It will, in a great measure, put an end to angling in lakes and rivers, and consequently deprive the many poor persons, who are hired as rowers or sportsmen by the numerous visitors now in the habit of resorting thither for the sole purpose of angling, of their means of livelihood.

Poachers will be encouraged in their depredations by the apathy to be expected from the nobility and gentry of the country, who, when their amusement and recreation is so materially interfered with, will not, and ought not to trouble themselves to preserve the breeding fish.

It will be the cause of interminable

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wrangling, law suits, personal quarrels, perhaps duels. Nets will be set in every lake and river ; the large fish, as I have already observed, will either quit the rivers altogether, or return to the sea, and remain there until they are what is called winter fish, and ready to spawn, at which time they are good for nothing ; and they will be then destroyed on the spawn beds, unless the commissioners and their assistants do nightly watch the rivers from the 20th of October to the 1st of January. And now reverse the picture, and see what benefit may accrue to individuals and companies.

It will for a time enrich the stake weir owners and their landlords ; it will be a mine of wealth to gentlemen learned in the law ; it will provide a vast quantity of patronage for Lord Eliot, to be shared among the commissioners, of whom there must be a

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great number, and who, if they do their duty, will earn their bread very hardly; it will furnish Dan O'Connell with an additional argument for the repeal of the Union, fully as good a one as has yet come to his hand; and it will serve to gorge the insatiate maw of the modern Babylon—that proud city, drunk with the spoils, the merchandise, and the riches of all nations, over which a fearful destiny impends, the fulfilment of which may not, perhaps, be as far distant as is imagined.

There can be little doubt that the mischiefs which will undoubtedly arise out of this act, will shortly cause its re-consideration. I will not go so far as to say that Lord Eliot may have been actuated by the same motives as induced a descendant of one of Cromwell's generals, located in the county Kilkenny, when on his death bed, to order that, as soon as he departed, his doors

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should be thrown open to all comers, and that each guest should be provided with a quart of whiskey, and a large sharp case-knife, in order that, when drunk, he might murder all those about him. But the act is, without question, an apple of discord, not at all necessary to be pitched among us in the present state of the country.

It has totally disgusted and disappointed the anglers of every part of the island. No time is allowed them for angling after the prohibited time for stake weirs and nets; and of course it cannot be expected, under any circumstances, that they will interest themselves very warmly for the perpetuation of an odious monopoly, which carries within itself the germ of its own destruction.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

CONCLUSION, BUT NOT CONCLUDED.

HERE I had purposed to conclude; but, finding that I had omitted many observations of material import to my angling friends; and having, also, by the merest chance, procured much additional information with respect to stake rivers, I feel myself obliged to add a few chapters. I have in the course of this work too often appeared in my own proper person, and been my own proper hero. This I could not avoid: first, from the nature of it, it being chiefly didactic; and secondly, from the fact of my being present in most of the scenes I have described: besides which, the book originated

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in a correspondence with a gentleman for whom, from our first acquaintance, I have felt the utmost respect and regard, and whose knowledge in this very scientific pursuit I was most desirous of increasing—an object which, I am happy to say, has been attained.

Many of the letters written by me have been lost, or are not to be had; and as I did not keep copies, I found some difficulty in restoring them from memory. Many I have not been able to recover at all; but in those that remain no change has been made, except in the form; nor is it without the greatest persuasion having been used that I have hazarded myself in print—not, indeed, until I was led to suppose that withholding the practical knowledge of the science I possessed would be deemed by some a real loss; and when I brought to my recollection the many disappoint-

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ments I had suffered myself for the want of a good manual, and the consequent expense incurred, I determined on humbly presenting the results of my hard-bought experience to those similarly circumstanced.

Some may suppose that to give the details I do is an injury to tradesmen ; but I firmly believe that the effect will be the very reverse. An angler will not go unprovided with any necessary, if he reads this work ; but, when far from town or city, if a casualty occurs to him, he will be able to assist himself. For instance, he is on a lake in the north, west, or south of Ireland—his killing flies are all gone—he takes out his tackle—has tails and jibs on his hooks —gets into a cottage or grove—finishes his fly or flies in a very little time, and again commences ; or, a fresh run of natural flies come out, which, when he looks at through his microscope, he will be able to imitate.

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Just so with rod or line—he can right himself if an accident occur. No man is more helpless in his pursuit of sport than an unhandy, unprovided angler; and the very best general angler I have, perhaps, ever seen, J——n H——n, though by no means unhandy, is generally unprovided with materials for putting rods, flies, or lines to rights; nor would he, I believe, take the trouble of doing so. Most anglers will be in a like predicament, until experience or my instruction teach them: so that, instead of being of disservice to tradesmen, this work is likely to increase their business considerably.

It may be supposed that I have been rather too critical in some instances. This is a fault inherent in my disposition, which I have found difficult to correct, but which, I hope, I have not indulged in without some evident cause, and for which I will

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give no other excuse than the occasions that called forth my animadversions.

Many additional curious and remarkable stories and anecdotes I could furnish; but, standing as I do in much awe of a most excellent friend, who, it is likely, might designate them as "records of iniquity;" and fearing that many of them may present a rather unfavourable picture of the manners and habits of the gentry in former days; and cautious, besides, least I should lay myself open to the accusation of book-making, I decline further detail, merely observing that the anecdotes I have related were introduced for the purpose of relieving the tedium of instruction, that they often were the medium of conveying some useful hints, and were strictly and literally true all of them.

It is remarkable that heretofore, in all the works written on angling, there are no

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practical directions given. They are merely descriptive, though of much value, if only for the enumeration they contain of the names of the many great and good men who have been devoted to this sport. Since these were written, even in our own day, the hero Nelson, when time allowed, angled with his remaining hand. I am sure the great duke would be a prime angler. How I should like to see him engaged with a forty pound salmon in the rapids of Donass, on the Shannon! I am certain he would manage him well, particularly if I were near him with the gaff to help the monster in. One assertion I hazard, in which I hope I may be found correct—that no angler ever committed suicide. Such I believe to be the fact—at least, I never could learn an instance to the contrary.

I have written plainly, and I hope in-

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telligibly; have not aimed at ornament; nor, if so disposed, have I the presumption to think I could succeed. Many inaccuracies, I fear, I may have been guilty of. Let me hope that, like J——n H——n's rod, it may all be for the better. At all events, why should not an Irishman be forgiven as readily for writing as for speaking badly? But, be all this as it may, the *litera scripta manet*, my letters, have gone to press.

One question I confidently propose to the many good and distinguished personages by whose acquaintance and friendship I have been honoured. It is this—whether I have ever, except most reluctantly, and, it may be, to prevent what I considered mischief, obtruded myself on public notice, either in speaking or writing? I anticipate what the reply will be, for to them it is well known that, though I have often been

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obliged to appear prominently for both purposes, yet it has been always unpremeditated and unwillingly. Hence, I confidently expect as much justice from the public as has been conceded to me by my more intimate friends; and that my readers may be good anglers, good men, and good Christians, (for all this I hope I am myself,) I most fervently wish—the latter term being intended to mean that stamp of Christian that allows liberty to all persons to pursue their respective routes to heaven in such way as their consciences shall faithfully direct, for any thing like exclusive salvation is not part of my creed.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight—
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."
POPE.

Having quoted from this great poet, I cannot forbear an anecdote. On my first visit to London, many years ago, I had

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letters of introduction to Mr. Stacpoole, afterwards the Duke de Stacpoole. Another young county Clare gentleman, who was expecting his father in town, was much noticed by Mr. S——, who often took us both in his carriage to different parts of the country in and about London, and always treated us to excellent dinners, usually informing us to whom the many fine seats we passed belonged. One day *en route* to Richmond, Mr. Stacpoole, on passing Twickenham, called our attention to the spot, saying—

"It was there the famous Pope resided."

When, to my utmost horror and astonishment, my young companion vociferously exclaimed—

"Blood-an-ouns! did the pope live there?"

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CHAPTER XLIX.

SUMMARY CHAPTER ON TROUT FLIES.

I DID imagine that I had exhausted this subject; but angling is a science in which there is something to be learned almost every season; and within the last a very strange occurrence has taken place in every river and lake that I have fished—namely, the total disappearance of brown flies. Not a single one have I met on either river or lake—not even the rush fly, or the September one, half green, half brown. Grey flies, and green olives, were the prevalent colours. The different shades of hares' ear, rats' fur, mixed with yellow, monkeys' fur,

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were excellent imitations of the natural flies. Even the small Dromore and the grouse Lochaber were of little value, except in very high winds, and even then were not equal to the greys and olives, where the latter were tied a little more gaudily or Dromore way—namely, with gold cord on the body, and breast feather peacock and mallard wing. In light winds I found the starling, plain mallard, or snipe's plain feather, far the best for the wing, tied neatly, without any additional head, grey, or what is called cuckoo heckle, under the wing, the fly middle-sized.

I sincerely hope that the circumstance which I have stated will meet due consideration from those philosophers who have so summarily invented a new doctrine on the breeding of salmon, and that they will be equally successful in its solution. May we not ourselves be swept off some fine day

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and this pretty little globe peopled with a different race of beings.

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green on high, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies,
Now fall successive, and successive rise."

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

But as all this is not likely to happen in our time, I will desist from quoting poetry, and return to the practical, as I purpose to leave nothing unsaid or unwritten that can benefit my brother anglers; and, following the example of Walton, Cotton, and others, (but I will hope more intelligibly,) give the plainest directions as to the trout flies adapted to the different angling months, their sizes, and descriptions, and the localities in which they may be used to the best advantage, either in this, or, it may possibly be, in various other countries.

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JANUARY—TROUT.

I have heretofore remarked that I have taken trout in high season on Dromore in the latter part of this month with flies, which were large and gaudy ; but this lake is on hot limestone soil, and the fish recover very quickly after spawning, or some may not have bred at the usual time, but before, or perhaps not bred at all that year. They were not of the largest size, none exceeding five pounds.

I have never fished rivers for trout during this month, but have sometimes taken them with very large salmon flies, and some that rose at those large flies. I have, at the same time, tried with trout flies, and they would not mind them, nor take any thing at the time.

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FEBRUARY—TROUT—RIVERS.

In this month, if mild, some few flies make their appearance. They can, for the most part, be imitated by the different shades of hare's ear plain, some mixed with very bright yellow, some with a very little claret colour mohair or fur. A few of the bodies should be ribbed, and the best rib is the gold bullion of an officer's epaulette, which, if difficult to obtain, may be easily abstracted with a sharp scissors when the gallant son of Mars is engaged, as he generally should be, (particularly in peace time,) in earnest converse with a terrestrial angel; and as of these there can be no scarcity, so as little, it may be presumed, can there be of officers or epaulettes.

A dark brown fly, as a dropper, is good in this month, and so is a sooty brown,

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both plain, with plain rale wing, and red heckle under the wing.

There should be two sizes of those flies—one the size of the fly on the water, or a little bigger; the other much larger. I have heretofore remarked that, if exactness in the colour and wing of the fly is observed, a little difference in the size will not avail; and I again remind all brother anglers to be provided with a watchmaker's microscope, for without one, the most eagle-eyed person will not be qualified to discern the exact colour of the body, the rib, or wing of the natural fly.

A middling large dark olive body is good this month, with a dyed olive heckle; the wing, two feathers of the wren's tail at each side; this should be always a dropper, for if a tail fly, the wings are apt to crack off; and with this dropper the grouse Lochaber may be used as a tail fly, or a red

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heckle fly, both with orange body—the latter starling or snipe's plain feather for wing.

Those are the principal flies I would use in this month. I describe them according to my judgment, without applying to them the denominations in use among the various fly-tiers ; and now for the lakes.

On Dromore the kind of fly already described holds its ground ; but, in addition, the real Dromore fly, cinnamon, copper-coloured, and deep browns are excellent, tied, as directed, with peacock breast feather and mallard wing, blue mohair head, sometimes a heckle or two in the wing—all those last mentioned for tail flies ; for droppers, a small-sized salmon peal fly, a large-sized hare's ear, with a little orange mohair, ribbed with small three-twist gold cord, full grey heckle under the wing, dark blue or ostrich black feather head.

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A black fur bodied fly, gold, or silver cord, black heckle, breast feather and mallard wing, orange mohair head.

The large Westmeath dropper on single gut, small yellow tail, mallard jib three fibres, deep brown body, with a large deep-coloured heckle, spotted mallard wing, full and well divided with bead eyes as heretofore stated.

I have been rather copious in those directions, well knowing that many lakes if fished thus early would produce excellent fish and good sport in any weather that could be reasonably withstood with safety.

Tedane is also a very early lake, I was long since told by an old fisherman that he had, whenever the water was low in the beginning of the season, always fished it; and that he had once on a 14th of February, and on a severe cold day, taken sixteen fine trout, and that in the act of

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knocking the head of the seventeenth against the gunwale, it flew out of his hands into the lake, he having previously taken out the fly, and forgotten his priest. Until the season advances, the water remains high in this lake, and it covers much marshy ground; therefore, in spring and late in harvest it is a bad lake, except, as remarked, the season may be dry.

The flies used are chiefly of a much smaller size than those for Dromore, but otherwise of the same description, and both kinds may be depended on for Lough Mask, and the Westmeath lakes, though I believe that neither are ever tried so early.

MARCH—TROUT—RIVERS.

The plain hare's ear excellent, no tail

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but mallard feather horns, some ought to be ribbed with the slight bullion heckle only under the wing ; hare's ear and yellow and hare's ear and green also excellent ribbed or not ribbed, starling wing divided and strutting, no additional head—a black fly is now excellent, and so is a golden olive and a bright cinnamon colour with rale wing, the black with starling or snipe feather, black heckle ; the fur of the fox with a little yellow mohair mixed is an excellent body at this time, and is sometimes used as a dropper without wing, or aught but two or three turns of a red heckle where the body ends at the head part.

MARCH—TROUT—LAKES.

The Dromore and Inchiquin flies—the latter plain rale wing sometimes mixed with

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a little breast peacock feather and divided, the grouse Lochaber, also the rale Lochaber, which, until the spotted flies come out is rather better than the grouse, orange, and yellow silk bodied flies, tied some with red, some with black heckles, and some with plover topping as heckle, on all these I would twist the silk to form a rib, if possible to preserve the heckle or grouse feather which, if cut, leaves the fly of no value. All shades of hare's ear, monkey and rats fur are also good, and generally so throughout the entire season. Claret colours with rale wing begin to have merit, and sooty browns, with the darkest rale or waterhen wing are favourite flies for droppers.

APRIL—TROUT—RIVERS.

All the former descriptions are occasionally good this month, but the wings

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of some must be spotted with partridge feather, mixed with rale or starling wing, the cow-dung fly now begins to be good, golden olive and bright pig's fur mixed, red heckle, yellow tail, the natural fly has not spotted wings, yet I have always found them best on this fly; the hawthorn fly now appears, and a most killing fly it is of all sizes: very small yellow tail, two mallard strips as horns, then the remainder of the fly for more than three parts of the body must be black horse hair put on quite smooth, then black pig's fur, with a nice black heckle under the wing which should be of starling, snipe, or if the fly is large, plain mallard with two horns in the head; most fly-tiers put plover topping over the horse hair, but they are decidedly wrong, and it is for this reason I have been so particular in my directions.

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Light and pale cinnamon colours are now coming in, and small flies of soot brown colour are well taken by fry and trout, but the very best fly for this month is the small blue blow, body moleskin, black heckle under the wing which ought to be tom-tit's feather, or sometimes the blue king-fisher feather; the hook must be small and the link fine, and fished with deep in the water, and very easily and carefully thrown, lest the wing should be cracked off; in fact it is usually suffered to float down a stream, and the fish take under water without rising.

The palmer and caterpillar flies are now coming in, I prefer the palmer with orange or yellow body, small black cock's heckle, starling wing, fly rather small, this or the caterpillar are easily tied; the caterpillar, no wing but a very long fibre, heckle ribbed or plain, as before directed.

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APRIL—TROUT—LAKES.

The same, in a great degree, as of the previous month, with the addition of spotted wing for some tail flies. Cinnamon and pale brown colours, ribbed with gold cord red heckles, partridge and rale wings. The wing of the goat sucker or caprimulgus excellent for all shades of hare's ear; claret colours and deep browns very good; but take care that, on lake or river, you are well stocked with the hawthorn fly of various sizes. Trout will now rise pretty late; and then fish with a smaller or larger Dromore fly for your tail fly, and a deep claret coloured dropper.

MAY—TROUT—RIVERS.

This is one of the best months for all

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kinds of angling; fish, wherever they are in high humour; all shades of hare's ear are still good; but I at this time prefer red heckles, and spotted wings, rale and partridge tail, mixed and correctly divided. Brown flies are also excellent; and so is the grouse Lochaber; the small-sized Inchiquin fly most killing, with a little breast feather peacock in the wing, particularly at night, as from the 10th of the month that mode of angling commences. The corbait is now to be had in its maggot state, and is to be put on a hook, which is tied bare, with the exception of a small rale wing on the head of the hook. The oak fly, if to be had, may be also tried, and the black window fly in the same way; but all those latter mentioned must be rather dropped, than thrown; and where this mode is practicable, they are very effective. On fine days the blue blow may be still tried; and

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the palmer and caterpillar flies answer occasionally. About the latter part of the month, or if fine much sooner, the large rush fly comes out, which can be fished with on a bare hook; and a middling-sized one, nicely tied, with bead eyes, is excellent.

MAY—TROUT—LAKES.

In this month trout take throughout the day; and from the 10th until ten at night, all kinds of Inchiquin, Dromore, and Lochabers are good; so are the hare's ears, with gold cord on the body, some with two small grey heckles in the wing, the bright sides put inward, and the dead sides outward; and this is a great fly, particularly in high winds, and at night. The large Rush fly is now hopping on the water; and its imitation should be tied, as heretofore

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directed; and it must be always used as a dropper, and kept skimming on the surface. A large deep brown dropper, with a green mohair tail, ribbed with rather slight three-twist cord, partridge tail, rale's feather, and breast feather peacock, well divided with peacock herle head, is a most killing fly, and, beheld through the microscope, is very like the natural rush fly. The gaudy black fly, tied Dromore way, ought to be always tried in high winds, or on the large lakes. The only other lake fly I will notice is the ruby coloured large fly, tied like the Westmeath kind, with the same coloured heckle, spotted mallard wing, and red bead eyes; and this is a most killing fly.

JUNE—TROUT—RIVERS.

The flies recommended for last month hold good for this. A few may be tied deep

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fiery brown for night fishing, or the clearing of a flood. Wherever the tide flows, have a long casting-line, on which put a nice-tied middling-sized long-shanked hook, and a very small swivel; get some eel fry, put one on the hook carefully, and about four feet from the swivel put a nice dropper fly of such kind as you may fancy, and fish stream or pool according to wind or circumstance. If you rise with the dropper, draw the eel fry over the villain, and *vice versa;* and if you don't have him he will be hard to please; if a stormy night, I would depend greatly on a plain hare's ear with slight gold cord, no heckle on the body, but under the wing, which should be starling and partridge tail well divided; or on the real Inchiquin cinnamon brown fly. If trout should prove sulky, I recommend a trial of the cross line, which should be slight, with single gut casting lines, and not more than five flies,

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for if your cross line is large enough to cover the river you will not be able to wheel the flies over the fish, and present an assortment.

JUNE—TROUT—LAKES.

For the first days, until about the 10th of this month, fish rise tolerably well; after that day, on Dromore, a trout is not to be killed with a fly (except by the merest chance) until the latter part of July. Inchiquin holds longer, say to the 24th. Trolling is now the order of the day with trout fry, loach, or thornbacks, or roaches for pike or trout. The palmers and caterpillars may do a little. If you trout fish with flies, try the deeps, and outside courses, where you may chance on small or middling-sized trouts; the large ones are bottom feeding on the various insects among the weeds. A few fish may be taken very

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early or very late with flies; but the earliest hour is the best for trolling. I have often trolled with two rods, and fly-fished with another, and minded all, or rather left some of them to mind themselves, with the lines on the handles of the wheels; and I must allow that I have often suffered from an indulgence in this practice, and so have others who have followed in my steps, and consequentially offered their best wishes that I may be speedily carried to a certain place.

JULY—TROUT—RIVERS.

This is the worst month in the year for trout in river or lake; but the Almighty Giver of all Good has provided us with amusement and recreation even in this dead season, for salmon and pike are to be had plentifully in those waters where they

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resort ; and if a flood happens, some trout may be killed with fly or eel fry, or with common bait worm, by those who practice these modes. There is nothing to be added as to flies, those already mentioned hold good in their different variations. As to all the different flies that may be thought of at this time, particularly the minute ones, spider wren, soldiers, little blacks and blues, let them be bought at the fly-tiers ; they are not worth the trouble of tying by any one accustomed to take large fish.

JULY—TROUT—LAKES.

Trolling for trout and pike is good in this month ; and the trout fry having now attained a tolerable degree of maturity, are easily had in the little brooks adjoining the lakes. According to the Scotch philosophy on those subjects, those fry whose growth is

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not so rapid as the fry of salmon should be three or four years old ; but having carefully watched them from their incipient state when they first appear, and when they are no bigger than little pins, we are obliged to protest (at least so far as regards trout) against those doctrines. If floods occur in August, they are swept off, and no more of a proper size to be had for the season, and roach, loach, and frogs must be substituted.

Fly fishing is as bad during this month on the lakes as on the rivers, from the growth of the weeds ; some few trout may be taken on blowing days on the outside deep courses or in the deeps ; but those generally of a smaller size, little gaudy flies are the best to be fished with in July. At night if trout feed, or very early in the morning, there may be some sport by matching the fly then on the water ; but altogether fly fishing is bad during this month, nor is it very

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good until about the tenth of the ensuing month.

AUGUST—TROUT—RIVERS.

This is a good month, floods take place, weeds decay, flatten, or are swept off; trout rise throughout the day, particularly from three, P.M., to nine or ten at night. The kind of fly on the water must be carefully studied and matched; a fly half brown, half green, is excellent, with rale wing and partridge tail mixed. So are the small-sized Inchiquin flies, and various shades of hares' ear, one kind very light-coloured with a spotted white owl's feather, makes a capital moth fly. All those flies not very large, the grouse Lochaber orange body very good in dark water, or clearing of a flood; and at such times if eel fry, small shrimps, or little eels can be procured, they are effective for

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large trout or small salmon. I do not think further observation necessary.

AUGUST—TROUT—LAKES.

As in the rivers so on the lakes weeds decay, and trout get hungry and rise well; they are now in the highest perfection, and very strong. The tackle as strong as possible, without being too coarse. During the day, fish with one gaudy fly, tail or dropper, let the other be much plainer; after sun-set, never fish with a gaudy fly—but here I don't include the real Dromore or Inchiquin fly, much, as to choice, will depend on the calmness or roughness of the evening. And accuracy and judgment must decide your conduct—when one set of flies fail, you must try another; but always observing that the flies, after sun-set, must be a good deal smaller than those used in the day. The

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half green, half bright, brown large fly with spotted wing is at this time a great favourite ; but the colours I now prefer are deep bright brown with gold cord on the body, slight or thick according to the size of the fly, with spotted wing and peacock breast feather mixed, and this for a dropper. The large Westmeath deep brown fly already described is excellent in the day, and so is the ruby-coloured one, but it is strange that I have never found them answer at night. Always mind that when trout are rising naturally day or night, to fish with middling-sized flies of the kind on the water. Large flies and fancy ones do very well by day, in high winds ; but the moment the sun begins to decline and fish commence feeding, be guided by the advice I give.

Trolling for trout and pike is good during this month ; but it is almost a pity to make use of it, as trout rise well, and this practice

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undoubtedly hurts fly fishing. So that except in case of not having any wind, it should not be persisted in, and even so, not attempted in the usual feeding places which are generally shallow.

SEPTEMBER—RIVERS—TROUT.

In this month you are likely to meet large trout, and sometimes a stout lump of a salmon with your trout fly, so do not fish with weak tackle. The Inchiquin flies of all kinds now do their work, either plain or showy, the golden olives, both spotted wing and tied Dromore way, that is, with breast feather peacock and mallard wing, and blue head. I have found these the best flies in all brooks and rivers ; and in all those which are encumbered with bushes or weeds, I have fished with only one fly—if the shores were clear, with two.

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TROUT—SEPTEMBER—LAKES.

The flies for the most part rather larger than in August, and of much the same descriptions. The green or yellow drake is as good now as in the latter end of May, and for a change I have put tinsel on the bodies of some of a smaller size, and breast-feather peacock in the wing, mixed with the yellow mallard, and I have found it a most killing fly in the day, but never in the evening late. An entire green fur-fly, with gold cord on the body and red heckle, is now very good, and so are all descriptions of the Dromore and Inchiquin, and of the hares'-ear shades, with twist or gold cord on the body. Large trout rise now in the highest glee; they often spring out of the water with the fly in their mouth before they are struck; will rise after dark, and take well; and sometimes at night on

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lee shores and in strong winds. It is a shame to troll this month, the fly-fishing being usually good. About the latter part of the month the pea begins to swell, and trout begin to lose their condition and get heavy; yet there is no likelier time to get a very splendid large he-fish. If the weather is soft and fine, there is often a great fall of the ant or pismire fly, and it is curious to see a large trout picking them up singly, when he could devour bunches of them in a lump. At this time, if they are not blown off by a strong wind, it is useless to angle; if you do, try and match the ant colour—the size you cannot.

OCTOBER—TROUT—RIVERS AND LAKES.

I now class rivers and lakes together; and, though you may occasionally catch a fine well-seasoned fish, for one of that des-

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cription, you will kill ten bad ones in this month. In the latter part of it, the breeding-fish go into the rivers; or, if the water is very low, many spawn among weeds, or on the gravel shores; and if such was not the case, the breed would be nearly extinct, from the shameful practice of destroying the breeding-fish. Altogether, I think it right to prevent angling on river or lake in this month, though, strange to say, I would permit it on the lakes in November.

There is no time of the year in which you will kill finer-conditioned trout in the lakes than during that month. Nor will you ever, except by the merest chance, meet a bad one, the ill-seasoned fish having all departed to those haunts where they chiefly breed, and left the lakes altogether, or gone among weeds or rushes, where they are not sought after. I was a long time quite un-

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aware that fine trout were to be had at this time of the year, until one day wanting exercise very much, I walked to Dromore lake, and having my rod and gaff, and the day being soft, with a good wind, I commenced fishing with a pair of large Dromore flies, pretty late in the day, when, after a few casts, trout began to rise greedily, and in about an hour I killed four beautiful trout, with skins as white as silver, and in the highest season, nearly four pounds weight each. I afterwards fished both Dromore, Inchiquin, and Tedane, during this month, and have often had most excellent sport. Wherever there were rushes or old reeds, they were the most certain spots for a rise, and a sure one—the fish, certainly, not of the largest size, but a trout of from two to four pounds weight, in good season, is not to be despised.

I am convinced that, if the Westmeath

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lakes, and the large Mayo ones, were tried during this month, equal success with that which I met on the Clare lakes may be obtained; but this may be a service of danger on large sheets of water, and in our variable climate, particularly so late in the year.

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CHAPTER L.

SUMMARY NOTICE OF SALMON-FLIES FOR EACH MONTH FROM 12TH OF FEBRUARY TO 20TH OF AUGUST, AND OF THE VARIOUS BAITS IN USE DURING EACH MONTH.

FROM 12th February to 12th of March, large flies in all rivers. In the Shannon, the most esteemed are the following :— Light-blue body, light-blue heckle : orange body, black heckle : half black, half orange, black heckle : entire black fly, black heckle : black fly, deep yellow heckle : goldfinch entire yellow body, yellow heckle. All those descriptions are very large white tinselled, with gold cord additional, put before the tinsel, and it is in some degree a preservative against the heckle being cut. The Limerick fly-tiers chip the fibre

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off half the heckle; I do not; but this is a matter of taste. They always put gold pheasant top-knots as jibs, when they can be procured, and the gaudiest and most valuable feathers in the wings. The gold-finch wing and jib are, or ought to be composed entirely of the pheasants' top-pings. I have, in another previous chapter, proposed a modification of this very extravagant fly: all those kinds are silk-bodied, and the Limerick fly-tiers certainly excel in the neat appearance of their productions, except as to the head of the fly, which is rather clumsy, and which I do not think they put on well; but all this has been heretofore explained under the article fly-tying.

At this period, salmon will take loach, gravelin, little yellow trout freely and well; and I recommend most strongly that the trolling-links, whether single or good treble gut,

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be armed for three or four inches with slight copper wire, well softened, and that a salmon, on first pulling at the bait, *be not*, by any means, struck until he squeezes well on it, and pulls the rod nearly double. I have often seen fish lost by premature striking; and on one day in the early season on the Fergus, an excellent good fellow, who accompanied me, lost three fine fish by premature striking, after being most seriously admonished against the practice; and I certainly lost my temper, and subjected myself to the accusation made against me. But did I throw him out of the boat?—did I upraise the oar, or threaten him with the handle of the gaff? No; I only said, in the civilest and most gentle terms, D—n you, you have lost three spring fish by your precipitancy and striking too soon, and if you had not, we would have had every

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one of them, in all probability. Even in dragging with flies, you should not strike too soon, as salmon will often keep nibbling at the fly for thirty or forty yards, in crossing the stream, without fastening. The only other advice I will give the Shannon anglers is, to be rather under than over the size fly in use, and to have one or two large grey flies, such as are in use on the Blackwater, but of the Limerick size, as a change.

In the Suir, the Nore, the Blackwater, the Lee, the Fergus, Ballyshannon, and many others, every angler should be provided with a few flies of the above descriptions; but of a much lesser size, such as are suitable to the magnitude or depth of the river; for though they may not be the correct fly for those waters, yet there are times when they tell better than those most prized by anglers living on the spot,

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and who could be scarcely prevailed on to try them. The observations I have made as to baits on the Shannon will hold good on all other salmon rivers; but on those where there are no pike, arming a link is unnecessary.

From 12th March to about the 1st April, if the water holds high, the same descriptions of flies hold good; perhaps the size should decrease a little. From the 1st of April, I would fix on green flies of different shades as great favourites, viz. pea-green silk bodies, green-dyed heckle, the green fibre of the peacock, with black heckle, yellow tinsel on both, gold cord in addition to the tinsel on the silk-bodied flies, none on the green peacock, as it spoils the appearance of the fly, and a better fly on the Shannon I never met, or more killing at any time; and a fly with half the green peacock body, and half orange with heckle only on the orange part,

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is most excellent; all those with wings or jibs more or less gaudy.

A smaller-sized grey fly may be now tried, also an entire black with gold tinsel, and dark blue head.

About the 1st of April or before, the two-year-old fry (according to the Scotch doctrine) appear; but this kind of talk will not do for the sailors, nor the Limerick anglers either; and those fry which are at first ill-coloured and small, make good baits, and are well taken in common with the gravelin by their unnatural parents and relations.

In all the other rivers alluded to, a like declension in the size of flies takes place, and strict attention must be paid to the colour of natural trout flies on the water, and salmon flies provided accordingly, grey flies, green and brown olives, sooty and bright browns, blacks; twist or gold or silver cord only on the body. Some with double

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heckles, ribbed of two or three colours, generally lively jib of parrot or a little breast pheasant, chiefly good brown turkey tail wing, little head, macaw and guinea hen side feathers; such are the kinds usually fished with in those latter waters, of various sizes; but, as I have remarked, gaudy flies, when of correct size, often do right well, and vice versa, so that a good angler must be "in utrumque paratus."

My remarks as to the various baits on the Shannon hold good here; but, in addition, I would suggest a trial of the large blue head or lob worm, in mountain waters.

From the 1st of April to the 1st of May is the prime fishing in all large rivers; at this time I generally prefer gold tinsel, particularly on all shades of green, and I often put the tinsel on before the bodies, and this only requires the little additional trouble of a little bit of waxed silk near where it is

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intended to put on the wing, and I in this case twist the silk pretty full, and put it before each row of the tinsel ; it forms a rib, and is a great preservative to the heckle. This I have found a very killing method in all waters. The flies before recommended are excellent, but with a gradual declension in size ; fine deep browns are now good, more or less gaudy. In addition to the baits before mentioned, I recommend a trial of the shrimp, either in its natural state or boiled, not too large, on single gut only, which, where pike abound, ought to be armed as directed, as those ravenous animals frequently run at it, and so do large trout.

From the first of May to the twentieth, the large fish take well ; at or about that time, the peal begin to run. Your flies must be now much smaller, and the tackle lighter, though you frequently meet large and small at the same time. The blue fly,

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with jay heckle, rises more peal than any other, though it is not taken so surely as the oranges, Lochabers, browns, and blacks. The greens are always good throughout the entire season. If you have great spirit, fish now and then with a dropper, not so gaudy as your tail-fly. A Dromore is excellent, either bright brown, claret-coloured, or dark olive. I do not recommend this practise at Donass, or in rocky waters; nor do I entirely interdict it, as the salmon will run more risk than you do. Small baits will be now taken as well as previously, particularly the small gravelin, loach, minnow, thorn-back, shrimp, and a little tinselled eel; and in floods and in mountain rivers, the blue-head or lob-worm often takes peal and trout.

From the 20th of May to the 1st of July the peal-fishing is prime in the Shannon and many other rivers. In some

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there is no run of salmon of any kind until July, when they arrive with the white trout; and, during the period above referred to, any particular observation as to flies is unnecessary, except as to size, which must be large or small according to the heavy or light water in which you may angle; and for baits (as the fry have all departed), you must provide minnow, thorn-back, little eels, or small mountain trout, which are equal to any bait whatever for salmon, and shrimps by all means. You are often like to meet a large fish turning brown, and if his residence is among rocks, begin the battle with him, and hold as hard as your tackle will allow. You should have at this time, and for the remainder of the season, flies much plainer; turf-colours, bright and sooty browns, dark green fur, and all those descriptions, with spotted mallard-wing, or good turkey feather.

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A black fly is often good, with very little peacock breast-feather in the wing, and some of the grey peacock wing feather at each side, with macaw mixed with guinea-hen side-feathers.

From the 1st of July to the 12th of August (when taking of salmon is, or ought to be at an end everywhere), both salmon and peal, in all those rivers that have an early run of fish, get sulky, and are difficult to please, except at the clearing of floods, and you may be assured that the least gaudy flies are the best. All shades of brown, tied Dromore, and Inchiquin way, may be depended on, and the wings of sooty-browns and turf-colours should have only mallard or turkey feather for wing, with a few strips of brown pheasant-tail, and macaw side-feathers. Salmon do not take small fish well during this period; but peal are frequently killed by trout-

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fishers with blue-head or lob-worm and trout-flies.

In those rivers where the fish do not run until the latter part of June and the beginning of July, the gaudy flies are, on their first arrival, the most killing; in some time they lose their credit, and the observations I have hitherto made will hold good, as well to the late rivers as to the earlier ones, and their respective modes of feeding.

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CHAPTER LI.

ERRIS RIVERS.

(Communicated by a most particular friend.)

THERE is a very fine river in Erris—the Owenmore—running principally through the property of Mr. Carter. If this river was well preserved from poachers, and the fish allowed to pass up through a weir in the tide-way, it would be the best angling river in Ireland; but, owing to the apathy of the gentlemen of the country in not enforcing the laws, this river is falling into disrepute. Mr. Pratt of Inniscoe has the angling of the river for several miles, and has lately built a handsome lodge near Corrock, and, notwithstanding he goes to so much expense in trying to preserve the

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river, he experiences great difficulty in doing so, for the reasons assigned.

There is another river—the Owenduff or Ballycroy—at the mouth of which, near Croy Lodge, immense quantities of fish are taken. It was from this spot Maxwell wrote his deservedly famed work, "The Wild Sports of the West." This river abounds with fish, both salmon and trout, and is, the old weir being removed, well protected, which accounts for the great increase of fish within a short time. It runs, for the most part, through the estate of Sir Richard O'Donnell, who has a several fishery; and although some poaching may be carried on, it has, notwithstanding, the character of being the best preserved, and consequently the best river in Ireland for angling. The rod-fishing is let on lease to Mr. Lees, together with a large tract of land, and on which he has erected a handsome residence.

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The Newport river is also a fine angling river, likewise the property of Sir Richard O'Donnell, and a several fishery.

There is some very good angling in the lakes at Burrishool, near Newport. They are the property of Lord Sligo, who has a several fishery ; but leased to Mr. M'Nevin, who takes quantities of salmon in the estuaries, by netting.

In all those rivers and lakes, the flies and mode of angling used at Delphi, Derryclare, Doolagh, and Lough Inagh, are efficient ; and any further observation I consider unnecessary.

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CHAPTER LII.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS—THE FISHERY ACT AGAIN.

I FIND that most of my predictions with respect to the mischiefs of this act have been fulfilled, and that the most general dissatisfaction prevails in all those districts where it is in operation. The Shannon fishery has been materially injured—the Fergus and Clare fishery utterly destroyed. It does not appear that the Commissioners have as yet noticed the Clare or Limerick sides of the Shannon, where there is ample scope for their observation—where stake-nets are in daily and hourly progress of erection: even Mr. Vandeleur of Kilrush, as I am informed, is engaged in the con-

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struction of a great weir near Scattery harbour, and report says that his tenants in the neighbourhood are obliged to contribute four or five pounds each towards its construction. But the people are becoming exasperated. Navigation has been interfered with, hundreds of persons deprived of their bread, the gentry deprived of their food, which, but for these nuisances, may be purchased at a tolerably moderate rate in the various localities, where the poor fishermen were in the habit of drawing their nets, when permitted by the occupiers of the ground, along the sides or banks of the various rivers; but all is now trade, base avarice, and cupidity. But let it not be thought that this state of things will be suffered to continue. If the legislature does not immediately interfere, the Irish, who are a very sharp, sagacious people, will adapt a plan which, with the

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assistance they will derive from the stake-weirs, will, in a few years, put an end to the salmon fisheries altogether. We have all heard of moral force. What that means I will not presume to explain, but there is such a thing as moral sufferance, the meaning of which is this, that the Commissioners, the police, and the poachers, will be suffered to discharge the duties of their respective avocations in what way they may best devise, and they may rest assured that no gentleman living near a river, the fishing of which has been injured by those stake-nets, will take the smallest trouble to preserve the breeding-fish; but rather, on the contrary, tacitly acquiesce in their destruction, together with the slats and fry; for why should they be preserved to enrich stake-weir holders, thirty or forty miles from them? This is, indeed, in the vulgar phrase, administering flattering unction to

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their souls, if any they have, to think that the inhabitants of any country, who have been despoiled of the food intended by their Divine Maker for their sustenance and support, should aid and assist in depriving themselves of those advantages. But it may be said the police will assist. Now, I will hazard one observation, of the certainty of which I am convinced, and it is this : That all the police in this kingdom (without the co-operation of its gentry) could not effectively watch and preserve the rivers of two counties of it, even if they had nothing else to do. It is not by police the fish of a river can be preserved, nor will I at present say how. But now to the practical part of this subject. I have, since writing my first stricture on Lord Eliot's Fishery Act, availed myself of much useful knowledge of its operation in various places. Many riots have taken place, some

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few lives have been lost; some law-suits, and I am happy to find some good decisions; several differences between neighbouring stake-weir proprietors; in short, the

> "Isle is frighted from its propriety—
> From sea to sea the storm rolls on."
>
> MORIER.

I have now before me two Kerry papers and a "Londonderry Standard," and as some of the events comprised in those papers took place in the presence of Commissioners from Dublin, I will freely give my opinion of the occurrences that took place on those occasions. I will begin with the Kerry papers.

"Tralee Chronicle," Saturday, Nov. 16.—Mr. Mulvany, Commissioner. On this occasion many gentlemen attended the Commissioner, and all those persons seem to have been pretty well agreed on two prin-

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ciples, viz., commencing the work of destruction earlier, and leaving it off later; and the Commissioner, who seems to possess as much knowledge of Ichthyology as it is probable he does of chronometer-making, sought his information principally from the owners of the stake-nets or their assistants. In one instance, he seems to have been right as to the close season; for though a tolerably good salmon may be procurable in the winter, or early spring months, yet for one good, twenty bad ones will be had. So it will be after the first of August. Those fish that run in various rivers in November and December, are what's called winter-fish, but by no means equal to spring fish. Many salmon spawn in January, and some very late in the month. No consideration should induce the Commissioners to change the close season in any river; and it will be most for-

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tunate for stake-weir holders if Mr. Mulvany's conjectures with respect to the salmon fry and their coming to a state of maturity after a certain time, after the Scotch fashion, shall prove correct, for they can be kept in tanks or reservoirs for a certain time, then passed through the bag-nets of the stake-weirs, to which bags and stakes, when sufficiently grown, they will, as in duty bound, undoubtedly return; for as to expecting fry, bred after the old system, it is quite out of the question until this blessed act is repealed. Sir Joseph Bankes, it has been said, attempted to produce lobsters from fleas, but failed; and, in a rage, exclaimed—"Fleas are not lobsters, damn their souls!" I hope the Scotch breeders will fare better, and and not have to exclaim—"Parr are not salmon, damn their souls!" I now come to the consideration of another meeting

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held with respect to the Kenmare fishery, on the 30th November, 1844.

On this occasion a Mr. Butler was the principal performer. He first says, the trout and pale increased, but that the salmon did not. This is reasonable enough, as the large fish have the instinct of avoiding the stake weirs; but to say that salmon do not spawn after Christmas, is sheer nonsense, as many do—some even in February. Whether the pale are salmon, or a species of the same genus, I will not say. Their habits and modes of feeding are the same, and I have seen a pale of four or five pounds weight on the same bed with a large salmon, and there were but the two on the bed. He next lays claim to a large fishery. Quere: Does the entire river, and lake—the river from its source, and lake and river at each side belong to him? If not, his claim seems very doubtful, indeed. He

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then goes on to say that a county of Cork gentleman told him that there never was such poaching as since the passing of the late act, because if men's private rights are thus invaded, and the fish they preserve and allow to pass up are killed, what interest will they have in watching the rivers? The rivers are now scoured, and no one to preserve them; this is all right, and just what must have been expected. I must own that I rejoice at the spread of the moral sufferance system, which will never be checked until the late odious act is repealed, and the tenth of Charles the First re-enacted with more stringent penalties. To pursue this examination farther is unnecessary, except to remark that Mr. Butler, like all the other monopolists, endeavours to have his own free-will obeyed as to what times and seasons he chooses to catch fish, and to have the rivers preserved for his especial

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benefit; that is, to begin in January and end in October. I for the present take my leave of Kerry, hoping that, at least as to the close season, the commissioners may not be in the least degree biassed by the evidence of Mr. Butler, or his particeps, Mr. Keays.

My next notice will be directed to the north, (Lord Donegall's stake weirs), and I think I shall be able to prove, from the showing of the parties themselves, that, if stake weir owners are permitted to proceed in their career of iniquity, they will not only in a very short time materially injure their own interests, but eventually destroy the salmon fisheries of the island.

Public investigation at Londonderry, January 22nd, 1844, held in the court-house, before William T. Mulvany, and James R. Barry, Esq. inspectors of fisheries. Present—Sir I. Stewart, William Green,

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agent to the Irish Society, Major Humphreys agent to the Marquis of Abercorn, Charles Stewart, Esq. Vice Admiral George Vaughan Hart, Esq., Daniel Todd, William M'Entire, J. H. Rennie, Harvey Nicholson, Esq. &c. &c.

Mr. Mulvany having ascertained that all those who were interested in the inquiry were present, delivered a lengthened statement, and made an excellent speech considering that he was utterly unacquainted with the subject on which he was speaking, in this respect he was only following the example so often exhibited in higher places. In the course of his speech he refers to various obstructions, and declares himself to be of the same opinion with Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hogarth, and Mr. Worthington, with respect to the time the fry migrate to the sea, and I sincerely wish them joy of their conviction, but towards the close of this

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chapter a very startling fact must be noticed which for the present must remain a little in abeyance. Mr. Mulvany then goes on to state the necessity of adhering to the close season as prescribed by the act, and here he is right, and I have strong hopes that he may yet, by practice and attention, become a very good inspector of fisheries. Even here I am borne out by a historical fact. Cromwell made Colonel Blake an admiral, and an excellent one he became, though on his appointment he knew nothing of naval matters. For the further contents of the speech, I refer to the account of the meeting as given in the paper alluded to, and will now proceed to state stubborn facts in black and white. Mr. Daniel, who has charge of the fisheries belonging to the Irish Society in the Foyle, gave in the following return of fish taken

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in draught and stake nets under his superintendence:—

1842.		1843.	
March, April, & May	79	March, April, & May	41
June . .	6,986	June . .	2,435
July . .	24,612	July . .	26,345
August to 1st Sept.	25,405	August to 1st Sept.	18,024

Now, to the eternal credit of the stake nets, here is in one year an actual decrease of 10,237 fish in one fishery in one year; but not content with stake-nets, they have also draught nets which have taken an immensity of fish; of these, I shall nothing, as my business is exclusively with the stake weirs.

Second day—Friday. Examination resumed. Much complaint of the steeping of flax, Mr. Mulvany evincing much ignorance as to the size of nets for catching trout, the superintendents desirous to extend the time for their work of destruction. Mr. David Henry stated that since the passing of

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the act he had scarcely taken any trout, and though there were seventeen keepers on the Faughan, the force is too small, that upwards of sixty poachers had assembled in one night and pelted them with stones, that there is no police station there. Mr. John Gregor is accountant to the lessees of the fisheries, gives a return made by all the agents; Mr. Daniel's return handed in yesterday is correct. The following return of the number of fish taken in the stake nets, is taken from the books kept by him, and is true :—

1842.		1843.		1844.	
April .	20	March .	2	April	10
May .	71	April .	26	May	130
June .	2,724	May .	86	June	3518
July	17,862	June .	1,810	July	7044
To Aug. 20,	4,016	July	11,876	To Aug. 20	2243
To Sept. 1,	342	To Aug. 19,	1,507		
	26,035	To Sept. 1,	99		12,945
			15,496	Decrease in two years	14,090

Now, gentlemen stake weir owners look coolly and dispassionately on those state-

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ments. You must be the most insensate set of mortals that were ever created, if you dont see that even without the intervention of the legislature, you will yourselves in a few years utterly extirpate the salmon species, but it is absolutely imperative on the government to have this most odious stake weir act immediately repealed, and a general revision of the inland fishery act made, and that competent and uninterested persons may be subjected to very strict examinations.

In a previous part of this chapter, I had promised to state a most astounding circumstance, which must tend materially to the edification of Mr. Mulvany, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Worthington, some very particular friends of my own, and to all the parties then present, I shall give Mr. Daniel M'Menemens own words :—

"In spring 1843, I observed a very

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remarkable circumstance; for three successive days in April there were seven male salmon above Lifford bridge, which conducted shoal after shoal of fry, down to the bridge, and as they left one shoal there, they ascended the river for another; I swear it, hundreds beside myself saw it."

Here is a fact ready to be sworn to by a most respectable gentleman on his examimination, and ready to be evidenced by hundreds of persons. Were those seven large salmon the sires of the animals spawned the November or December before, or a deputation from the parent society of the previous year, to see that the tadpoles had attained a sufficient maturity to allow of safe convoy; for my own part I am lost in conjecture, and only lament that a Saint Anthony was not present to question the fishes, who may have explained the circumstance much to the edification and

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enlightenment of the scientific world. It appears those large fish were treated with due courtesy by the northerns, who very probably (as deputations are becoming so frequent) considered them as delegates from the deep, and so extended due protection to them.

I hope I have beyond question proved the great mischief and utter inadequacy of the late act, so far as the fisheries are concerned, my next shall treat of the various impediments they offer to navigation, which will be most perilous, if those nuisances are suffered to exist. The chief baron has decided against them, and any navigator must be a fool who will be impeded by them.

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CHAPTER LIII.

IMPEDIMENTS TO NAVIGATION.

HAVING pointed out, I hope sufficiently, the various instances in which the late fishery act will not only destroy the sport of angling for salmon and trout, but eventually prejudice the interests of the stake weir proprietors themselves, I will next consider it as materially impeding the navigation of those rivers where such destructive practices are permitted. In the Blackwater, between Cappoquin and Youghal, there is a large stake weir; and this said weir is the property of a gentleman who for many years evaded a positive act of parliament by the erection of a wire weir;

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and unfortunately, in the tenth of Charles the First there was no provision against this kind of offence. Now, this said weir reaches far into the bed of the river, and, as I am informed, in several instances actually endangers the safety of a steam boat that plies on this river, and of its passengers. Now, as it is probable that the decision of the Court of Exchequer may not be known, I here take leave to inform all persons concerned that the judges of the court alluded to have declared and decreed that no obstruction can be permitted to the navigation of any river whatsoever. In the Shannon there are many obstructions of this kind; and in that wide and great river, if those obstructions, which daily multiply, are continued, the most fatal consequences will most probably ensue. I will suppose a case. A party of gentlemen and ladies embark in a sail boat, which may or may

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not be also provided with oars. They want to go up the river to a seat called Paradise, and have fifteen, or sixteen, or twenty miles' voyage before them. The wind is north, blowing fresh; they take advantage of the tide, which at all times rises four, five, six, or eight feet; they travel prosperously enough, until they meet a stake weir at Borraine or Clonderalaw; they have five or six feet water close to the shore; but here is no passage; the weir interferes, and they are ordered to go round like the dogs of yore. They have no remedy; they do go round, and when they reach the outside edge of the weir, a sudden blast takes them, and if they do not take in sail, off they are swept to Foyne's Island, perhaps through the race of Tarbert, where a most dangerous sea always runs, to the county of Kerry or Limerick; and they are then forty or fifty miles from their home—a very pretty mess,

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truly; or, if they chance to have good rowers, they may again recover their position under the shore, which, from the force of the wind, they are obliged to hug most closely: and on they go, until another stake weir is met, when the same kind of occurrence is likely to take place; and if they again escape, they have their choice of venturing into the gulph stream, or, as may be probable, (the tide going out,) be left sticking on the slob a considerable distance from the hard shore; and they have then to be carried through all sorts of mud and mire on men's shoulders. This may be deemed an overcharged picture; but it is not so by any means. I have said nothing of the danger and inconvenience suffered by the owners of turf-boats or lighters, which vessels scarcely ever require more than four or five feet of water; and I most sincerely hope that those poor people will no

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more risk their lives, but pass boldly through all impediments offered to their navigation. A question here naturally arises as to what cause was owing the enactment of the tenth of Charles the First; and as I have the act by me, and as I much dislike unnecessary detail, I will give the preamble in the words of the act itself.

"In all humblenesse we, your majesty's loyal and faithful subjects of this your highnesse's realme of Ireland, do pray and beseech your most excellent majesty, that it may be enacted by your highnesse, with the assent of the lords spirituale and commons in this present parliament assembled, in manner and form following, viz.: For as much hurt and daily inconveniences have, and do ensue unto all the king's subjects of this realme, by the greedy appetites and insatiable desire which sundry of them occupying fishing have used by taking," &c. &c.

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Here follow the different enactments of which I have heretofore treated, and which it is unnecessary again to recapitulate. The fault of this act was not to make the penalty forty shillings per day, instead of for each offence, and have it leviable off the townland, at the same time the act ordered the forfeiture of all nets, poles, &c.; and when it is considered that forty shillings in the days of Charles the First was certainly equivalent to at least twenty pounds of the present day, we cannot regard it in any other light than a very penal statute ; and that the government were perfectly aware that the continuance of those nuisances would finally destroy the fisheries, and not only the judges of assize, but the quarter sessions court were strictly enjoined to take cognizance of all offences against this act, which in itself comprehends more real benefit to the inland

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fisheries than all the acts subsequently framed.

This work may now, in my humble opinion, come to a conclusion. Much more may be written on the subject. I have written from the most disinterested motives, as it is more than probable my angling days are numbered. Still, I think I may be remembered on lake and river by those who may choose to follow my instructions.

THE END.

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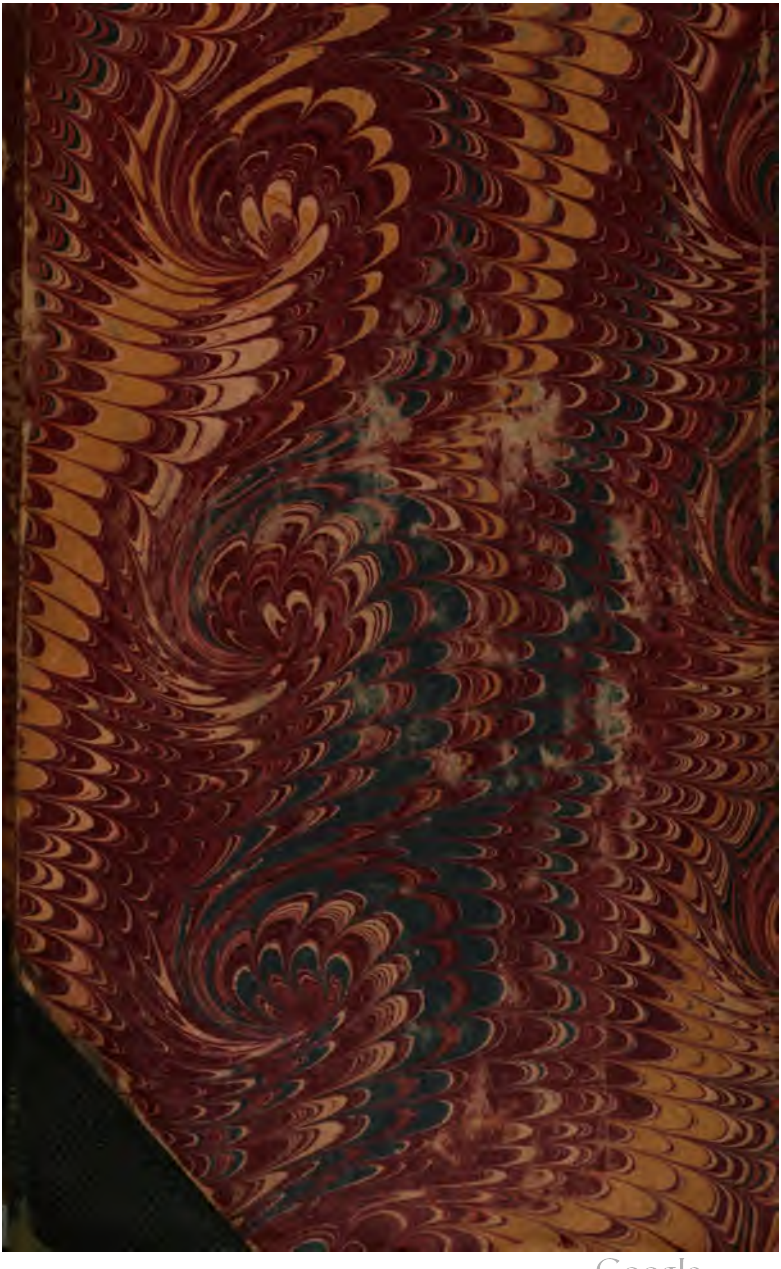
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